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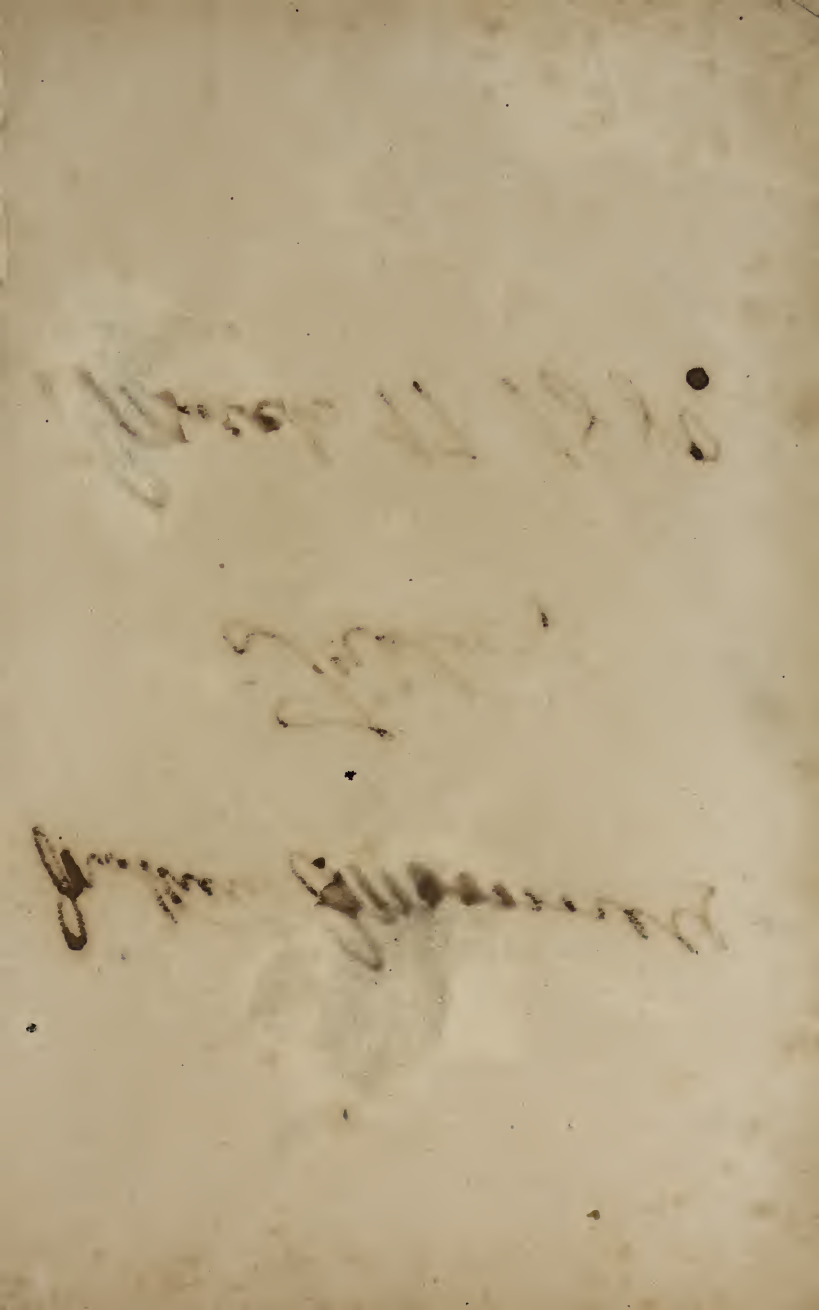
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Mathew McConnell,

Trial,

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Yours truly
T. F. Meagher

SPEECHES

ON THE

LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE

OF

IRELAND.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES

BY

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
BREVET MAJOR GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

AND

MEMORIAL ORATION,

BY RICHARD O'GORMAN, ESQ.

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O'GORMAN'S ORATION.

[When the melancholy intelligence of the death of General Meagher, by drowning in the waters of the Missouri, on the night of the 1st of July, 1867, was confirmed, the officers of his old Brigade organized and carried out a series of funeral ceremonies, commencing with the solemn High Mass of Requiems in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, on the 16th of August, 1867, and terminating with the following oration, which was delivered by Richard O'Gorman, in the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the same day].

The funeral rites have all been duly performed. The bell has tolled. The solemn Mass for the Dead has been sung. The melancholy strains of the 'Dies Iræ,' saddest of all utterances of human woe, still linger in the hearts of all that sorrowing throng who this morning knelt before the altar, where, with all the pomp of its time-honored ceremonies, with sacrifice and prayer, the Church of Christ consigned the soul of its departed child to the forgiveness and mercy of Him who promised that He would be the resurrection and the life, and that every one that lived and believed in Him should not die for ever. No higher honors, no heartier sorrow, no more earnest prayer

could attend on its last journey the soul of the proudest lord on the earth than have followed what is eternal and immortal of him who, but a few weeks ago, was a living man, beloved and honored by us all, Thomas Francis Meagher. To me, it seemed that in the ceremonies of the Church this breathing world had bade him its most touching, most solemn farewell; but there were some who wished that, before this day of mourning had gone by, before we had turned back to the every-day work of life, to its distractions, its thousand cares and details that drown memory and thought, some one of those who had known him longest and best should say a word or two about him, and teach those who had met him but for a moment in the rough highway of life, how much of what was good and noble, and generous and heroic, was in this man whose name has for twenty years been frequent on men's lips, and whose memory will still be kept green in the souls of those who loved him. He is gone. The pitiless Missouri, hurrying fast to the sea, has enwrapped him in a watery shroud, and dug him a lonely grave beneath its turbid waves. That matters little to him. He had faced death often on the battle-field, where, in the press of continued conflict, the bodies of heroes lay unrecognized and unburied, or were placed in one common grave, friend and foe side by side, unknown and undistinguished in the bloody equality of war. He is gone. His journey of forty-three years, from the cradle to the grave, is done. His battle of life has been fought. Its strife and struggles are ended. It was not his, indeed, to succeed in the great objects for which he strove. He saw the wreck of many a cherished hope, and many a dazzling vision turned out but a waking dream. Yet his hopes were high hopes; his dreams were dreams such as good men dream, of increased

freedom and happines to man. For these, he dared, in perilous times, to raise his voice and sword, and through all the vicissitudes of his life he bore himself like a man loyal to the good cause he first loved—the salvation of his native island and her people; faithful to the flag he followed—the flag of the republic which gave him a welcome and a home; loyal and faithful, not in seeming or in words alone, but in the deeds of earnest devotion and sacrifice of self, wherein men put to hazard what men most prize on earth, ease and pleasure, and liberty and life.

How the old times come back to me when I think of him and of the scenes where first I met him. Old friends seem to throng around me again, and voices to whisper to me that have been silent for years. How well I remember that splendid hour—more than twenty golden years ago—when the intellect of Ireland awoke from its long torpor, and by voice and pen, in lesson and song, and legend of the past, spoke to the souls of the Irish people, and for a while they dared to think and hope and strive for the redemption of their crushed and insulted island. For years the voice of the great tribune, O'Connell, had thundered in the ears of the multitude his denunciation of that fatal act which had robbed Ireland of its independent existence, of its national parliament, of all the bright hopes of prosperity and progress which had grown up in the short but brilliant era of her legislative independence. He told us of the days when Flood and Grattan, with eloquence that shall live as long as the language in which they spoke, proclaimed the rights of the Irish parliament, and how one hundred thousand armed volunteers stood ready with their swords to make the declaration good. He told how, with miraculous rapidity, the slumbering power of the Irish nation awoke, and the fair form, so long bowed and soiled in sorrow, arose and smiled again

in all her ancient beauty—an Island Queen. Then how the short and happy era passed like a sunny hour in a winter's day, and by fraud and force, by such treachery as bad men resort to for bad ends, Ireland was robbed of her legal rights as an independent kingdom, and crushed and strangled and suffocated in that fatal grasp which knaves and fools did then call the Act of Union. These things, day after day, O'Connell told to listening thousands with all the fire of eloquence that was in him, till at last, as his voice grew bolder and more defiant, it found its way to the quiet halls where students pored over the dreams of sages. It entered there and stirred their souls, and they closed their books—the fatal books, that tell of Grecian valor and Roman constancy, of great deeds done in the ancient days; the fatal books, that tell of heroic conflicts where weakness, armed for the right, had done successful battle with the guilty strong, how men had risked land and limb and life for the common weal in the brave days of old. They closed them and laid them down, not as the prudent men do, in order to forget them and save their souls from the contagion of such examples; not for this, but that they might themselves tread the same perilous path, and teach their people to save the island they loved. Of these young enthusiasts was in great part formed the party sometimes called "Young Ireland." They were honest, pure, unselfish, gallant men. They did wonders. They made a native literature, which has survived them and will never die. They did create and foster a public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil. Song, native and home-felt, gushed up at their bidding, as did of old in the desert the life-giving waters when the rock was touched by the prophet's wand. While the English language is spoken, these simple ballads will not be forgotten, but will be read and sung, in cottage and palace, all over

the earth wherever beats in men's hearts the strong current of Irish blood. How can I think of them—how can I speak of them without emotion — these simple, noble, true-hearted gentlemen among whom it is my pride to have had the least place. How many of them have I seen depart, one by one. How few of them remain; and now he that was the youngest and most brilliant of them all—he whom, when scarce out of boyhood, they welcomed into their ranks with so glad a welcome—he in whom they hoped so much—he whom they all loved, not more for his genius than for his simple, fresh, and genial nature—he, Thomas Francis Meagher, has followed them to that better land, where friends long parted fondly hope to meet again.

Meagher was little more than twenty-two when his voice was first heard in a popular assemblage. From the first there was the ring of true eloquence in all he said. He was bold, direct, and fearless. Others had caught up the harp of Ireland, and taught it to awaken memories and hopes that long had slept. But Meagher's voice was as the trumpet-blast to rouse the whole island and startle it into enterprise and action. His popularity was unbounded. He won all hearts, and impressed all with the consciousness of his power, till we thought we heard, in the voice of that inspired boy, a magic as mighty as Grattan's, to fire the breast, convince the reason, and elevate the soul to that noble daring to which nothing is impossible. His career was as short as it was dazzling. O'Connell, worn out by years and labor, laid him down and died. The political machinery he had constructed fell into feeble hands, and broke to pieces. All over the continent of Europe the minds of men began to be stirred by an angry consciousness of wrong, and the people's wrath lay smouldering like a fire waiting for the breath that was to fan it into flame.

It came. France, dishonored by a monarch who had dared to trifle with the instincts and pride of the French people, flew to arms, and trampled throne and sceptre under its feet. Poland, Hungary, Italy, sprung up at the signal. All over Europe, among the people long oppressed, went forth the cry, "We will have no foreign masters. Our land is ours, and we will have it for our own." And Ireland—the Poland of the sea—Ireland, the most wretched of all—failing in every attempt to obtain from the British parliament compliance with her prayers, is it wonderful that she, too, dreamt that her hour of deliverance was at hand, and that she could wring from Britain, with the armed hand, that national self-government under which she had been once so happy? The hour seemed propitious. A European war was imminent, and it was not likely that England could keep aloof. The storm seemed gathering fast. In Ireland bold words had been spoken: it was time to put them to the test. Men began to ask, What will Meagher do? He who grandly apostrophized "the sword," will he dare to try its metal now? He did not shrink from the ordeal. He deemed himself, in honor, bound—himself, to take, for weal or for woe, the risks he had invited others to assume. He threw himself among the people, ready to lead or to follow, as they pleased, going forth to face fearful odds with a heart as light as if he thought there was merry-making before him, and not the harvest of death. Remember, he had nothing to gain and everything to lose —an honorable social position, the prospect of wealth, the reputation of distinguished ability—all the advantages that give to youth sure promise of a brilliant and prosperous future. All these things that men most love he cast into the balance, and chose to share the fate of the crushed and forlorn people. But the struggle was not to be. France stood still, and looked on in apathy; while the

nations whom her example had fired into revolt—the nations on whose independence her own safety depended—were, one by one, crushed and re-enslaved. England, freed from the danger of European war, stood armed and prepared. To the Irish people, the odds against them seemed too heavy, and the means at their disposal too poor and weak. They did not revolt; no blow was struck. Colder, perhaps wiser, counsels prevailed; and the opportunity, if it was one, went by for ever. The Government, watchful and active, at once put forth the arm of the law. O'Brien, Meagher, and others were arrested, tried for high treason, found guilty, and condemned to death. Then once more spoke the young orator; and this is what he said:

"My lords, it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I tried to serve would speak ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by whom I have been convicted have viewed them, and by the country the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorus presumption in the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause. I ascribe no main im-

portance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have lived to serve their country—no matter how weak their efforts may have been—are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my countrymen I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts, proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could perhaps have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech you, my lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge what it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost—I am here to regret nothing I have ever done, to regret nothing I have ever said—I am here to crave with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which first beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No; I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For

that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being, as she is now, the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails upon me the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains that crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, you (addressing Mr. M'Manus) are no criminal, you (addressing Mr. O'Donoghue) are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment; judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, has been sanctified as a duty, and will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments I await the sentence of the court. I have done what I felt to be my duty. I have spoken now, as I did on every other occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth—of my passions—of my death; a country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to quell—whose intelligence I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer as a pledge of the love I bore her, and of the sincerity with which I thought and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life, the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy, a prosperous, and honorable home. Proceed, then, my lords, with that sentence which the law directs—I am prepared to hear it—I trust I am prepared to meet its execution. I shall go, I think, with a light heart before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

Remember, he then thought that speech was to be his last. These words he uttered, looking death in the eye. Tell me, have you ever known of any man that, in such a trying hour, uttered a more gallant, noble, dignified protest? Think of this, you, if there be any who deem that we who knew this man, loved him above his deserts; you who knew him only by his faults, and who may now be disposed to magnify them and to belittle his virtues—fancy yourselves, if you can dare to fancy it, in such a strait, and tell me if you could have raised your quivering souls to so grand an eminence as his who that day set the prisoner above the judge who tried him, and dignified the felon's dock, till it became, in the eyes of the world, a temple of freedom. You know how the sentence of death was commuted, not mitigated, to that of banishment for life in a penal settlement, and Meagher was sent to spend the rest of his days, a convict among convicts, in Van Dieman's Land. Death seemed better—death in the island he loved, with his last look resting on Irish soil, on Irish hill and sky. But to live, and see his career closed at twenty-five; to hear from afar the great sea of life surging around, and never to have a venture on the tide; to see the great game of life played by other hands, and he to stand by inactive, and only to watch and mark the game—to rot out a stagnant existence—to die a living death. This was hard to bear, and it seemed to be all his future. But what man can cast his own horoscope, or predict to-day what shall befall him to-morrow?

Meagher left Irish hearts and Irish love behind him in Ireland but to find them watching and waiting for him at the antipodes. For, let me tell you, all over the earth, North and South, East and West, wherever you may wander, you shall scarcely find a spot so remote or desolate that an Irishman who loves Ireland, and whom Ire-

land loves, will not find there a welcome and a friend. In Van Dieman's Land, Meagher found true and faithful friends. He placed himself in their hands. They planned his escape. It was successful; and in 1852 he set foot on American soil, once more a free man. You all remember what an outburst of enthusiasm with all sorts of men welcomed him to this republic. It was among the halcyon days of America. There was nothing to disturb, distract, or embitter men's thoughts. In an unchecked career of peace, prosperity, and honor, the great republic, secure and incredulous of danger, moved proudly along. Her large heart overflowed with benevolence and hospitality, and to have striven and suffered for a people's liberty was a sure passport to men's homes and hearts. The desire to hear the young orator was universal. Meagher, for a time, preferred silence and privacy, but in the end the popular wish prevailed, and he began a series of lectures which, with other literary labors, became his chief occupation for some years. He was everywhere successful, and sustained his great reputation. But those who knew him best saw that he was altered, that the disasters which he had undergone had hurt him, that some of his early fire had been quenched, and that his eloquence had lost the vigor which had been its chief charm in Ireland. His was a mind that needed the inspiration of a great purpose. That to which he had devoted his early efforts was gone, and none other came to supply its place.

But events in America were shifting fast. The strife of factions, in whose healthy action free societies must always find the surest guarantee of safety, was becoming bitter and sectional. Wild, reckless, angry, and wicked threats and challenges were made and answered, and a fatal madness spread over the land. There were some who spoke words of warning, of reconciliation, and peace. It was too

late. The cloud spread and darkened all the horizon, and the storm broke in thunder. You remember well how, on the first breaking out of the Civil War, when the first shot was fired on the national flag, the great mass of the people of Irish race on this continent took sides with the legally organized Government of the United States. The 69th Regiment of the New York State Militia was among the first to hurry to the defence of Washington. With it went Thomas Francis Meagher, in command of a company which he had organized. His was no factious motive. He knew little of parties or their purposes. He had no unkind feeling toward the South. He believed that the integrity of the Union was endangered, and that by a speedy display of force the fatal project might be checked in time, and he went forth to imperil his life for the sake of the home of his adoption, with as pure a purpose, as cheerful a heart, as that with which he had faced the rebel's doom for the salvation of the land of his birth. One other thought, too, lay near his heart—a thought which quickened the pulse of every Irishman that marched then under the starry flag, that sang to him at the camp-fires, and whispered to him as he paced the sentinel's lonely rounds. It was this, that, in the course of the civil war, America might learn, what Irish instinct well knew, the jealousy with which the governing classes in Britain ever look on her revolted colonies, and that our war might be ended by the armies of a re-united North and South, marching side by side under the old flag, against the seeming friend but real foe of the republic; the subtle, wily, persistent conspirator against all national repose or freedom or progress all over the earth, save her own—Great Britain. You know of the battle of Bull Run, and how all through that disastrous day Meagher bore himself with conspicuous gallantry. He returned to New York, and by his efforts was organized

the Irish Brigade, of which he became the commanding officer. The rest of the story should not be told by me. I see many a man around me who followed all the fortunes of that gallant corps, and who will carry the consciousness of his share in its achievements as his proudest memory, to his grave. It was the old story. Never did Clare, or Dillon, or Sarsfield more gallantly lead gallant men on Landen, or Cremona, or Fontenoy, than did Meagher, when he cheered on the boys of his Irish Brigade at Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, or when, at Fredericksburg, he obeyed the fatal order that doomed the Irish Brigade to hopeless slaughter in the attack on Marye's Heights. Aye! be proud of the Irish Brigade. Be proud of him who led it. Preserve his memory, ye who served with him in those days of fire and death. Three thousand men were in that brigade when it went into the war—five hundred were all that left it. Yet it never disobeyed an order, never lost a flag, never lost hope, or heart, or cheerfulness.

"It fought as it reveled, fast, fiery, and true,"

facing danger with a smile, laughing at fatigue and hardship, and breasting the red surges of war with a cheer as gay and ringing as other men utter when they have won a victory in some athletic game. "A somewhat irregular nature—this Irish nature," I think I hear some amateur philanthropist observe. Aye, irregular as the granite boulder on which the foundations of continents rest—irregular and as massive. As irregular as the young river that comes rushing, laughing, bounding from the mountain-side, leaping from cataract to cataract, from fall to fall, now deep, now rapid, always wayward and free, never learning to be staid and regular and respectable, until it reaches the cities and marts of commerce, and becomes tainted and stained with its impurities. Oh, if this world had none but

late. The cloud spread and darkened all the horizon, and the storm broke in thunder. You remember well how, on the first breaking out of the Civil War, when the first shot was fired on the national flag, the great mass of the people of Irish race on this continent took sides with the legally organized Government of the United States. The 69th Regiment of the New York State Militia was among the first to hurry to the defence of Washington. With it went Thomas Francis Meagher, in command of a company which he had organized. His was no factious motive. He knew little of parties or their purposes. He had no unkind feeling toward the South. He believed that the integrity of the Union was endangered, and that by a speedy display of force the fatal project might be checked in time, and he went forth to imperil his life for the sake of the home of his adoption, with as pure a purpose, as cheerful a heart, as that with which he had faced the rebel's doom for the salvation of the land of his birth. One other thought, too, lay near his heart—a thought which quickened the pulse of every Irishman that marched then under the starry flag, that sang to him at the camp-fires, and whispered to him as he paced the sentinel's lonely rounds. It was this, that, in the course of the civil war, America might learn, what Irish instinct well knew, the jealousy with which the governing classes in Britain ever look on her revolted colonies, and that our war might be ended by the armies of a re-united North and South, marching side by side under the old flag, against the seeming friend but real foe of the republic; the subtle, wily, persistent conspirator against all national repose or freedom or progress all over the earth, save her own—Great Britain. You know of the battle of Bull Run, and how all through that disastrous day Meagher bore himself with conspicuous gallantry. He returned to New York, and by his efforts was organized

regular natures and regular men in it, where would the world be? Where would be its valor, its self-sacrifice, its heroism, its faith? When the hours of life pass peacefully in easy routine along, then the regular natures and the regular men sow the seed and gather the harvest, and grow rich, and dream that all society should be made only of such as they.

But in the strange economy of life all natures have their uses. When the crisis comes; when the fabric of society is shaken; when the blast of foreign or civil war sounds in our ears; when the sky is overcast and all the earth rocks and shudders with hidden throes; when the times are themselves irregular, portentous, full of fear—then irregular natures and irregular men are needed to do these deeds of devotion, self-sacrifice, reckless valor, by which alone, in evil hours, nations can be saved. Were this city threatened to-morrow with invasion, I think all Wall street would agree with me that its defence would be more wisely entrusted to one thousand of the least regular men among us, than to the same number culled from among the wealthiest financiers or the largest merchants that have ever frowned at the errors and weaknesses of those whose strong temptations they have never known, and whose characters they could never comprehend. Ah, God help us! If Heaven did not judge more kindly than we judge one another, how few of us would see salvation. But I must hurry to a close. The Irish Brigade, in fact, ceased to exist. It was reduced to a battalion of a few hundred men. In February, 1863, General Meagher wrote to the then Secretary of War, asking that it might be sent home to recruit its ranks, as had been done by other commands. The request was denied, and, after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Meagher resigned his command. His Farewell Address to his comrades, the remnant of the Brigade, contains this passage, which I cannot forbear to read:

"Sharing with the humblest soldier freely and heartily all the hardships and dangers of the battle-field—never having ordered an advance that I did not take the lead myself—I thank God that I have been spared to do justice to those whose heroism deserves from me a grateful commemoration; and that I have been preserved to bring comfort to those who have lost fathers, husbands, and brothers in the soldiers who have fallen for a noble government under the green flag. My life has been a varied one, and I have passed through many distracting scenes. But never has the river that flowed beside my cradle—never have the mountains that overlooked the paths of my childhood—never have the old walls that claimed the curiosity and research of mature days, been effaced from my memory. As at first—as in nature—the beautiful and glorious picture is indelible. Not less vivid, not less uneffaceable, will be the recollection of my companionship with the Irish Brigade in the service of the United States. The graves of many hundreds of brave and devoted soldiers, who went to death with all the radiance and enthusiasm of the noblest chivalry, are so many guarantees and pledges that, as long as there remains one officer or soldier of the Irish Brigade, so long shall there be found for him, for his family and little ones, if any there be, a devoted friend in

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER."

He was answered by resolutions expressive of confidence and affection from all the officers and men of the brigade. So closed his career as a soldier, and his connection with that corps, whose reputation with that of the Irish Legion, its twin-brother in heroism, will live in every authentic memorial of the Civil War, past and gone, I trust, for ever.

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Montana, of which he was Secretary and acting Governor at the time of his death. He died in the service of the United States, and in the performance of his duty. Remember this, on the last hours of Thomas Francis Meagher there rests no stain or reproach. [Tremendous cheering, which was again and again renewed.] After a day of hard labor he sought a night of repose. An old steamboat, moored to the shore, afforded him a place wherein to sleep. This account of his death which I now read to you is authentic, and from a source in all respects reliable :—

"He was at Fort Benton, waiting for the arms the Government sent up. He arrived there on the 1st of July, having ridden thirty miles on horseback in the hot sun on that day. He spent the afternoon in conversation and letter-writing, and retired early to his berth on board the steamboat G. A. Thompson. There was no railing on the guards opposite his stateroom door, it having been broken off in some way. About ten o'clock at night he went on the guards. Here, it is supposed, he stumbled on a coil of rope, lost his balance, and was precipitated over the side of the boat. The river is greatly swollen, and the current is so strong that the best swimmer has no chance in it. It is stated that he called for help, when the deck hands ran with their lights and saw him floating away. There was no boat ready. Everything appears to have been confusion and excitement. I have received a charming letter that he wrote me, late that afternoon (his last on earth) telling me that he hoped to start for home by the last of the week. . . . A gentleman, who was in his company for over an hour late in the afternoon just before the accident occurred, has informed me of most of the circumstances of his last hours in this life, as I state them to you."

So he died. "Would that he had died on the battle-field." I think I hear some friend say, "Would that he had fallen there, with the flag he loved waiving over him and the shout of triumph ringing in his ears; would that his grave were on some Irish hillside, with the green turf above him." No; God knows best how, and where, and when we are to die. His will be done! But Meagher has bequeatbed his memory to us, to guard it and save it from evil tongues that respect not the majesty of death. What matter to him now whether men praise or blame? The whole world's censure could not hurt him now. But for us, the friends who are left behind; for you, his companions in arms; for me, who was the friend of his youth, and who have loved him ever; for the sake of those who are nearer and dearer to him, of whose grief I cannot bring myself to speak; of his father, his brother; of his son, on whose face he never looked; for the sake, more than all, of that noble lady whose enduring love was the pride and blessing of his life; for all this, we do honor to his memory, and strive to weave, as it were, this poor chaplet of flowers over his grave. His faults lie gently on him. For he had faults, as all of us have. But he had virtues too, in whose light his errors were unseen and forgotten. In his youth he loved the land of his birth, and freely gave all he had to give, even his life, to save her and do her honor. He never forgot her. He never said a word that was not meant to help her and raise her. He never uttered a word that was unmanly or untrue to the cause that was the darling of his youth. In Ireland, in America, he invited no man to any danger that he was not ready to share. Never forget this: he gave all, lost all, for the land of his birth. He risked all for the land of his adoption, was her true and loyal soldier, and, in the end, died in her service. For these things, either in Ireland or in America, he will

not soon be forgotten, and the grateful instincts of two peoples will do him justice, and cherish his memory in their heart of hearts. And so, old friend, farewell! If it be, as we of the ancient faith are taught to believe, that the highest heavens are joined to this earth by a mystic chain of sympathy, of which the links are prayers and blessings that ascend and descend, keeping ever the sacred communion unbroken and eternal—if thus, fervent prayer on earth can reach the throne of God, the friend of my youth shall never be forgotten there. His battle of life is fought. His work is done, his hour of repose is come, and love can utter no fonder aspiration than that which was chanted in the sad ceremonies of this morning. May he rest in peace! Amen.

PREFACE.

In coming to the resolution of publishing these speeches, I have been chiefly influenced by the desire of placing upon record, in a permanent form, the opinions that led me, though various changes of fortune and of climate, to this Republic.

The anxiety will not be censured which induces me to save from injury the proofs of an interest, early taken in the condition of my Native Land. Nor will it be wholly ascribed to vanity, if the hope escapes me, that, even yet, these words of mine may conduce to her advantage.

To some extent, the speeches may be considered out of date. The tone, inspired by a people in the attitude of resistance, sounds strangely upon the ear when the chorus, which hailed the coming of the contest, has ceased—and the fire upon the altar has been extinguished.

To revive in Ireland the spirit which, in the summer of 1848, impetuously sought to clear a way, with an armed hand, to the destiny that lay beyond an intervening camp and throne, may be for the time forbidden.

But, in the pursuit of humbler blessings—in the endurance even of defeat—the vices, which adversity engenders or exasperates, may be resisted—hope, activity, and

courage be awakened—all those virtues be restored and nourished, which, in a loftier mood, were loved so dearly for the strength and ornament they bestowed.

The suppression of sectarian feuds—the blending of the various races that have at different seasons been cast upon our soil, and have taken root therein—the love of truth, liberality, and labor—the necessity of disinterestedness, integrity, and fortitude amongst the people—the necessity of a high order of intellect, honor, and propriety amongst our public men—these were the lessons taught—these the virtues encouraged and enforced—when, breaking through a corrupt system of politics, the young Democracy of Ireland claimed for their country, the rank and title which was her's by natural law, by covenant, and prescription.

Such lessons are still profitable, and may still be needed. Such virtues are still in requisition, and should still be cherished. Wherever—within the gates, by the rivers, amongst the ruins, amid the mountains, of the old land—the former are forgotten, or the latter lie entranced, these echoes of a voice once known, may waken the memory that slumbers—the morality that degenerates.

Amongst my countrymen in America, I believe, this volume will find favor. If for no other reason, it will be kindly thought of, for the memories, the sympathies, the longings out of which it has grown—and the wreck of which it is a fragment.

There are homes, however, in which it may prove something more than an idle relic. It may put forth a healing power—may rouse a faltering love—an expiring faith—may warm the desponding heart, and set its currents flow-

ing—may, with the genial magic of some familiar hymn, touch the imprisoned mind, and restore it to the sunshine of its early skies.

To those citizens of the Republic who are bound by no ties of birth to Ireland, yet are moved by a generous spirit of inquiry to explore the mystery of her misfortune, the following pages may to some extent explain the circumstances which preceded and provoked the attempt last made to free her, and the frustration of which has thrown upon the shores, and scattered through the cities of this great commonwealth, so many of her children.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Irving Place, New York,
November 10th, 1852.

INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1176, the Norman adventurers landed in Ireland. Their object was plunder, lust, and conquest. They wrought their work, with sword and flame, and without faith or mercy.

They met a stern resistance, however, and their foothold for centuries, was narrow, slippery, and precarious. The conflict with native valor, was obstinate and enduring. Six hundred years of strife, left the question of supremacy, undecided.

At the end of that long period of confiscation, treachery, and blood, Ireland was still mistress of her own destiny. Partially betrayed, sacked, and stricken down, she never had been despoiled of the attributes of nationhood. In 1797, she had an Army, a Navy, a Flag, a Parliament, a power, and a will of her own.

This was a singular spectacle, almost a miraculous one —in the presence of England, an intolerable result, after an expenditure of so much treasure, and life, and crime. Baffled in the field, baffled in council, baffled in diplomacy, her strength defied, her treachery defeated, England had recourse to a last desperate and licentious effort.

She succeeded, and in consummating the act of Union, consummated the ruin of the Irish nation. Ireland was at last discrowned. She lost her Flag, her Army, her Senate—her Strength, her People, and her Name.

How England accomplished her object, it is needless to tell. The details, if relevant, would be repulsive. Of its moral obligation and binding force, William Saurin one of its opponents, although a servant of the Crown thus speaks:—

"You may make the Union binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory in conscience. It will be obeyed so long as England is strong; but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty."

This high sentiment—the prophecy of genius—survived the wreck as the beacon of national salvation. It soon flashed into a broad purpose.

The "REPEAL OF THE UNION" was the first object filling the measure of the patriot heart. In 1810, Mr. O'Connell assigned it preëminence over Religious Liberty. In 1812-'13, he again repeated his preference. In 1830, he proclaimed it as the first utterance of the liberated Catholics. In 1831, an organized confederacy grew into formidable existence—animated and directed by the hope it inspired.

Soon afterwards, it ceased to be heard as a rallying cry; but the spirit it awoke was the most active and audible within the island. As a challenge to action, it was hushed—but only to be born as a prouder passion.

During this period, while Mr. O'Connell was yielding to an experiment—of whose failure he was thoroughly conscious—a treacherous and ruinous influence found its way into the working details. Government patronage shed its seeds in the hearts of the people.

A fatal curse, wherever it prevails. In Ireland, the traces of it are indelibly marked in her misery and shame.

While it was eating into her vitals, it became apparent to all, that Mr. O'Connell's experiment, as he had foreseen, was a mockery, and again, in 1839, he revived the national organization for the "REPEAL OF THE UNION."

Although the sentiment was but the expression of the cherished hope of the country, still the great bulk of the people, to whom Mr. O'Connell's counsels of expediency were not intelligible, stood aloof for a while, doubting and distrusting. This distrust did not for a moment attach personally to the champion of the cause, or question his sincerity. The doubt was whether the "Repeal of the Union" was an end or a means. Whether owing to this or some other cause, the new association made slow progress during the first two or three years.

About this time, a new element breathed itself silently into the organization. Heretofore it consisted for the most part of politicians.

"Politician," suggests the idea of contempt as well as power. When attached to a great man, the idea of power preponderates—when to a little man, contempt. So universal is this belief, that politicians themselves are first and loudest in welcome of men not belonging to their class—thus doing homage to patriotism, purer and loftier than their own. Through this channel of feeling, the richest and ripest glories shed their warmth and light on the struggling Repeal Association.

Thomas Davis, a student of Trinity College, whose aspirations of courage, hope, love, and truth, were curtained by the College wall, and there only breathed to his most cherished friends, found his way to the Association. He owned nothing in common with its exterior conformation—its formulas of action or routine functions—but his enthusiasm grasped its undefined soul. Its outward lineaments were to him imperceptible, while holding communion with its disembodied aim. That aim he sought to impregnate with indestructible vitality. Sedulously, noiselessly, and successfully, he was moulding to his wishes the inert, and the sternest elements of the Association.

But the first great impulse of the organization dates

from the debate in the Dublin Corporation, on the 28th day of February, 1843.

The Corporation contained antagonistic parties. It was a deliberative assembly. Almost every party had representatives there. It was not impelled by popular passions. It was an arena not alone for deliberation, but dissent, and from the presence there of some of Ireland's most gifted intellects, an opportunity was presented for testing the reasons which could be urged against, as well as in favor of "REPEAL."

Mr. O'Connell introduced the question. His speech was a miracle of power. It surpassed every effort of his varied and wonderful career. Its bases were as indestructible as the foundations of the island.

Mr. Butt, a man possessing unsullied personal character, cultivated intellect, and rare eloquence, attempted to reply. But his shafts, however keenly edged, glanced as if from a marble block or a shield of polished steel. No conclusion of Mr. O'Connell's was disturbed. The structure of his argument was solid, massive, impregnable, unassailable.

From that moment, the feelings of the nation swelled into one current, and swept irresistibly forward. The organization embraced the island—its strength, its purpose, its intelligence, its pulsations, and its breath of life. The vigor of manhood, the yearning of boyhood, the soft, silent prayer of womanhood, rolled along in that resistless tide. No nation ever yet presented a grander moral spectacle.

In the hot exulting breath of an uprising people, the seeds of corruption withered. Ireland insensibly assumed the attitude and the attributes of nationality. The word of the Association became her law. No hall could enclose the multitudes enrolled in the national conscription, and they assembled on her immemorial hills. The people sup-

plied a revenue averaging £1,000 per week, which was again appropriated to the diffusion of knowledge, the repression of tyranny, and the extension of the organization. The Government, the Parliament, the Courts of Law, were nearly superseded by a moral combination, having no agency but a superior virtue. The spell of this element acknowledged no confines.

It thrilled to the soul of France, and her bravest spirits grasped their swords and purse to fling them in the scale. America, with a graver sympathy, responded to it, remembering her own suffering, daring, and trials. It rose to the foot of Mont Blanc, and murmured along the Rhine.

All this took place in three years from the date of the Corporation Debate. It was encountered, too, by the proscription of one government, and the coercion of another.

In the shadow of this gigantic enterprise, the birth of a new spirit and new era was tended by Thomas Davis, and his young brotherhood of orators and poets. He evoked from the history, the traditions, the passions, the beauty, the chivalry, the genius of the country, all that could elevate and inspire, and poured it over the hearts of his cotemporaries in a flood of song.

Out of this the sentiments of true nationality sprung. The young men who followed him and won his love, saw their country not triumphing over a parliament restored, but a full and perfect national sovereignty eternally secured. Mr. O'Connell, as if conscious of this pervading principle, and anxious to be its interpreter, pronounced his memorable challenge to the Government, at the Mallow meeting, on the 10th of June, 1843.

The Government accepted this challenge in a different sense and spirit. They determined to combat Mr. O'Connell in the courts of law.

An indictment for conspiracy was framed, and on the first of October, 1843, Mr. O'Connell was held to bail.

On that and the succeeding days, eight others, including his son and two Roman Catholic clergymen, were placed under arrest.

From that time forward, the bolder energies of the Association were engaged in resisting the prosecution. Its treasury was exhausted, its intellect dissipated, and its strength expended on quibbles of law. It was discomfited, and on the 30th of May, 1844, Mr. O'Connell, with his son and five others of his associates, slept within a prison.

This event brought gloom everywhere. For the cause, however, it had no terrors. On the contrary, within the circle of the Association, it supplied new energy.

A rumor obtained currency that it would be dispersed at the point of the bayonet. William Smith O'Brien had joined during the trials. His energy of character and stern will won for him the love of the entire body. They would have accorded him the place of honor and of peril with one voice, on the day they were menaced with violence, but he generously yielded a post which so many were emulous to fill.

Under his auspices, the Association progressed with a surer, truer, and steadier aim than ever it did before. The organization was perfected. The young, the generous, and the gifted, clustered round the new chief, who labored to exalt their genius, and give their talents a practical direction.

Thus the passions of youth, the pride of literary attainments, the loftiest inspirations of genius, and the spirit of song, became absorbed in patriotism. Under this aspect it won the admiration and respect of all.

Meantime an appeal, from the judgment on O'Connell, was made to the House of Lords. Their lordships reversed the judgment, and liberated the prisoners after an imprisonment of fourteen weeks. This was regarded as a

wondrous triumph ; and so it was, but it revealed a fact of fearful omen.

The O'Connell who entered the prison never came forth again. His high purpose, his indomitable courage, had succumbed. He returned to the scene of his labors, trials, and triumphs, tame in purpose and in heart. The man had sunk within him, and his subdued feeling communicated its influence to the action of the Repeal Association.

He retired to his native mountains, and there evinced a desire to fall back on a policy, short of his former aspirations. Dissent followed. He again retracted, but a backward step is not to be recovered.

Besides, new causes of dissension arose. They were very trifling, however, and attended with no serious results. The Association remained steady in its great purpose.

A new organisation, more select, more refined, more influential than the Association itself—the '82 Club—was formed. This body was sacred from polemical discussion, or any other question which could disturb its brotherhood. Before it was yet a year old, it became the medium of a public display, intended and calculated, if the thing were possible, to revive the action of the Association.

The anniversary of the imprisonment was declared sacred to Liberty, and it was resolved that the nation should come to honor the liberated chief and his associates.

The Round Room of the Dublin Rotunda was selected for the gorgeous pageant. There sat Mr. O'Connell, as if on a throne, surrounded by the members of the Club in their brilliant uniform, while deputations from city and province, and county, and corporations, and from other provincial boards, did him kingly homage. On that day Dublin presented a spectacle of grandeur such as was never witnessed there, before or since.

A meeting of the leaders of the Association, the Club, and the deputations, was held in an adjoining room, at which

an irrevocable pledge was solemnly adopted, never to abandon the struggle for nationality. To this pledge, Daniel O'Connell's was the first signature. Those of some hundred others followed. It remains yet to be redeemed.

After the Rotunda display, an imperceptible reaction set in. The dissensions in the Association were not revived, but the elements of distrust were becoming palpable and menacing. Religious partialities and prejudices became more distinct and dangerous.

In one night, a sudden blight overspread the land, and in its breath the entire supply of food for 8,000,000 perished. The blow was not immediately felt, nor even comprehended. God, who inflicted the terrible dispensation, spared the people the full revelation of its horrors. But a presentiment of the coming woes seems to have excited the irritability of all parties.

The dark hand of Government was felt everywhere, awaking and fanning the flames of discord and internecine strife. Religion, politics, personality, combined to bring the chiefs into conflict, and the nation to ruin.

Amid these discordant elements, the heart, and voice, and pen of Thomas Davis were tasked to the uttermost to restore union, cordiality, and brotherly love. Never did genius or truth assert a brighter future, than when she flashed from his pen in the din of these unnatural passions.

But, alas! in this his hour of highest pride, the eagle was struck down. The news of his illness had not reached his friends, when his heart and voice were hushed for ever. He passed into a better world on the 16th of September, 1845.

The death of Thomas Davis was an unspeakable calamity. Never did heavier one fall upon a doomed nation. It was in this hour of gloom, in the first wreck of such brilliant hopes, the opening speech of the following collection was spoken.

SPEECHES.

ENGLISH LEGISLATION.—GROWTH OF THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 16th February, 1846.

[In the autumn of 1845, the potato blight attracted the public attention. In September "several samples of potatoes from the surrounding country" were exhibited before the magistrates of St. Ives "all much diseased—a fearful calamity for the country, as it appears to pervade nearly all parts of England." (*Bedford Mercury, Eng., Sept.* 1845.) The same anxiety and convictions, in a greater or lesser degree, were expressed by all the English journals. The same month, date 13th, Lord Portman, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, in a letter to William Herapath, Esq., the Analytical Chemist of Bristol, says, "As I am specially bound, during this year of my holding the office of President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to promote inquiry and to notify observations on subjects relative to the produce of the soil, I trouble you with this letter, and ask if any method has occurred to you by which the potato may be preserved for the planting of 1846. * * * I apply to you as one of our most eminent chemists upon this point." Mr. Herapath summed up his opinion thus—"I do not think it would be either safe or prudent to depend upon the infected potatoes of the present season's seed for the next year." Dr. Varlez writing in the Belgian *Moniteur*, about the same period, says, "After having been exposed to this temperature (something less than 180° Fahr.) for a few minutes, a copious black matter oozed out of the potatoes, and they emitted a nauseous fetid smell." The Very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy, P. P., Kells, (Co. Westmeath) writing to the *Freeman's Journal*, says, "On my most minute personal inspection

of the state of the potato crop in this most fertile potato-growing *locale*, is founded my inexpressibly painful conviction that one family in twenty of the people will not have a single potato left on Christmas day next." Mr Horace Townsend writing to the *Southern Reporter*, says, "I have found no field without the disease."——October 18th, at a Special Meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, at which were present, Sharman Crawford, Sir Percy Nugent, Bart., J. Bolton Massy, ex-Lord Mayor Roe, John Sproule, &c., Robert (now Sir Robert) Kane, M.D, Chairman of the sub-Committee of Inquiry into the Potato rot, reported that, after sitting two days, the Committee, from the difficult nature of their inquiry, could not report anything definite. George Alexander Hamilton, M.P., in a letter to the Secretary, suggested "that the Council should take means for bringing the subject before the Lord Lieutenant, in the hope that Government might take some steps to make provision against the imminent famine."——The reports of the Secretaries of the different local Farming Societies to the Royal Agricultural Society, confirmed the fact of the prevalency of the disease.——The Secretary also received, by direction of the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, "the Report of the Commission of Agriculture of the Province of Groningen, on the Disease Affecting the Potato in the Netherlands." This report gave five, as the probable, causes of the disease, among which were—the too rapid development of the plant—the intense heat in the early summer of 1845—the sudden change to cold and rain. The character of the disease was the same as in other countries. Several remedies for the disease were recommended, the principal of which was "a drier atmosphere." The report remarked, that rotten potatoes were hurtful not only to man but also to cattle, and that a too frequent use of spoiled potatoes was equally dangerous to those who made their sole food of them.——October 21st, the Corporation of the City of Dublin, at a Special Meeting for the purpose, appointed a Committee of nine to inquire into and report on the potato disease. The most eminent chemical and agricultural skill failed to stay the blight or protect the plant. Already wheat had risen from 15s. to 20s. per quarter. (*Mark Lane Express, Oct.* 20, 1845.) Letters from Scotland told of the spread of the blight in that country. In Ireland, a report from the Commissioners on the potato disease (Professors Kane, Lindley, and Playfair, was laid before the Lord Lieutenant (Heytesbury), Oct. 24.——The statistics of the disease proved, almost to a certainty, that fully one-half of the crop, on which millions of our countrymen are half-fed every

year, was destroyed. There was not a county in Ireland in which the potato-rot had not by this time appeared. It also was discovered in France, Holland, Belgium, America, and wherever potatoes were cultivated. The continental states, especially Belgium, had prohibited the exportation of grain, meal, and flour. The *Nation* of this date, warning the landlords, asks, "Can they hope, if the ordinary driving and grinding system be pursued this cruel year, that agrarian outrage, even of a more combined and extensive character than we have yet seen, will not stalk in blood and terror over the land?" Oct. 25th.——Oct. 28th, A meeting of the Dublin Corporation was held in reference to the potato blight.——Oct. 30th, A public meeting of the citizens of Dublin was called by the Lord Mayor at the Music Hall, to take suitable measures to avoid the approaching famine. The Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, Daniel O'Connell, M.P., Henry Grattan, M.P., Admiral Oliver, &c., were present. A second Report of the Commissioners (dated 29th Oct.) to the Lord Lieutenant was read. It amounted to no practical use, being the explanation of certain chemical experiments. Mr. O'Connell said, at this meeting, "he was grateful to the government for giving so much attention to the subject, but was afraid it would end in nothing." Mr. Henry Grattan suggested, that the Executive should be called upon to lay an embargo upon the ports of Ireland. He had gone through the counties of Monaghan, Armagh, Meath, Kildare, Cavan, Longford and Wicklow, and he found the disease rapidly progressing. The Duke of Leinster believed in the "paternal care" of the government. "He had heard much relative to the potato disease, but could give no information;" yet, as an "emergency was at hand," suggested a Committee, to take into consideration the recommendation of Mr. Pierce Mahoney, which was to the effect, that an extensive system of drainage should be adopted by the government to give employment to the people. Mr. O'Gorman, sen., was for making all the property in the country available for the people. Lord Cloncurry relied on the oat crop, if the Lord Lieutenant shut up the ports and distilleries; he felt that they should not suffer the corn to go to England; and that this famine could have been prevented, years ago, had they instituted public granaries, as in Switzerland and Germany.——Nov. 3rd, a deputation, consisting of the Lord Mayor, Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Henry Grattan, and others, waited on the Lord Lieutenant, Heytesbury. That official, in a written reply, expatiated on the anxious attention of government, in sending over from England scientific men to experimentalize on the potato. "They

have not yet terminated their inquiries," but then "there is no immediate pressure in the market." He would, however, lose no time in submitting the suggestions of the Deputation to the Cabinet.——A Third Report from the Commissioners (Nov. 3rd) was submitted. Same date, at a meeting of the citizens of Dublin, Mr. James Haughton, a corn merchant, regretted that Government was called upon to close the ports. He would propose, that government should purchase and store up at home, and from all parts of the world, a sufficiency. He opposed Mr. O'Connell's proposition to raise money on credit of the Woods' and Forests' income; Government should advance the money, to be paid by a tax after the peril had passed. Mr. J. Augustus O'Neill remarked that the blight was not confined to Ireland, and that most of the European ports, at that very moment, were closed for self-preservation; and further, that even from Odessa a report of the failure of the wheat crop had arrived. Mr. Gordon hoped that measures would be taken for an unconditional repeal of the restrictions on the importation of food, and thus raise a supply. Mr. Dixon said that their former committee was "bowed out of the Castle," and that the Queen's representative gave no hope that the Government would advance a shilling—in fact, they were, in effect, told to rely on their own resources. Mr. O'Connell was for free-trade, but not to the exclusion of a question of famine. Ireland had to pay tax on all foreign corn. England paid tax on foreign corn, but received every grain from Ireland free. Mr. Birmingham was of opinion, that the expression of Lord Clonbrock should be that of every landlord to his tenants, "Touch not your oats; don't take it out of your haggards, until you are safe from the imminent peril that threatens you."——Same date, a meeting held by the citizens of Belfast, the Mayor presiding, called on Government to close the ports. The Town Council of Londonderry adopted a similar resolution. The Town Council of Waterford, the inhabitants of Galway and other towns, held self-preservation meetings. ——Mr. Smith O'Brien, in the Repeal Association (Nov. 8), demanded, as one of the Representatives of the Irish people, that Parliament should be convened before Christmas to consider the state of the country.——The voices of the four Provinces joined in demanding precautionary measures: the non-exportation of domestic, and free importation of foreign grain. The conduct of foreign governments showed the necessity of immediate action. The government of Belgium held her grain and opened her ports; that of Holland did the same; Russia did not hesitate to do the same.

The Grand Seignior did the same. As early as the 22nd October, Artim Bey, the prime minister of the Viceroy of Egypt, issued a notice that his Highness, "ever studying the welfare of Egypt," decided on prohibiting for the present, the exportation of all grain and pulse, in consequence of the short crops. Lord Cloncurry, writing (Nov. 7) to Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, impressed on him the extent of the disease, and the fatality attending delay. He spoke from a thorough knowledge of the facts, and gave as his conviction, in unison with the Mansion House Committee, that, it was "the imperative duty of Government to adopt some or all of the following measures"—they were: The opening of the ports—Non-exportation—Diminution of the consumption of oats by the cavalry in Ireland—Suspension of the distilleries—The raising of money (million and half), chargeable upon Irish resources (Woods and Forests)—The formation of granaries—and the immediate employment of the people on works of general or local utility. Sir Robert Peel, in reply, begged to assure Lord Cloncurry that the subject was occupying the unremitting attention of her Majesty's confidential advisers.——A fourth (Nov. 7) and a fifth (Nov. 12) report of the Commissioners were submitted to the Lord Lieutenant.——The Mansion House Committee (Nov. 19), Lord Cloncurry in the chair, unanimously adopted a series of resolutions, stating that no reasonable conjecture could be formed, with respect to the limits of the effects of the disease, short of the entire destruction of the potato crop. The fifth resolution arraigned, in the strongest terms, the culpable conduct of the Administration, for refusing to forward any alleviating measures. Also for "the positive and unequivocal crime of keeping the ports closed against foreign provisions." The sixth denounced the criminality of the Ministers of the Crown, in leaving the ports open to the exportation of the most abundant Irish oat crop, already amounting to a quantity nearly adequate to feed the entire people of Ireland. The seventh arraigned the Ministers for "postponing the meeting of Parliament to next year." The eighth proposed an address to her Majesty on the subject. At this time, the Dublin papers (Nov. 22) write, "We hear of several foreign markets supplied with Irish corn."——In a letter to the Electors of London, Lord John Russell says, "Three weeks ago it was generally expected that Parliament would be immediately called together. The announcement that Ministers were prepared at that time to advise the Crown to summon Parliament, and to propose on their first meeting a suspension of the import duties on corn, would have caused orders at once to be sent to various ports of

Europe and America for the purchase and transmission of grain for the consumption of the United Kingdom. An order in Council dispensing with the law was neither necessary nor desirable. No party in Parliament would have made itself responsible for the obstruction of a measure so urgent and so beneficial." He took advantage, of the obnoxious position in which the Ministers were placed, to bid for public favor, pointing out the evils of the Corn-laws, and of all interference with the supply of food. From being a moderate protectionist, he became a wholesale abolitionist as regards the Corn-laws. On the 12th of January, having been presented by the Lord Provost with the "freedom" of the city of Glasgow, his Lordship repeated "his declaration to the Electors of London," and was decidedly of opinion, that "those Corn-laws ought to be totally repealed." ——Forty-one of the most eminent bankers and merchants of the city of London, in a published document, supported the repeal of the Corn-laws, and declared their "deliberate conviction" that no necessity could justify the legislature in tampering with the food of the people.——Dec. 10th, the Dublin Corporation addressed a petition to the Queen on the potato-crisis, and the prospects of famine.——Much excitement prevailed about this time in consequence of an announcement in the *Times* newspaper, that the Cabinet had met, decided on calling the Parliament together on the 6th of January, and that the Speech from the Throne would recommend the abolition of the corn duties.——The free-traders redoubled their efforts—Liverpool and Manchester subscribed £85,000 to the Anti-Corn-law League. Parliament assembled on the 22nd of January. The Queen's Speech regretted the "crimes in Ireland," and solicited the Lords and Commons to join with her in "protecting life in that country." It also lamented the failure of the potato crop as, "in consequence there will be a deficient supply of an article of food, which proves the chief subsistence of great numbers of my people." Sir Robert Peel explained, that his resignation of the Premiership and breaking up of the late government, in the month of December, was caused by the potato rot—"the subject required immediate decision as to the laws regulating the importation of food, but though the immediate cause, he would not deny that his opinions on the subject of protection had undergone a change." Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby) said his reason for retiring was "the inadequacy of the amount of protection proposed to be allowed."——Sir Thomas Freemantle (Chief Secretary for Ireland) introduced a bill to amend the act for the promotion of Public Works in Ireland. On the 26th, the same gentleman moved a grant of £50,000 for said works in

Ireland.——On the 27th Jan. 1846, Sir Robert Peel proposed that everything in the category of vegetable and animal food should be admitted duty free.——28th, Public Works Bill read a second time.——31st, the Parliamentary Committee of the Repeal Association reported on the Bill. They viewed "with indignation," the inefficiency of the grant, and the opposition which the granting of even such a sum had met from the English Parliament and press. They disclaimed any participation in appeals to England or Englishmen, and demanded that money should be raised by a tax on Irish absentee landlords.——Feb. 2, Sir Thomas Freemantle moved for leave to bring in a bill, granting £50,000 for the construction of piers and harbors in Ireland. The Bill would apply to rivers as well as sea-fisheries, and contain many clauses similar to those embodied in the Drainage Bill.——Feb. 10. The Drainage Bill for Ireland went through Committee. The Repeal Association addressed a circular to the Irish members on the subject. Such was the progress of action taken by the Government, the Parliament, and the people, during the growth of the famine, up to the date of the following speech.——Concurrently, the national feeling began to show itself in quarters where it was least expected, and the prospects of national unanimity, in behalf of the country, were every day becoming more and more promising.——Doctor Maunsell, a distinguished Conservative, in the preceding year, moved in the Dublin Corporation a petition in favor of rotatory Parliaments; that is, in favor of the Imperial Parliament meeting alternately in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. In moving this petition he dwelt with force on the injustice of the Act of Union, and gave expression to many national sentiments, which not only attracted, to a considerable extent, the attention of the people of Ireland, but also that of the English press.——Mr. Grey V. Porter, a Protestant Ulster gentleman of large property, who had been High Sheriff of the county Fermanagh, early in 1844, attracted much notice by the publication of a pamphlet in which he condemned the Act of Union. He was of opinion that a new and equal Union between England and Ireland would work well; but if that were not possible, or failed in working, he was for striking for complete independence. He also proposed the raising of an Irish militia. He joined the Repeal Association, but after a short time resigned his membership. However, he published a second pamphlet in August, 1845, entitled "*Calm Observations on Irish Affairs.*" In this pamphlet he states his position thus: "The great hypothesis upon which I stand, with all my views and opinions, is, that the Irish people are determined to be a

nation, and to take their place as a nation among the nations of the world; whether in union with our industrious neighbors, the British people, as their partners in the Hiberno-British Empire, and, for its sake, under one Supreme Legislative Assembly in London; or, in absolute, separate independence by themselves, with their own army, navy, flag, ambassadors, and I suppose a republican President at top, is a matter of second-rate importance. * * * * * * Ireland was, and is, a deeply cheated, deeply humbugged country by the Act of (so called) Union of 1800, which was got by frauds, and bribes, and threats of every kind, in a season of national weakness, under the bayonets of an immense English army, and in opposition to the wishes of all respectable and independent men in Ireland." A meeting to petition the Queen for local committees, to adjudicate on Irish Railways, was held in Limerick, Dec. 18, 1845. Lord Gort, Smith O'Brien, Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart., Sir David Roche, Bart., Mr. Samuel Dickson, and Mr. Wm. Monsell, D.L., spoke on the occasion. About £4000 per Railway was expended for the necessary inquiries before the bill proposed is introduced to the house. There were, on the *Dublin Gazette*, more than eighty intended applications for Railway bills. According to the arrangement existing, Ireland is deprived of the entire benefit of this expenditure, the Irish Railway legislation being conducted in London (see Sir C. O'Loghlin's Report).——Mr. Robert Bourke (now Lord Naas, and former Tory candidate for Kildare), in December, 1845, in an address to the electors of that county, advocated a modification in the Act of Union. He proposed that the Parliament should sit two months in the year in Dublin, for the transaction of Irish business. He was not a Repealer, believing that Repeal meant separation, and, in his mind, "separation would be destruction alike to England's greatness and Ireland's prosperity." He was fully aware, however, that Irish affairs had been "habitually administered, not with reference to Irish interests, but to English politics and parties." ——In January, 1846, *The Evening Mail*, the leading Conservative journal in Ireland, proposed the formation of a combined Irish party.——During the uncertain state of parties, and with every prospect of the succession of the Whigs to power, the Queen having called on Lord John Russell to form an administration upon the resignation of Sir Robert Peel (Dec. 8, 1845), Smith O'Brien, in several speeches and in letters to the Repeal Association, protested against any compromise or alliance with any English parties whatever. "Never," wrote he (18th Dec. 1845), "in the day of danger—

never, in the hour of hope—never to desist, never to pause from our high and hallowed labors until we shall have obtained a Parliament for our native land,—is the vow to which the Irish nation is irrevocably pledged." Previous to this, December 1st, he had stated, in Conciliation Hall, that "it was utterly impossible for Lord John Russell, as the leader of the Whig party, to rally the Whig and Radical force, and unite them in opposition to the Tory government, until he could effect a junction between the Corn-law Repealers and the Whigs;" that "he had, with great dexterity, surrendered his opinions on the question;" and that "henceforth, the English Liberal party would be consolidated by the mutual bond of common hostility to the Corn-laws"—he thought it right, therefore, "to warn the people of Ireland, that an attempt would be made by the English Whigs, to induce them to merge their agitation in one for the repeal of the Corn-laws"—for his part, "he was resolved to retire into private life, rather than deviate from the principle of having nothing to do with the English factions;" that "their party was their country, their partizans, the Irish people;" and that "the minister, be he Whig or Tory, who wished them to confederate with him to promote his object, should begin by declaring for the Repeal of the Legislative Union." This course seemed to him the more necessary at this period, as the organ of Lord Palmerston calculated "that no immediate obstacle would be presented by the Repeal leaders" to the prospects of Lord J. Russell; and the London *Sun*, the principal organ of the English Radicals and Free Traders, announced that "the receipt of Mr. O'Connell's speech on Monday last (Dec. 15th) had placed the future policy of Lord John Russell beyond all doubt"—"O'Connell prefers food to Repeal"—"Lord John Russell's course as to Ireland was free from one great difficulty."——During the famine, the *Times* "Commissioner," in a series of very able letters, continued to attract the attention of England, Ireland, and Scotland by his exciting revelations of the state, prospects, and sufferings of the peasantry.]

I rise, Sir, at the request of the parliamentary committee, to state to the Association, that the following circular, in reference to the drainage bill for Ireland, was forwarded last week to the members of the Imperial parliament. Having but a very limited time at their command, previous to its being committed, the parliamentary

committee substituted this mode of conveying their opinions upon the bill for the more customary one of a report:—

"*Dublin*, 10*th February*, 1846.

"Sir—The parliamentary committee of the Loyal National Repeal Association beg leave to call your particular attention to the following suggestions, respecting the details of the drainage bill now passing through parliament.

"In most of the provisions of this act, they entirely concur; but they would suggest, that that portion of clause 5, which gives power to the Board of Works to recover instalments in arrear by distress, should be omitted. They consider the law of distress should not be extended more than it is at present; and moreover it appears to them most objectionable to extend it to the recovery of drainage instalments, as these are, in the generality of cases, payable by the landlord, and not by the tenant, upon whose property the distress, of course, would be made. The committee are also of opinion, that that portion of the same clause which limits the sum to be recovered by civil bill to £10, should also be struck out, as they consider it advisable that the greatest facilities should be afforded for the recovery of instalments by civil bill.

"In clause 9, the committee would suggest, that after the word 'grand jury,' (p. 7, line 29) should be introduced the words 'on the application of any cess-payer;' as they consider power should be given to cess-payers to initiate the proceedings contemplated by that action, in case no grand juror was found to do so.

"In reference to the amount which may be advanced by the Board of Works, in any one year, in aid of the deposit necessary for preliminary expenses, the committee see no reason in fixing any limit, as is done by clause 10, inasmuch as the advance is solely by way of loan, to be repaid out of the money raised for carrying on the works.

"The committee consider that clause 14 should be omitted. The power of appeal to the assistant-barrister is most important, as without it the Board of Works would be invested with arbitrary power. Under the present law the power of appeal exists, and the committee see no reason for taking it away.

"Clause 17 the committee consider is too general, and that it should be confined to mere formal errors. Errors in substance should be still open to objection.

"In conclusion, the committee would suggest that the clauses for regulating what the bill calls 'summary proceedings,' should be rendered more clear and precise, as at present they consider them very obscure.

"By order of the Committee,

"T. M. Ray, Secretary."

Sir, it is to be regretted that the suggestions contained in that circular have not been attended to—particularly those relating to the 5th and 14th clauses—and that the bill has passed the committee of the House of Commons without any amendment. Had those suggestions been attended to, the bill would have been rendered most acceptable, and of its useful operation there might now be entertained no reasonable doubt.

For myself, I regret that the duty of directing the attention of the Association to this subject, was not entrusted to one more familiar with the various details to which it relates.

From what I have stated, however, it will be perceived abroad, that, upon this important subject, the Association has not been inattentive to the interests of the people, whose energies it directs, and of whose sentiments it is the organ. It will be perceived, I trust, that—unelected though it be by the people, unrecognised though it be by the government—it occupies the place, and fulfils in great measure the duties, of a native legislature—scrutinizing the proceedings of the parliament that has deprived you of the first

privilege of a free people—counteracting, as far as its unauthorized power will admit, the errors of that parliament—investigating the resources and the grievances of the country—deliberating and advising on them—day after day impressing the broad truths of freedom upon the public mind—and, by enlightened agencies, preparing society for a great change in the destiny of Ireland.

Sir, another subject, during the last week, has met the attention of the committee—the sea fisheries of Ireland. Upon this important subject two very valuable reports have been already adopted by the Association—the first, in September, 1841—the second, in September, 1844. It has been thought advisable to lay it a third time before you, a bill for the encouragement of the Irish fisheries being now in progress through parliament.

Into the question of these fisheries, I shall not at present enter; nor is it my intention to offer any observations upon the bill to which I have referred, since it will come under the consideration of the committee in the ensuing week, and form there a prominent subject of discussion.

I will observe, however, in reference to the inadequate grant of £50,000—to be applied to the purposes of the act in question—that the illiberal spirit in which the government has come forward at this period of grievous distress—whilst famine is breeding in the very soil—to give employment to the people, to aid their industrial efforts, and thus avert, in some measure, the horrors of the threatened plague, affords new evidence of the rooted reluctance of England to do good for Ireland.

And it is natural that it should be so. The Russian sympathizes not with the Pole whom he has struck down; and if you expect it to be otherwise, you do not possess the sagacity of men and are only qualified to be slaves.

Even from the royal lips, with an expression of pity for our country, there came a cold, harsh threat of coercion, and it was intimated to us, that, in the coming season, another weapon,

besides the poisoned arrow of pestilence, would be busy with the mass of peasant life. Thus, year after year, session after session, the conviction grows still more strong, and forces itself yet more urgently upon the public mind, that the salvation of Ireland is in self-government, and in that alone.

But, Sir, whilst this, the opinion of the Association, is confirmed, the opinions of the most honorable and best educated men in the community—men heretofore wholly opposed to us upon the question of a home parliament—are in process of change.

The proposition made by Doctor Maunsell in your corporation last year—the pamphlets of Mr. Grey Porter—the meeting in Limerick and other towns, to memorialize government for the transference of the Irish railway committees to Dublin, and the intelligent advocacy of that measure by the Conservative press of Ireland—the letter of Mr. Burke, of Hayes, to the electors of Kildare—the more recent letter of Mr. Fetherston Haugh—the formation of an Irish party—a project earnestly suggested by the leading Conservative journal of this city, and which project, I must say, was met in a most ungenerous spirit by the Whig organ—these manifestations, together with the sentiments that are heard each day in the various walks of society, indicate a great revolution of opinion in this country, which must in time convince the minister, whoever he may be, that this Union, as at present constituted, will stand no longer.

But, Sir, we have pledged ourselves never to accept the Union—to accept the Union upon no terms—nor any modification of the Union.

It ill becomes a country like ours—a country with an ancient fame—a country that gave light to Europe, whilst Europe's oldest state of this day was yet an infant in civilization and in arms—a country that has written down great names upon the brightest page of European literature—a country that has sent orators into the senate whose eloquence, to the latest day, will inspire free sen-

timents, and dictate bold acts—a country that has sent soldiers into the field whose courage and whose honor it will ever be our proudest privilege to record, if not our noblest duty to imitate—a country whose sculptors rank high in Rome, and whose painters have won for Irish genius a proud pre-eminence even in the capital of the stranger—a country whose musicians may be said to stand this day in glorious rivalship with those of Italy, and whose poets have had their melodies re-echoed from the most polished courts of Europe to the loneliest dwelling in the deep forests beyond the Mississippi—it ill becomes a country, so distinguished and respectable, to serve as the subaltern of England, qualified as she is to take up an eminent position, and stand erect in the face of Europe.

It is hers to command, for she possesses, the materials of manly power and stately opulence. Education is abroad, and her people are being tutored in the arts and virtues of an enlightened nationhood. They are being taught how to enjoy, and how to preserve, the beatitude of freedom.

A spirit of brotherhood is alive, and breathing through the land. Old antipathies are losing ground—traditional distinctions of sect and party are being now effaced. Irrespective of descent or creed, we begin at last to appreciate the abilities and virtues of all our fellow countrymen.

We now look into history with the generous pride of the nationalist, not with the cramped prejudice of the partisan. We do homage to Irish valor, whether it conquers on the walls of Derry, or capitulates with honor before the ramparts of Limerick —and, Sir, we award the laurel to Irish genius, whether it has lit its flame within the walls of old Trinity, or has drawn its inspiration from the sanctuary of Saint Omer's.

Acting in this spirit, we shall repair the errors, and reverse the mean condition of the past. If not, we perpetuate the evil that has, for so many years, consigned this country to the calamities of war and the infirmities of vassalage.

"We must tolerate each other," said Henry Grattan, the inspired preacher of Irish nationality—he whose eloquence, as Moore has described it, was the very music of Freedom—"We must tolerate each other, or we must tolerate the common enemy."

After years of social disorder, years of detestable recrimination, between factions, and provinces, and creeds, we are on the march to freedom. A nation, organized and disciplined, instructed and inspired, under the guidance of wise spirits, and in the dawning light of a glorious future, makes head against a powerful supremacy.

On the march, let us sustain a firm, a gallant, and a courteous bearing. Let us avoid all offence to those who pass us by; and, by rude affronts, let us not drive still further from our ranks, those who at present decline to join.

If aspersed, we must not stop to retaliate. With proud hearts, let us look forward to the event that will refute all calumnies—that will vindicate our motives and recompense our labors. An honorable forbearance towards those who censure us, a generous respect for those who differ from us, will do much to diminish the difficulties that impede our progress.

Let us cherish, and, upon every occasion, manifest an anxiety for the preservation of the rights of all our fellow countrymen—their rights as citizens—their municipal rights—the privileges which their rank in society has given them—the position which their wealth has purchased or their education has conferred—and we will in time, and before long, efface the impression, that we seek for Repeal with a view to crush those rights—to erect a church-ascendency, to injure property, and create a slave-class.

But, Sir, whilst we thus act towards those who dissent from the principles we profess, let us not forget the duties we owe each other. The good will it becomes us to evince towards our opponents, the same should we cultivate amongst ourselves.

Above all, let us cherish, and in its full integrity maintain, the

right of free discussion. With his views identified with ours upon the one great question, let us not accuse of treason to the national cause the associate who may deem this measure advisable, or that measure inexpedient. Upon subordinate questions—questions of detail—there must naturally arise in this assembly a difference of opinion. If views, adverse to the majority, be entertained, we should solicit their exposition, and meet them by honest argument. If the majority rule, let the minority be heard. Toleration of opinion will generate confidence amongst all classes, and lay the sure basis of national independence.

But, Sir, whilst we thus endeavor wisely to conciliate, let us not, to the strongest foe, nor in the most tempting emergency, weakly capitulate. A decisive attitude—an unequivocal tone—language that cannot be construed by the English press into the renunciation or the postponement of our claim—these should be the characteristics of this assembly at the present crisis, if we desire to convince the opponents of our freedom, that our sentiments are sincere and our vow irrevocable.

Hence, the course advised by the Honorable Member for Limerick, for this Association to pursue, must have met the approval of every man who is earnest in the cause. It is the course most consistent with the repeated declarations of this Association—the most compatible with the principles on which it is founded, and the character it has been its ambition to sustain. It was the advice of a man who loved his country above all else, and loved that country earnestly, that, in the present juncture of public affairs, we should act independently of the English factions, and not deviate a degree from the straightforward pursuit of the one great national blessing.

Sir, we must be true to the principles we have embraced—the principles of 1782. We must be true to the pledge, which, on the first anniversary of the lawless imprisonment of our great leader and his distinguished associates, we deliberately, uncondi-

tionally, and unequivocally signed. We must be true to that pledge in every vicissitude of party, and under every denomination of government—be true to that pledge, whether it be Heytesbury, the diplomatist, or Normanby, the cavalier, who holds the Castle. We must be true to that pledge wherever we command the slightest influence—wherever we can pronounce an opinion, or register a vote. We must be true to that pledge in the council chamber and the board of guardians—we must renew it at the registry, and redeem it on the hustings.

Let earnest truth, stern fidelity to principle, love for all who bear the name of Irishman, sustain, ennoble, and immortalize this cause. Thus shall we reverse the dark fortunes of the Irish race, and call forth here a new nation from the ruins of the old. Thus shall a parliament—moulded from the soil, racy of the soil, pregnant with the sympathies and glowing with the genius of the soil—be here raised up. Thus shall an honorable kingdom be enabled to fulfil the great ends that a bounteous Providence hath assigned her—which ends have been signified to her in the resources of her soil, and the abilities of her sons.

ARMS ACT.—POLISH INSURRECTION.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 2nd March, 1846.

[Mayo Election.—In consequence of the resignation of Mr. Martin J. Blake, the representation of Mayo became vacant. The Repeal Association started a candidate, Mr. Joseph M. Macdonnell, who was elected (March 7th, 1846). His return was hailed with enthusiasm by the people of Connaught, who accompanied the event with the usual rejoicings.——*Fever Hospitals.*—The Government having received advices from the Lord Lieutenant, stating that almost in every county in Ireland, fever, arising from the potato failure, was prevalent, Sir James Graham, head of the Home Department (March 13), moved the establishment of Fever Hospitals in Ireland. Mr. Wakley contended, that it would entail needless expense—the people wanted food, not physic, and quoted the pamphlet of Dr. Corrigan on "Famine and Fever," which, "founded on the most convincing statistical details, shewed clearly that no change of weather, climate, condition, or circumstances would stay the progress of such fevers, but only the additional supply of food." Mr. Colquhoun referred to the precedents of 1823 and 1831, when the West of Ireland was in the same predicament, and the only possible relief was food. The fever in Ireland arose from want of food (Lord G. Bentinck). The condition of the people was such that they could not wait for railways, or anything of the sort; they must have immediate relief (Mr. Bernal). It was cruel and impolitic to starve them down to the fever pitch before any assistance was given (Mr. P. Scrope). Mr. Smith O'Brien "had himself but departed thence a week, and he had more than once seen whole families sitting down to a meal of potatoes, which any member of that house would be sorry to offer to his hogs." During a discussion relative to the second reading of this bill (Fever Relief) in the Commons (March 16), the Arms Act passed the Lords and was brought down to the former as the Hospitals' debate came to a close. Mr. Smith O'Brien said, "In 107 Unions, distributed over twenty-five counties, the reports proved there was fever, diarrhœa, and all manner of complaints arising from scanty and

diseased food" (March 18). "If a poor man were to die of starvation in this country (England), after having made application for relief to the proper officers appointed to administer it, of what offence would those officers be guilty at law? Why, if they had withheld the relief, they would be guilty of the crime of murder" (Mr. Wakley in the Commons). ——*Arms Act.*—Some outrages, growing out of the landlord and tenant disputes in Tipperary, Westmeath, Cavan, and other places, gave the magistrates a pretext for denouncing the people, and calling upon Government for the most tyrannous measures against them. Their memorials were condemned in the Repeal Association as "cunning and cruel, cowardly and calumnious."——The late Countess of Glengall, being asked, if she was aware of any difficulties which impeded the industry of the female peasantry, answered, "They are perfectly naked as to clothing, and perfectly helpless, without any comfort or convenience, or any possible way of getting a livelihood, and the gentry are so used to that kind of distress that it does not shock them. They see people naked, with nothing in the world but a blanket to sleep on, without a bed to lie on, and they are not aware that that is not the usual and proper way for the people to exist." Mr. Tabiteau, a stipendiary magistrate, some six years previous, stated, before a committee of the House of Lords, that Tipperary abounded in destitution, and that something about land was the cause of every murder committed in that county. Mr. Kemmis, Crown Solicitor of the circuit, deposed, that more than three-fourths of the outrages there were caused by turning tenants out of possession. "I had one hundred and fifty ejectments in *one* Quarter Sessions, besides all that were brought in the Upper Courts," said Mr. Howley, chairman of that county. The agent of Baron Pennefather declared it was miraculous that they had the patience to live as they did. Another person said, that he had seen, in the neighborhood of Nenagh, seven, eight, or nine persons upon one heap of straw, without as much as a blanket over them, or any other covering than their rags—"so," said the *English Morning Chronicle*, "the progress of two and twenty years has altered their condition only by stripping them of the blanket which they had in the time of Lady Glengall."——Feb. 10th, the Earl of St. Germains laid on the table of the House of Lords, the bill for the "Better Protection of Life and Property in Ireland." Read the third time (Feb. 23). This bill gave the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council the power to proclaim, as disaffected, any county in which a man should have received a blow at a fair—to transport a man, for not less than

seven years, who appeared out of his house after sunset or before sunrise—to quarter, on any district, any additional police force they pleased—to pay informers and detectives—to compensate, with money, the relatives of any person murdered—to imprison for three years, or transport for fifteen, any person having in his possession a gun without license—to pay every expense thought fit to be incurred in carrying out the provisions of the bill—to raise a tax on the tenantry to meet such expense, in the form of a poundage tax on the net annual value of the several hereditaments within the proclaimed district. A distinct clause made this payable only by the poor occupiers, and not by the lessor or owner, and the latter were forbidden to allow it to the tenant in rent payment. Such was the bill for the quieting of the people.——Lords Lansdowne, Farnham, and Clanricarde supported the bill. Lord Brougham said their first duty was to make Ireland a habitable country; he desired to have a provision in the bill, to have the trial and accusation take place in a part of the country where the prosecuting parties and witnesses were not liable to be shot. "They call it a pacification bill, but it is really a bill to create insurrection in Ireland" (Smith O'Brien). "It is an atrocious measure—an Algerine act. It holds out the fiendish intention of being perpetual. It announces distinctly that, as long as this Union statute is law, this Coercion bill shall be the charter of Irish slavery and degradation" (O'Connell). A remonstrance against the bill was moved, Feb. 23d, and presented to the people, March 3d. ——In reply to a circular, forwarded by the Secretary of the Repeal Association to the members of the House of Lords, praying "their influence to prevent the Coercion bill being hurried with undue precipitation through the House, in order that the people of Ireland may have an opportunity of maturely considering the measure," the following note was received:—

"South street, *Feb.* 24, 1846.

"Sir,—

"I beg leave to acknowledge your letter of the 20th instant, and to inform you, in reply, that it is my decided opinion that the measure now before the House of Lords, which has for its object the more effectual prevention and the more certain discovery of the frightful crimes which prevail in many parts of Ireland, has clearly been delayed too long, and cannot now be pressed with too much celerity.

"I remain, sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

"Melbourne.

"To the Secretary of the Loyal National Association, Ireland."

——*War in the Punjaub.*—The *Bombay Times* of Dec. 1845, brought the news to England that, the Sikh government, incensed at the reported intention of the British authorities to "appropriate the territories on this side the Sutlej," marched the soldiery to that river to repel the "expected aggression." The troops were "greatly elated" at the prospect of hostilities, and stated that, "if only permitted to cross the river, they required no pay or gratuity from the Sirka." The soldiers in the battalions of Mewa Singh, Goolab Singh, and the Dhera Count Sahib, were much excited. Impatient for the march to Kussoor, they might be heard saying "that, as soon as the order was issued, they would proceed with such celerity as to dine in Lahore, and drink the customary draught of water after the meal on the far side of the Sutlej." On the 12th Nov., the troops were on their way to Peshawur. The Rajah of Pattialah, a "protected" state, sent to say that he was being "greatly annoyed" by the British authorities, and that troops ought to be sent to his assistance; it was he who despatched the last batch of Zumeendars, and "was certain that the moment the Sikaree troops crossed, the whole country would rise against the British." 52,000 men were concentrating on the frontier under Sir Henry Hardinge. The Sikhs, with a reported force of 50,000, and 150 pieces of artillery, invaded the "British possessions" on the 21st December A battle immediately took place, which lasted till the 23rd. The loss was immense on both sides, the Sikhs suffering most. They lost 65 pieces of cannon. Sir John Littler, who commanded the left wing of the British, was forced to retire on the first attack, but the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief advancing, the "enemy" were routed. In the House of Lords, March 2d, the Earl of Ripon moved a vote of thanks to the Army in India, for the "energy, ability, and heroism with which they repelled the unprovoked invasion, by the Sikh army, of the dominions of the British government, and of the protected States on the left bank of the Sutlej." On the same night, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel made a similar motion. Mr. Bright (the member for Durham) having interposed, immediately after the Minister had risen to address the House, presented a petition from Reading, praying that the House would not vote thanks to the Army in India, "as the troops had been engaged in an unjust and impolitic warfare."——*Polish Insurrection.*—"The Poles are again in arms!" A letter from Silesia, dated 26th February, which appeared in the *German Gazette*, stated, that as the Austrian General Collin "was preparing to leave Cracow with his troops, they were

assailed with such sudden impetuosity by some considerable bands of insurgents, that, after having had several killed and wounded, they were obliged to evacuate the place with the utmost precipitation." It further stated, that a Provisional Government had been established at Cracow; had installed itself, on the evening of the 22d February, in the Tower of Saint Christopher; and had at its command between 9,000 and 10,000 armed men, part of them peasants with their scythes. The English papers of the day announced, that Cracow was in the "peaceable and complete possession of the insurgents," and added, that the German papers themselves, "though under the control of the censorship, could not conceal their admiration of the order and propriety of all the proceedings adopted by the Provisional Government." The revolt had crossed the Vistula. The Insurgents were in possession of the whole district of Veliska. The town of Sondez, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, was occupied by 6000 Polish troops, "fully armed, and well provided with stores." A great part of Gallicia was also reported to be in a "state of insurrection," and Lembourg, the capital of the province, was said to have shared the fate of Sondez. The Provisional Government at Cracow (to sustain which the Polish Jews had promptly offered a considerable sum of money) intimated to the Polish Committee in Paris, that it considered itself merely as its representative, and was ready to give up the management of affairs to it, as soon as called upon to do so. Several of the refugees, consequently, left Paris for the scene of action, amongst them some of the most distinguished officers who served in the insurrection of 1830. The wealthier Polish nobles resident in Paris, sold shares in the French railway to the amount of £80,000, and sent the proceeds to their countrymen, to aid the revolution. In the meanwhile, the Government were enrolling troops, amongst whom (according to the *Journal des Debats*) might be seen priests, monks, old men and children! The *Leipsic Gazette* stated, that even the women had taken up arms, and might be seen riding on horseback through the streets, bearing Polish eagles, and banners of white and purple, embroidered by their own hands. An old clergyman, one of those who in their vestments had blest the arms, the men, and banners of the "revolt," exclaimed at the altar, "My adored country! so long dead, appears to me rising from the grave! I behold her with my own eyes—I touch her with my own hands! Her wounds are healed—the immortal God has animated her with his breath—she is living! Oh! emigrants—regretted friends—you the sons of her blood, how I grieve that you have not assisted at her glorious resurrection." A noble

manifesto, issued from the house of Krytoforz (the residence of Joseph Poniatowski during the campaign of 1809) declared, in the name of the Provisional Government, the abolition of serfdom, "Let there be no more privileges," it exclaims, "but each Pole find full security for himself, his wife, and children; and let him, who is inferior in mind or body, find, without humiliation, the infallible aid of the nation, which shall have the absolute property of the land which to-day is only enjoyed by some. From this moment we recognise no difference. Let us henceforward be as the children of one mother—of Justice; of one father—the God who is in Heaven. Let us invoke his aid, he will bless our arms, and give us victory; but, in order to draw down his blessing, we must not sully ourselves by the vice of drunkenness, or any other infamous action. Let us not treat despotically those who have been confided to us; let us not kill those who are without arms, nor such as do not think with ourselves, nor strangers; for we fight not with a people, but with their oppressors. Let them but make one step more, and Poland exists no longer. Our grandchildren will curse our memory for having left them nothing, in one of the finest countries in the world, but deserts and ruins; for having left our warlike people in irons; for having forced them to profess a foreign faith, to speak a strange language, and for having reduced them to be the slaves of our oppressors. The dust of our fathers, martyrs for the rights of the nation, cries from the tomb to avenge them. Children at the breast implore us to preserve for them the country that God has confided to us. The free nations of the world invite us not to allow our nationality to be destroyed. God himself invites us—He who will one day demand an account of our stewardship." But the day of her freedom had not yet come. After a glimpse of life, Poland was thrust back to her tomb. The Austrians and Russians entered Cracow on the 3rd March. The Prussians entered on the 5th. The Austrian Government had previously offered a premium for the head of every land-owner, or lord of a manor. Encouraged by this proclamation, the peasants massacred two hundred of the nobility. The "insurgents" were visited with the severest vengeance. So much so, that on the 7th March, a deputation of ladies from the Grand Duchy of Posen had arrived at Berlin, to implore the clemency of the King of Prussia. Field-Marshal Paskiewitch was appointed to the chief command in the kingdom of Poland, and the governments of Vollymia and Podolia. In these three provinces, martial law was immediately proclaimed. At Siedlec and Warsaw, the principal leaders were hanged. Many were degraded from

their rank and condemned to hard labor in the salt mines and deserts of Siberia, having been compelled, on their leaving prison, to pass under the gallows. In three of the most populous and opulent districts, scarcely a single proprietor remained. All had been either killed or compelled to fly. The houses had been plundered. In the circle of Tarno, only six proprietors escaped the general massacre. The beautiful estates belonging to the Princess De Ligny had been completely devastated. So, too, with the estates of Prince Ladislaus Lengurzko. The chateau of the Countess Morska was stormed; her husband, her brother, and her mother-in-law assassinated. Having compelled her to drink a quantity of brandy with them, the peasantry perpetrated the most horrid crimes on the Countess herself, and then flung her into a ditch to die. A letter from Lembourg, which appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, referring to these atrocities, expresses the hope that "the government, although it has not yet done so, will take measures to put a stop to these horrors;" adding, that "the audacity of the peasants is increased by the conviction that they will be recompensed for committing these abominable excesses." The "insurrection" being thus brought to a close, the Emperor of Russia directed Marshal Paskiewitch to announce the fact to the Ministers of Russia at foreign Courts; and ordered, at the same time, that the peasants who contributed to the suppression of the revolt, should be rewarded by money medals, and a remission of taxation. Subsequently, the emperor issued a proclamation, addressed to his "faithful Gallicians," thanking them for "the good spirit they had displayed in resisting the attempts of a few insurgents, who had been led into a rebellion got up by a conspiracy abroad." The *Vienna Gazette* of the 22d March informs us that the "faithful Gallicians" repaired to Cracow, to sell the jewels and other valuable objects they had robbed—"with the sanction," it intimates, "of the Austrian authorities."]

Sir—I have the honor to move that the letter, addressed by Mr. Doheny to the Secretary of the Association, be inserted on the minutes.

It describes in eloquent terms a great triumph—a triumph which proves that the wise lessons preached from this tribune are ripening into manly deeds—a triumph which demonstrates the discipline that regulates, and the spirit that inspires the constituency

of Mayo—predicting the conduct and success, at the coming elections, of the other Repeal constituencies of Ireland. It is a triumph, moreover, which assures us, that the Union has taken no hold of the Irish mind, and that, therefore, it is a doomed measure.

Sir, whatever be the laws and institutions of a country—however strongly these laws and institutions may be imbued with the despotic, or with that which we repudiate as distinctly—the centralising principle—so long as the intellect and impulse of the people are adverse to them—so long do those laws and institutions fail to work their worst effect. The darkening shadow is there more than the crushing substance. In the light of an informed nation, that shadow shall pass away. Institutions that had no foundation in the national heart—laws that received no sanction from the national will—that existed, but did not thrive—that were enforced, but not accepted—that were endured, but not supported—institutions like these shall fall, and laws like these shall be effaced, in whatever country they may be, when the sentiment, that has been their antagonist for years, shall have grown to its full power, and, swelling beyond the limits of a religion or a class, shall have become the active sentiment of the nation.

Thus shall the Union fall—a law that was never based upon the sympathies, nor sanctioned by the intelligence, of the Irish people.

And, Sir, it would seem as if the parliament, which usurped the legislative functions of this country, was anxious to accelerate that fall, and add fresh vigor to the spirit by which it shall be accomplished. The disposition evinced by that parliament towards this country, since the commencement of the present session, has had that effect—weakening, not strengthening, the legislative annexation.

A pestilence, as strange as it is sweeping, comes upon the land. The putrifying earth reveals it to the peasant—men of science report it to the minister. The peer, the merchant, and the priest, call aloud for succor, beseeching the minister to interpose between

the people who starve and the famine that strikes. To mitigate the plague—to ward off fear—to inspire hope—to compose the public mind—to bring consolation to the peasant's hearth—to protect life—so says the treacherous preamble—they give you this coercion bill!

Those English Lords, who never trod on Irish soil—who know not the afflictions of the people whose character they defame—who never sympathized with those whom they would now coerce—those English Lords, in whose pictured galleries we would vainly search for the stricken image of the Irish peasant, and on whose damasked tables the Irish famine will not cast its scaring shadow—those English Lords, to whom Strafford, and Campden, and Carhampton seem to have bequeathed their spirit and their blood—those English Lords, to whom the Irish millions, on the day of retribution, will address these words of sacred accusation—"We were naked, and you clothed us not; we were hungry, and you gave us not to eat; we were thirsty, and you gave us not to drink"—those English Lords, at this day, renew the enactments that have long since brought down upon the English supremacy the curse of the Irish province.

Sir, laws like this have driven a people into insurrection; and when insurrection triumphs, it receives the homage of mankind.

But the Irish people have had too severe an experience of the calamities which a rash revolt originates. Exasperating as this law may be, they will not deviate from the policy of an instructed confederation. They will not hazard, by a precipitate act, the freedom which a deliberate movement like ours can alone secure.

Sir, it has been said that an evil seldom comes from which some good may not arise. In the present instance I recognise the truth of a familiar proverb.

Bad as this enactment is, the discussion it occasioned has been of advantage to us. It has brought out the Whigs. In the speeches delivered in the Lords—in the letter received by the

secretary of this Association from Viscount Melbourne—we have distinct proofs of the true spirit that animate the men who have so long professed themselves to be the friends of the Irish people.

The Whigs have ceased to be the muffled foes of Irish freedom. Standing before us, not with select appointments and jail deliveries, but with the coercion bill and its amendments in their hands, the Whigs will never more corrupt, for they have thrown aside the mask that enabled them to deceive.

I rejoice at this occurrence, for, I confess, that often calculating upon the influences by which our cause might be imperilled, I always did foresee more danger from the seductive compliments of a Whig, than from the aggressive edicts of a Conservative administration. We all know that poison may be infused, where a blow has missed its aim.

I repeat it, I rejoice at this occurrence, for I have ever looked upon the Whigs as the most effective enemies which the disseminators of the national sentiment were destined to encounter.

In the days of their government, English supremacy in this country knew no assailant. In those days, men were taught to serve the minister rather than the country; were taught to look to the government for patronage, not to the public for support; were taught to prefer the purchased interest of officials, to the free sympathy of honest citizens; were taught to solicit appointments for themselves, not to demand measures for the country. The policy of the Whigs, working on all the less exalted passions of society, was hourly hastening the project of the Union to its most odious consummation. The servitude, that existed only in law, was sinking into the soul of the country; and once it was centred there, England might withdraw her troops, disband her police force, and put arms within the grasp of every peasant in the land —their spirit extinguished, they would not strike to emancipate.

A nation's thanks to the God of Freedom! Those statesmen were checked in their career. We have recovered and grown

strong since their defeat in the summer of 1841 ; and if, at some future period, they return to office, they shall find us a reformed people—too honest to be bribed, too powerful to be crushed.

Sir, into the consideration of this coercion bill, which is at present the chief topic of public debate, it is not my intention to proceed. That task has been already well performed by several members of this Association, much more competent than I am to investigate questions of such importance. In the letters received from Mr. O'Connell, in the speeches that have been delivered by Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Barry, Mr. O'Gorman, and Mr. Balfe, its provisions have been fully discussed, and their evil tendencies most intelligently exposed.

I will make one observation, however.

Mr. Balfe, in the speech which you heard from him on this day fortnight, and which must have afforded to the country much sound information upon the question, in a masterly argument pointed out the inefficiency of this act for the purpose it professes to accomplish—the suppression of agrarian outrage. He cited the evidence sworn before the parliamentary committee in 1824, and, from testimonies that will not be questioned, distinctly proved the failure of similar acts at antecedent periods.

An eminent French historian, Monsieur Gustave de Beaumont, has given an opinion, corroborative of the view taken by Mr. Balfe, in his celebrated work on Ireland, which, with the permission of the meeting, I will read :—

"In vain will you employ a Draconian code to repress atrocious outrages ; in vain will you enact cruel laws to arrest the course of revolting excesses ; in vain will you affix the penalty of death to minor crimes ; in vain, actuated by the terrors of weakness, will you suspend the ordinary course of law, and proclaim entire counties under the insurrection act ; in vain will you violate the principle of individual liberty, create martial law and special commissions, and so produce a salutary impression of terror ; all these

rigors will be in vain. Instead of healing the wound, they will irritate it, and render it the more painful and dangerous. The peasants, who, in 1760, revolted against a bad social system, under the name of Whiteboys, renewed the insurrection, some years after, under the name of Oakboys; in 1772, under the name of Steelboys; in 1788, they were called Rightboys; at a later period, they took the name of Rockites, subjects of Captain Rock and Fady Clare; in 1805, they called themselves the Trashers; in 1811, '15, '20, '21, '23, and '29, they resumed the name of Whiteboys; in 1831, they were Terry Alts; in 1832, '33, and '37, Whitefeet and Blackfeet; and, under these various denominations, you may see them actuated by the sense of the same miseries, committing the same acts of violence, followed by the same cruel means of repression which have been always powerless. All your measures to restore peace and order will be abortive, because the order you design to make supreme is actual disorder; because the peace you wish to establish is oppression."

Sir, we required not the opinion of the French historian to remind us, that, for the purposes of peace, coercive enactments in this country must prove inoperative. The English Lords and Commons, too, ought long since to have derived a little wisdom from the retrospect of their penal legislation.

But if they are still determined to test the efficacy of penal laws, let them test it in some other country. Here the harsh experiment always failed. Let them test it in the country of the Sikhs! There they have to civilize a most disordered people! There they have to deal, not with a defenceless, but an armed people! A gallant people—who prize the freedom they possess, and, guarding it as true men should ever guard the anointed gift, will not meanly economize their blood in its defence!

But whatever course the English parliament may take, let this Association continue to act with that spirit and intelligence—with that prudence, yet with that decision—which has acquired for it the confidence of the country, the independence of which it is its honorable mission to retrieve.

To repeat what I said, when I had last the privilege of addressing you, let us be true to the principles we have embraced—be true to them, in every vicissitude and whatever may befal. Whilst we exhibit, to our English adversaries, a firm determination never to withdraw the claim we urge, let us prove, to those who are as yet opposed to us in this country, our earnest anxiety to dispel those prejudices which here estrange, enfeeble, and debase.

There is one great truth we recognize—our country, to be free, must be self-governed. Let us recognize another, no less essential—that for the people of this country to resume the prerogative of self-government, they must be united.

With this truth impressed upon our minds, let us act as it dictates. Let the profession become a practice, and the theory a fact.

Let us denounce the man, who, from our history, learns nothing save the vices of the past; who, from that sad book, is taught not to arrest, but to propagate, the errors of our fathers; who still continues to survey the scenes of our civil feuds, with the passions that made those feuds detestable. Let us denounce the man, who, from the banks of the Suir, would, at this day, demand revenge for those who were vanquished on the banks of the Boyne; and who would disorganize the nation to institute a faction. Such a man pleads for Repeal and retrogression, not for Repeal and reform.

"Degenerate slave!" says Schiller; "who cries down freedom amid the clanking of his own fetters."

Sir, if we act with strict integrity—if we prove ourselves the friends of truth, and, in every sense, the friends of freedom—I cherish no faint hope that the union, we so much desire, will be at length accomplished—the union of the Irish Protestant with the Irish Catholic, the Irish Radical with the Irish Conservative—the former differing on religious doctrines, the latter on legislative principles—yet all recognizing the claim of this country to be free, and its ability to be great.

In demanding an independent legislature for this country, we

demand the power which a wise policy suggests, and to which a generous ambition must aspire.

In acquiring it, we do not revolutionize—we restore. Ireland insists that she shall be independent of the parliament of England, and she insists upon a relation with that country, for which there is a memorable precedent and an imperishable principle.

Insisting upon her freedom, she is sustained by the spirit of the age and the examples of the day. In the name of freedom, Circassia guards her mountain passes—Italy organizes—Poland strikes!

Sir, we weep no more for Poland, for Poland is in arms! The spirit of Kosciusko sleeps no more in the Cathedral of Cracow! It walks the Carpathian heights, and is heard in the cry—there is hope for Poland, whilst in Poland there is a life to lose!

From those heights, I trust, there will yet be preached a lesson of vengeance, sure and smiting, to the sceptred robbers of old Sarmatia. The descendants of John Sobieski—in this their third hard struggle with the triple despotism that has beaten them to the earth—have the passionate sympathy of a people, who, like them, have lost their liberty, and, like them, have sworn to restore it.

Would to God that our sympathy could be active! Would to God, that, whilst we cheer the patriots of Poland with our sympathies, we could back them with our swords! Would to God that the glowing prophecy of one, whom the anticipation of Irish freedom has inspired, could be now fulfilled! Would to God that on this day were heard, without the walls of the Irish senate-house, the bugles of the Irish volunteers whom this young poet has predicted, and that their departure for the red plains of Poland could this night be sung in those strains which his impassioned genius has breathed forth:—

"Ten thousand Irish soldiers
To-morrow cross the main;

By Dneiper shall their carbines ring,
Their charge cleave open Russia's wing,
On leaguered Warsaw's plain;

"For we, who felt oppression's heel,
Aid struggling Freedom's powers;
And long as aid us arm and steel,
Whilst Irish waters float a keel,
Shall Poland's fight be ours."

Sir, we have been called upon to make a less severe sacrifice than the patriots of Poland have been, for the country it is our ambition to emancipate. They have to confront a military despotism—we have to resist a legislative domination. Swords alone can subvert the one—opinion will, in time, work down the other. Our agencies are dissimilar, but our cause is the same, and let our spirit be identical.

The aim of Austria and Prussia has been to Germanize—the aim of Russia has been to annihilate—the Polish race. In past years, England employed, in this country, the exterminating violence of the latter—now she would pursue the denationalizing policy of the former. She no longer strives to exterminate—she strives to Saxonize.

In vain!

From the Irish mind, the inspiring thought that there was once an Irish nation, self-chartered and self-ruled, can never be effaced. The burning hope that there will be one again, can never be extinguished.

The evidences of a distinct nationality are marked upon our scenery, our climate, and our character. In the traditions of our country, in its records, in its ancient relics, in the songs, the language, the genius, the spirit of our people, we recognize the elements of a distinctive destiny.

Regardless of the liberty of this country—solicitous only, as is

most natural, for the predominance of their own—our rulers will in vain employ their arts, and exercise their powers, to assimilate the two countries. Legislation will never effect what nature has forbidden.

The ambition which lifts the individual above the crowd, and gives to him ennobling peculiarities of position and of character, the same inspires the nation, and bids it stand alone!

POLITICAL ECONOMY—MORALITY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 6th April, 1846.

[In Jan. 1846, Isaac Butt, LL.D., formerly Professor of Political Economy, published two lectures, delivered before the Dublin University, in 1840, with an appendix, suggested by the crisis, entitled "*Protection to Home Industry: some cases of its advantage considered.*" Mr. Butt dwelt on the subject of non-exportation and home-manufacture, as a question of right and national necessity, without reference to any particular measures or time; but his work was so apposite to the exigencies of the day, that it created universal attention. "It is said that this exportation is the disposal of our surplus produce, and, as such, is an advantage to the country. I know of no surplus produce, until all our own people are fed—there can be no such thing as a surplus, until the wants of all classes are supplied." Following, then, in the path of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, Mr. Butt strenuously advocated the encouragement of native artisans, as the true system of national economy. The annual exportation of provisions abroad, he termed "a subsidy to pay the rent of absentee landlords." The Repeal Association distributed this work through their reading rooms. Mr. Mitchel made it the subject of an able speech in the Association. "It is not for the sake," said he, "of anything of Mr. Butt's, as a political economist, either in favor of protective duties or against them, that the Committee have come to the resolution of circulating his book. The book deals in a highly national spirit with the relations of Ireland towards England." He characterized it as "a very admirable Repeal essay, potent to convince any Irishman (except, perhaps, the author of it), that Ireland's only hope is in the restoration of a domestic legislature. He is obliged to sustain his position before the University of Dublin, by the arguments and the very language of Conciliation Hall."——*Enquiry into the state of Ireland.*—In a speech in the House of Lords (March 23), on moving an inquiry into the state

of Ireland, Earl Grey insisted on the utter inadequacy of the measures taken "to cure the social evils" of Ireland, and called upon the House to declare, by a solemn vote, that they were only temporary. "The evils of that unhappy country are not accidental, not transitory, but chronic and habitual. Ireland is our weak place—the one deep blot upon the brightness of Britain—our disgrace. It is the reproach, the standing disgrace of this country, that Ireland remains in the condition she is. It is so regarded throughout the civilized world. The mere fact, that Ireland is in so deplorable and wretched a condition, saves whole volumes of argument, and is, of itself, a complete and irrefutable proof of misgovernment. Nor can we lay to our souls the flattering unction, that this misgovernment has not been of our creation. The Secretary of State for the Home Department, two years ago, asserted that Ireland was occupied, not governed, like England; and now, my Lords, I ask you, is that a state of things which ought to continue?" After reviewing the subject from the time of the "Union" to the Repeal movement, Earl Grey continued—"My Lords, I think you must look to something more effectual than such laws. You cannot gain men's hearts by force (referring to the Arms act). It is impossible to grant Repeal, 'tis true, but let us try the effect of legislating as an Irish Parliament might be expected to do." The Duke of Wellington refused to concur in the motion, as the latter part of Lord Grey's speech tended towards the extinction of the Church of England in Ireland. His Grace also believed that, "there never was a country which advanced," as Ireland had, since the "Union." He, therefore, cautioned the house against agreeing with "the noble Earl's motion." Earl Fortescue said, "When a measure had been passed which denied a man the right of egress or ingress to his home, Parliament was bound to look into the causes which made such a law necessary."]

I take the liberty of referring to the work which was brought before the Association, on the last day of meeting, by my friend, Mr. Mitchel.

From the distribution of this work I anticipate the best results. I do not confine my view to the information it will afford. Extensive as this may be, I look further on, and foresee the new sympathies it will awaken. From this work, the people will learn to esteem the abilities of an honest man, though he be their oppo-

nent on many questions, and to appreciate the industrial lessons he has taught, though from his political tenets they may have reason to dissent.

The impression, I conceive, has too long prevailed, in Ireland, that men of conservative principles, without exception, were faithless teachers, cherishing no affection for their country, inculcating no truths which the public might accept with confidence and act upon with success. Here is a conservative gentleman, an accomplished scholar, an honorable citizen, sympathizing with the working classes of this country, asserting the rights of labor, and claiming, for Irish industry, the protection it requires!

With the permission of the meeting, I will read an extract illustrative of what I have now stated, in which the benevolence of the philanthropist derives a new lustre from the eloquence of the scholar:—

"Every man in this country is born a member of a great and powerful society; and we never hesitate to act towards him on the supposition that his being born so gives that society rights to be enforced against him. Equally true is it that he has a birthright by being born a member of society. One pennyworth of property he may not inherit; his parents may not leave him one foot of the earth on which he may freely walk; one chattel article that the conventional laws of society may permit him to call his own; all that he sees may be appropriated to others' use; but yet, as a member of our community, born by God's ordinance, subject to its laws, and owing, independently of any choice of his own, an allegiance to its authority, he has a birthright, as sacred and indefeasible as the right by which the sovereign inherits the crown, the peer his privilege, or the lord of broad acres his estate. In the words of the greatest of political philosophers, he has 'a right to all that society, with all its combinations of skill and capital, can do in his favor.' In the words of one greater than man—the words in which is recorded the primeval sentence of our race—a sentence which contains at once the hard lot of the laboring

man, and the great charter of his rights—a charter prior to the authority of states or the rights of property—he has a right 'in the sweat of his brow to eat bread.' That society has forgotten its duties in which such a claim as this is not answered; in the social or economic system of that country in which men are willing to work and cannot earn their bread, there is something radically wrong. The right of every man in the land is, to the utmost of all the power of the society that claims him as a member, to have the power of earning a livelihood secured to him. This is the first, the elder duty of society. It is vain to speak of the blessings of increasing national wealth, if to this you sacrifice the comforts of the poor. Better, far better for the country, would be the state of things which would give to every working man in the country the assurance that his industry would command, for its reasonable exertion, the means of livelihood, than the most brilliant prospects which could be opened of wealth to our merchants, of magnificence to our nobles, or aggrandizement to our manufacturers."

Sir, this work will efface, I trust, a serious prejudice, convincing us that the name of an opponent is no index to the merits of his book. It will teach us, from henceforth, to act irrespective of the partialities of sect or party, and to cherish great truths from whatever source they emanate. On the other hand, I trust that the distribution of this work will convince our opponents of the impartiality of this Association, and win from them a confidence in our acts, which, as yet, they have been reluctant to concede.

It is thus that political discussions will in time assume a new feature in this country, and an interchange of sound opinion and generous sentiment, between the different political schools, will supersede, I trust, that rude conflict in which the passions, more than the intellect, of those schools have been heretofore engaged.

There is one passage on absenteeism, to which, for a moment, I wish to direct the attention of the meeting.

In page 94, Mr. Butt writes:—"In two ways we have clearly

seen that absenteeism is injurious to this country. It withdraws from a country where the people are ill fed, the food that is raised in it, and forces us to export that produce at a disadvantage."

He then refutes the argument of Mr. McCulloch; and, in page 95, having given it as his opinion—and in this opinion I think we must all concur—that the exportation of Irish agricultural produce is now an evil, because it is so grievously wanted at home, and that the encouragement of our home industry, or any other process which would retain it at home, would be a blessing to the land—having given this opinion, he thus concludes this part of his second lecture :—

"But we do not disguise from ourselves, that, while we assert these propositions as true of the particular case, they involve principles that are capable of a far wider application; and that, palpable and manifest as is the evil in the case of a country exporting produce, while its people have not food at home, that evil is, that foreign trade is, in this instance, made the instrument of the monopoly of wealth; and, equally with absenteeism, enables those, who have riches, to spend the resources of the country upon themselves, and, at the same time, escape the effect of the compensating principle of being obliged to resort to the employment of home labor for that end, a principle which would oblige them to share those resources with others, in the very process by which they spend them upon themselves."

Sir, it is perfectly useless to state grievances, unless we propose their redress. And here, whilst we must admire the intelligence with which the cardinal evil of this country is discussed, we cannot fail to express our regret, that, in his public capacity—not as a professor of the national University, but as an Irish citizen, and as a distinguished member of your Corporation—Mr. Butt has not been the advocate of that measure by which alone you can diminish, to a great extent, if you do not wholly eradicate, this exhausting evil.

Absenteeism, it is true, is an evil from which Ireland has always suffered, and severely suffered. "It is a calamity," writes Mr. Staunton, in his able essay on the Union, "peculiarly Irish." But if, as it has been frequently urged, absenteeism existed before the Union, the Union has magnified the evil. In fact, the Union enforces absenteeism, and renders it incumbent. If we are to have attentive legislators, as I have often said, we must have permanent absentees.

The imposition of an absentee-tax is advised by some, with a view to counteract this evil. I should hesitate to urge this measure, for, in the first instance, it is a direct interference with individual liberty.

There is but one just measure, I conceive, which will countervail this evil. Let this city become the seat of legislation, and it will become the seat of opulence. National obligations, the privileges of rank, private interests, personal ambition, every motive that can actuate the man, will then enforce a residence in this country of those who, by their position in society, their education and resources, are qualified to be the efficient guardians of its interests. Till then, absenteeism will prevail, and you must suffer.

Before I turn to other subjects, I wish to allude to a circumstance which occurred here on the last day of meeting. From this work, Mr. Mitchel, in the course of his remarks, cited an extract, in which this country is likened to "an island of slaves toiling under the lash of task-masters in another country, and retaining for themselves but what the regulation of the driver allows them."

The similitude was denied. It met with an indignant contradiction, and you received the contradiction with enthusiasm. You were not slaves, you were freemen—this was the exulting cry!

I ask you, are you freemen?

It is true you possess the spirit, but do you possess the authority

of freemen? I ask you for your senate—it has been sold! Your flag—it is proscribed! Your commerce—it is wrecked!

Who governs you? An English minister—the nominee of the English Commons. Whence come the laws to which you must submit? From an English parliament—a parliament responsible to English constituencies, independent of the Irish.

Your Castle—is there a national guard at the gate? Who holds his court there? Is it a peer, with the blood of the Geraldines in his veins? Is Butler there? Is St. Lawrence there, who bears a sainted name in virtue of a battle-vow, plighted on the Irish Marathon? Is Clanricarde there? Is O'Neill there, on whose shield gleams the red hand of Tyrone? Is Charlemont, the son of the armed patriot of '82, the Irish Viceroy?

Who is the Secretary? An Irish conservative? A gentleman with an interest in the country, and linked to it by native sympathies? No. A stranger. An English nobleman—sent over here, to go through his official novitiate in Dublin, before he is professed as a cabinet minister in London.

"The Archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman"—writes the *Evening Mail*—"the chief administrator of the Irish poor law is an Englishman; the paymaster of the Irish civil services is a Scotchman; the chief commissioner of the Irish public works is an Englishman; the teller of the Exchequer is an Englishman; the chief officer of the Irish post-office is an Englishman; the collector of excise is a Scotchman; the head of the revenue police is an Englishman; the second in command is a Scotchman; the persons employed in the collection of the customs, &c., are English or Scotch, in proportion of thirty-five to one."

Thus, you see, that, whilst the Irish belong to Ireland, Ireland does not belong to the Irish. The fate of Venice is your fate. Your country has passed from your hands. The curse of Faliero has crossed from the Adriatic—it is here fulfilled:—

"She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her."

Sir, we must not deceive ourselves. We have yet to win the title of free citizens. That title can only be conferred by that Senate which we have vowed shall yet hold council in this the Irish capital. Till then, we occupy no European position; our country remains a powerless tributary, a reproach to ourselves—more so than to England.

The Earl Grey, in prefacing his motion for inquiry in the House of Lords, a few days since, is reported to have said, that the condition of Ireland was a disgrace and a reproach to England. For once, let us acquit England and blame ourselves.

The fact is unquestionable—we lost faith in our own powers, and looked to England for redress. We asked for justice, withdrawing our demand for independence. What then? We submitted to the Union—we recognized the English parliament as the trustee of Irish interests, and we must now submit to the consequences of that recognition—national discomfiture, national dishonor.

But, Sir, I forget that I speak to men who, warned by the past, stand pledged to redeem the national honor. I forget that I speak to men, who will not consent to the Union, even on the most profitable terms that can be proposed, and who, if the debasing alternative is suggested, will not accept the remedial measures they require, for the stately independence they ambition.

Our rulers are indeed mistaken, if they suppose that this Association will conclude its labors, when the wrongs, from which it sprung, have been redressed.

I myself believe, that the redress of those wrongs will not precede, but follow, the Repeal. The question of redress, however, does not affect the question of Repeal. The true nationalist aspires to legislative independence, and will not stop short at legis-

lative amelioration. The mission, to which he consecrates the energies of his mind, will not be accomplished, until the individuality of this nation shall have been fully recognized. He will not desist when he repairs, for he has been inspired to regenerate To be distinct—our object is Irish independence, not Whig reform.

This alone can justify the sacrifices of the people, and authorize the claims that have been made upon their resources. An object less exalted would be incommensurate with the generosity of the people, as it would be unworthy the genius of their leaders.

It is well to state our purpose thus distinctly, for English politicians, treating on Ireland, now propose equality.

Sir, we will not be satisfied with what they call equality. It is a disguise for subjection.

Equality! What is the English signification of that term? Provincialism improved. Extended franchises, additional representatives, municipal privileges—what are these? They are rights. How do they come? They come as indulgences. For what do they come? They come to bribe and pacify the province.

Look to the game of the imperialists. There was an Arms-Act last week—there is a sympathetic motion for inquiry in the present. This week the English Lords study to make us amenable to English rule by concession, having in the last set us against English rule by coercion. This week they would affiliate—last week they repelled. To-day they enact Mark Anthony, and read their dismal orations—yesterday they signed a death-warrant, and stabbed like Brutus.

They are anxious, at last, to benefit the country, it is said. Sir, they would legislate to save the Union, not to benefit the country.

But granting that their intentions are the best, and their acts the most advisable, their legislation, however beneficial, will but improve the province—it will not reinstate the nation. Legislation like this may give to us the franchises of an English county; it will not restore to us the prerogatives of the Irish Kingdom.

Again, whilst it corrects the political system, whilst it improves the material condition, it will destroy the spiritual elements of the people, from which elements the people derive their true nobility. Deprive a people of the faculties of legislation ; transfer them, or rather, I should say, after fifty years of disastrous experiment, ratify the usurpation of them; and you take away from that people every generous incentive to action, you enervate the public spirit, you exonerate that people from their just responsibilities, and you generate amongst them an indifference to the condition of their country. If that condition deteriorates, this unprivileged people will not hold themselves responsible—they are not responsible. If it improves, the credit is not theirs. They may partake in the advantage, they do not participate in the honor. To preserve that condition, therefore, they will not be solicitous. If they be solicitous, mere interest will prompt them, national pride will not. Thus you call all the meaner instincts into play, and suppress the dictates of public virtue. Where these do not operate the community degenerates. It ceases to be honest—it becomes corrupt. Becoming corrupt, the crown cannot calculate upon its loyalty, nor the priesthood upon its faith. To govern a community like this, you must institute the spy system of Paris. The minister will require the abilities of a Fouchè, and a secret police will constitute his most efficient cabinet.

But let this people exercise the faculties of legislation, and become, as they ought to be, responsible for the condition of their country—the scene alters. National pride exists where national power resides. Where a serious responsibility is imposed, an earnest solicitude will inspire. Public virtue will have its incentive and reward. Conscious of the trust they hold—conscious that its abuse will be their reproach, if not their downfall—conscious that its preservation will prove their advantage, if not their glory—the people will guard it with integrity, and, justly feeling that the national character is ennobled by the legislative trust, they will be

ever anxious to avoid a course that may degrade the one and violate the other.

Sir, it has been well observed by Mr. Barry, in his Prize Essay on Repeal, that there are many things in independence, besides laws, that raise a people. "Self-control," he writes, "begets self-reliance—national pride begets personal dignity. The rivalry of the state with other states, in industry, frugality, and enterprise, creates a like rivalry amongst her citizens. Liberty is not only herself a blessing, but, like charity, has a breast to nurse a thousand virtues."

This is the eloquent sentiment of one with whose name you are well familiar—one who has dedicated the energies of his accomplished mind to the service of that country—the expanding freedom, not less than the reviving literature of which has acquired an impulse from his spirit, and a lustre from his genius. In this sentiment we all concur; and, Sir, inspired by this sentiment, we here repudiate provincialism, and insist on nationhood.

As our claim is great, our struggle may be long. Our most serious difficulty, however, lies at home. From the divisions of Irish society, the chief obstacles to Irish freedom arise. Our strongest effort, then, must be to confederate. There are impressions which we must remove, before we are enabled to confederate. Our conduct, more than our professions, will efface these impressions.

To be candid with you, many independent men, men of educated minds and manly principles, who serve their country in the silent walks of literature and science, would join us, did they not conceive, that we here exact too strict a conformity of opinion upon the various political subjects of the day. We will remove this impression, if we prove ourselves upon every occasion the friends of independent opinion, and the free assertion of that opinion.

Why should it not be so? Freedom of thought is a right prescribed by no human authority. It is older than the sceptre of the

king, or the mitre of the prelate. It comes from the hand that moulded an image of the Divinity, from the clay of the young world; and kindling therein a soul as indestructible as that hand itself, gave to it the universe for a home, and an eternity for its career. It is the first right of man. As it is the first right of man, so governments should guard, and society assert it. It is the great right on which the institutions of a country must be based, so that society may not be a servitude, nor government a despotism.

Respecting the opinion of others, let us firmly inculcate our own. Thus shall we, I trust, in time, originate in this country one sentiment—common to all creeds, all grades, all parties—a national sentiment. When that sentiment shall have become the grand sentiment of the country, the revolution is accomplished.

That it will develope, and become the sentiment of the country, I sincerely believe. In many instances, I know that it exists where it does not act. In many instances, I have known it to break out where the partizan heart for a moment forgot its prejudices, and swelled beyond them. It is the most enduring sentiment of nature —it is the first sentiment that awakes in the heart—it is the last that dies within it. It is the sentiment of the child, when his bright eyes scan, for the first time, the grand and beautiful image of his native land—it is the sentiment of the old man, when he is told, that, in a few days, he will be a portion of its soil.

Various influences, I admit, will suppress it for a time. In their career through life, men will be influenced by the less generous passions of the heart, and may be taught to separate themselves from the country for whose service they were born, and dedicate their energies to the service of a class. Others, devoting themselves to a less honorable mission, may wholly isolate their thoughts, and seek personal preferment at the sacrifice both of class and country. But if they do, they have their moments of remorse, and in the loftiest position to which their genius or their

wealth may elevate them, the spirit of childhood—which accompanies the oldest even to the grave—will awake within them, and chide them with the abandonment of that country, which, when their affections were free and pure, they loved with enthusiasm, and to guard the liberties of which, in a soldier's garb, was once the prayer of their generous boyhood.

No, Sir, this love of country never becomes wholly extinct. Here it has lingered, I believe, in every heart. For years it has lingered through ruins, and gleamed over a mournful history. Now it acts through many, and we would have it become the religion of all. There is nothing true, nothing generous, nothing great, without it. Poetry has no inspiration, society no charm, the song no melody, the arts no impulse, eloquence no fire, industry no nerve, where the national sentiment is weak. In every country, save our own, it has been the guiding sentiment.

But here, at last, it has come to life. The first fact of the predicted regeneration has taken place—a soul hath come into Ireland—and that soul will burn on, until the last vestige of the province is consumed, and, from the ashes, a new nation ascends, which man shall learn to respect, and heaven shall consecrate!

IMPRISONMENT OF MR. SMITH O'BRIEN BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 10th May, 1846.

[In May, 1845, the London *Standard* was of opinion, that there would be "no difficulty in framing a statute, giving force to the Speaker's warrant, to justify arrest and cautionary imprisonment, for such specific delinquencies as refusing to attend a summons duly issued and served." The attention of the *Standard* was drawn to this subject, by a letter addressed to the editor, which asserted, on "pretty good authority," that Mr. Joseph Hume's notice of motion, on Monday, May 5th, for a "call" of the House on the Friday following, was preconcerted with Mr. O'Connell, for the purpose of allowing the latter an opportunity of refusing to attend, and testing the compulsory powers of the Commons. The *Standard*, though "not highly estimating" the character of Mr. Hume, "could not think so badly" of him, as to believe him concerned in the "vile scheme" intimated by its correspondent. It was of opinion, however, that, in the state of the law at the time, "an attempt to enforce the threatened call of the house would be, at the least, extremely indiscreet." It had "considerable doubt" in the power of the Commons to "coerce the persons of its members beyond the sea." "Before the Union, the British House of Commons had no such power," nor did they see "anything in the Union Act to confer it." Mr. O'Connell declared the "vile scheme" a falsehood, and also, that, if the Speaker of the House of Commons issued a warrant, and sent it to Ireland, "to try and enforce the attendance of such Irish members as remained away from Parliament," he, for one, would "refuse to obey it." In June, 1845, Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. John O'Connell refused to serve on any committee of the House of Commons, unless the business before it had particular reference to Ireland. In reply to a circular from the Chairman of "Selection of Railway Committees"—informing him that his name was on the list to supply members for the Railway Committees, and that

his attendance would be necessary from July the 14th, for the purpose of serving, if required—Mr. O'Brien wrote the following letter:—

"London, Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, *June* 30.

"Sir,—I had the honor of receiving, on Saturday afternoon, a letter dated 28th June, and signed 'Henry Creed,' to the following effect:—'I am directed by the Committee of Selection to inform you that your name is on the list from which members will be selected to serve on Railway Committees, which will commence their sittings in the week beginning Monday the 14th July, during which week it will be necessary for you to be in attendance, for the purpose of serving, if required, on a Railway committee.'

"I trust that the Committee of Selection will not think that I am prompted by any feeling of disrespect towards them, or towards the House of Commons, when I inform them that it is my intention not to serve on any committees, except such as may be appointed with reference to the affairs of Ireland.

"I accepted a seat in the House of Commons, in the hope of being thereby enabled to assist in improving the condition of the land of my birth. So long as I continued to believe that I could serve Ireland effectually in the House of Commons, I shrank from none of the labors which are connected with the varied functions of that assembly. During twelve years I attended Parliament with an assiduity of which I might feel disposed to boast, if the time so consumed by the House, and by myself, had been productive of results useful to my native country.

"Experience and observation at length forced upon my mind the conviction, that the British parliament is incompetent, through want of knowledge, if not through want of inclination, to legislate wisely for Ireland, and that our national interests can be protected and fostered only through the instrumentality of an Irish legislature.

"Since this conviction has established itself in my mind, I have felt persuaded that the labors of the Irish members, though of little avail in the British Parliament, might, if applied in Ireland with prudence and energy, be effectual in obtaining for the Irish people their national rights.

"I have reason to believe, that in this opinion a very large majority of my constituents concur. To them alone I hold myself responsible for the performance of my parliamentary duties. If they had disapproved of my continued absence from the House of Commons, I should have felt it my

duty to have withdrawn from the representation of the County Limerick; but I have the satisfaction of thinking that I not only consult the interests, but also comply with the wishes, of my constituents, in declining to engage in the struggles of English party; or to involve myself in the details of English legislation.

"While such have been the general impressions under which I have absented myself during nearly two years from the House of Commons, I yet do not feel myself at liberty to forego whatever power of resistance, to the progress of pernicious legislation, my office of representative may confer upon me. Upon the present occasion, I have come to London for the purpose of endeavoring to induce the House of Commons, or rather the government, who appear to command the opinions of a large majority of the House, to modify some of the Irish measures now before parliament, in such a manner as to render them beneficial, instead of injurious, to Ireland.

"Desiring that none but the representatives of the Irish nation should legislate for Ireland, we have no wish to intermeddle with the affairs of England or Scotland, except in so far as they may be connected with the interests of Ireland, or with the general policy of the Empire.

"In obedience to this principle, I have abstained from voting on English and Scotch questions of a local nature; and the same motive now induces me to decline attendance on committees on any private bills, except such as relate to Ireland.

"I am prepared to abide with cheerfulness the personal consequences which may result from the course of conduct which I feel it my duty to adopt.

"I speak with great diffidence upon any question of a legal kind, but I am supported by very high professional authority, when I suggest to the committee, that no power was delegated to the House of Commons, by the Act of Union, or by subsequent statutes, to compel the attendance of Irish members on the deliberation of the British Parliament.

"Neither do I find that any authority has been given by statutory enactment to the House (except in the case of election petitions,) to enforce the attendance of members upon committees.

"I refrain, however, from arguing legal questions which may be raised before another tribunal, in case it should become necessary and advisable to appeal from the decision of the House of Commons to the courts of judicature, and conclude by assuring the committee that I take the course

which I propose to adopt, not from any desire to defy the just authority of the House of Commons, but in obedience to my sense of the duty which I owe to my constituents and to my country.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"William S. O'Brien.

"To the Chairman of the Committee of Selection, &c."

Mr. J. O'Connell intimated his refusal in the following letter:—

"British Hotel, Jermyn Street.

"Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a notification by order of your committee, to the effect, that my attendance in parliament will be required during the week beginning Monday, 14th July, for the purpose of serving, if chosen, on a railway committee.

"With every respect to you, Sir, and the gentlemen of the committee, I absolutely decline attending.

"I, like some others, came to London, the first time this session, about a fortnight ago, to remonstrate against, and endeavor to resist the plan of infidel education which the government are forcing upon Ireland. We had not, nor for some years have had, the slightest hope of obtaining any measure of good from a foreign parliament; but we came against our better judgments, that it might not be said we had not gone all lengths to endeavor to deter the government from a scheme so redolent of political corruption, social profligacy, and religious infidelity.

"We came armed with multitudinous petitions of the people, and the strong, unanimous, and most decided protest of our revered prelacy and clergy.

"We were, of course, mocked at, derided, and refused; but what is of infinitely more consequence, the voices of our prelates, and of the faithful people of Ireland, have been treated with utter contempt—even Irish Catholics (yielding to the unwholesome atmosphere around them,) joining in the contemptuous refusal.

"Under these circumstances, Sir, I certainly will not suffer that portion of the people of Ireland who have entrusted their representation to my charge, to be further mocked at and insulted in my person. I go to where I can best discharge my duty to them and to Ireland (*in Ireland,*) there to struggle with doubtless as little ability, but with more energy, and if possible, more whole-hearted devotion than ever, to put an end to the present

degradation of my country, and obtain for her that which can alone ensure protection to her interests, relief to her many wants, and peace, freedom, and happiness to her long oppressed and long-enduring people.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"JOHN O'CONNELL.

"The Chairman of the Committee of Selection of Railways."

These letters were inserted on the minutes of the Committee of Selection and no further notice taken of them at the time. Concurring in their views, the rest of the Repeal members came to the determination not to attend on any of the English or Scotch railway committees. An opportunity soon occurred, to test the sincerity of that resolution. On April 3d, 1846, Mr. O'Brien received a circular, similar to the former one, from the "Committee of Selection," stating that his presence was necessary on the 27th inst. In sending a reply, Mr. O'Brien enclosed a copy of his previous communication, and, in allusion to it, writes:—

"I have not seen any reason, since that letter was written, to change the determination therein expressed. Indeed, the circumstances under which I attend parliament during the present session, are such as to render adherence to that determination an imperative duty.

"I have been called over from Ireland at a period when the deplorable situation of that country requires the presence of all whose duties connect them with it, for the purpose of resisting a measure by which it is proposed to invade the personal freedom and to suspend the constitutional liberties of the Irish people. In offering resistance to that measure it will be necessary for me to assist in exposing the systematic misgovernment which has produced those results, which furnish a pretext for this renewed attempt to coerce Ireland. The time and facilities at my command being limited, I do not feel myself at liberty to allow my attention to be diverted, from subjects of higher import, to matters of local concern, which do not affect the interests of my country.

"I must, therefore, respectfully decline to serve on the committees on private bills, except such as relate to Ireland.

"I am aware that the House has the power to deprive my constituents of such humble services as I can render to them, by imprisoning my person, contrary to law.

"I have fully considered and am prepared to abide that alternative."

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Committee of Selection,

Monday, April 6, 1846.

"SIR —Having had the honor to receive, on Friday last, your letter of that day's date— * * * I this day availed myself of the first sitting of the Committee of Selection since the receipt of your letter to submit its contents to them; and I am instructed to inform you that the committee cannot, in the reasons which you allege for not serving, recognize such an excuse, as (in accordance with the spirit of the resolutions agreed to by the House, on the 12th of last February,) would justify their "deeming it sufficient" to exempt you from serving, should you be selected for that purpose from the list of members whose attendance is required in the week commencing on Monday, the 27th of April.

"But as it appears from your letter, that, at this particular juncture, your time and attention are engrossed by a subject of primary importance to Ireland, I am further instructed by the Committee of Selection to state that, adhering to their usual practice of consulting, as far as may be consistent with a faithful and impartial discharge of their duty, the convenience of the several members whom they may find it incumbent upon them to select, it will afford them great satisfaction to avail themselves of this timely communication with you, to make an arrangement by which your attendance may be postponed to a later period, should your convenience be thereby accommodated, provided you will have the goodness to give them an early intimation of any week during the month of May when it may be less inconvenient to you to be in attendance.

"In the event, however, of their receiving from you no such intimation, the Committee of Selection will presume that no accommodation would be afforded to you by such a postponement as I have alluded to, and will consider it their duty to abide by the arrangement which will be announced in the votes of Wednesday.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"T. G. BUCKNALL ESTCOURT,

"Chairman of the Committee of Selection.

"William S. O'Brien, Esq."

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB, PALL MALL, *April* 7.

"SIR—I have had the honor of receiving your obliging letter, of yesterday's date, in answer to mine, of the 3d instant.

'I feel exceedingly indebted for the courtesy and consideration evinced by the Committee of Selection in suggesting the arrangement proposed in your letter; but since my objection to serve upon committees on English and Scotch private bills is founded upon the relations at present existing between my country and Great Britain, and not upon a regard for my own personal convenience, I must refer to my former communication, as announcing my final determination.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient, faithful servant,

"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

"To the Chairman of the Committee of Selection."

Monday, April 27, on the motion of Mr. Estcourt, the House of Commons ordered Mr. Smith O'Brien to attend the railway committee, on Group II. After the passing of the "order," he immediately rose and said — "that he had understood the motion put by the Speaker to be merely a request that he would attend; he was willing, as he before stated, to do so, in discharge of his general duty to his constituents, under protest against any right in the House to enforce his attendance, as an Irish member. But understanding that the motion put and carried was, that he be 'ordered by the House to attend the Committee,' he begged at once, with all respect, to state that it was his intention not to attend, and he would not attend the committee on Group II." On the 28th, Mr. Estcourt reviewed the whole correspondence, and feeling the duty which devolved on him to be one of a "very painful nature,"—"because nothing could have been more obliging or more considerate than the whole conduct of the honorable member for Limerick"—moved

"That William Smith O'Brien, Esq., having disobeyed an order of the House, by refusing to attend the committee to which the railway group No. XI. was referred, has been guilty of a contempt of this House."

The motion was received with loud cheers. After a pause Mr. O'Connell said:—"He (Mr. O'Brien) has acted from a strong sense of duty, and I am sorry to say that it is a sense of duty he is not likely to give up." He questioned the constitutionality of the proceedings and declared:—"The House had no jurisdiction by common law to compel the attendance of members." The Attorney General for England expressed "great regret" that such a resolution was necessary, but thought it "impossible that the House could submit to allow the honorable member for Limerick to persevere in his resistance to its authority." Mr. E. B. Roche "foresaw that the ultimate

result would be the compelling of the Irish members to concur with the member for Limerick." Mr. Warburton was willing to express strong disapproval, but when he knew that the next motion would be to commit Mr. O'Brien to the Tower, or to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, he would not consent to support the resolution. Sir George Grey had not a shadow of doubt upon his mind as to the course which the House ought to pursue, and voted for the motion. "It appeared" to Sir Robert Peel "that it was essential that the House should vindicate its authority." Mr. John O'Connell thought that Mr. O'Brien "was perfectly justified in having done so," but "deplored the course which his honorable friend had taken as it deprived them of his aid in opposing the coercion bill." Mr. Hume "approved highly" of the sentiments of Mr. J. O'Connell, but agreed with Sir Robert Peel, on the course to be taken. Sir T. Wilde agreed with the motion, as he was satisfied that a "morbid love of popularity and notoriety" induced him (Mr. Smith O'Brien) to act as he did. Mr. D'Israeli said "it was admitted that the technical notice to attend was not served, and they might delay action until the case was technically complete. Besides a point of law had been raised, which at least showed that the subject was debateable. Was it politic, under the circumstances to come forward in a vindictive spirit. They wanted evidence on the point. He wanted time, before they would enforce a rule of novel introduction which he hoped they were not prepared to make permanent." Mr. Buller concurred in the vote of "an act of contempt." Mr. Brotherton did not want to elevate him by sending the honorable member to the Tower—by making a martyr of him. Sir R. Inglis considered it his "absolute duty to support the motion." Mr. Fitzgerald was quite sure "that Mr. O'Brien adopted his present course not with a view of making himself a martyr, but in order to serve his country. As for popularity, it was impossible to make him more popular than he now was in Ireland." On the division of the House, the motion was carried by a vote of 133 for, and 13 against it. On the 30th, Mr. O'Brien was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and confined in an apartment of the House of Commons called the "cellar." On the next evening, Mr. Roche read the following letter to the House:—

House of Commons Prison, *May* 1*st*, 1846.

My Dear Roche—I shall feel much obliged if you will explain to the House, this evening, that you were under a misconception when you stated

yesterday that I complained that no opportunity had been afforded to me of speaking in my own defence.

"On the contrary I cheerfully acknowledge that such an opportunity was offered, and that I declined to avail myself of it.

"I was very anxious to have spoken yesterday, because I do not think my case was fairly stated to the House by the chairman of the Committee of Selection. I referred to my letters to the Committee, as stating the grounds upon which I had refused to serve upon committees on English and Scotch railway bills. If those letters had been read *in extenso*, I should have been contented to abide by the opinion of the House upon them; but the chairman of the Committee read only such portions of them as tended to produce an impression on the House unfavorable to my conduct.

"I wish it also to be known that, until the closing sentence of Mr. Estcourt's speech reached me, I did not know what was the nature of the motion which he intended to submit; so that I was unprepared to form an opinion as to the course which it would be most advisable for me to adopt. I did not know whether I was to be imprisoned or reprimanded, or whether a committee might not be appointed to take the case into consideration before any final motion should be proposed to the House. As mine is a new case, arising out of resolutions adopted without notice, without discussion, not founded on long established practice, not supported by any authority derived from statute or from prescription, it seemed to me that the appointment of a committee to deliberate on the subject, was not only the wisest and most natural mode of dealing with the case, but also that which would have been most conformable to former precedents. I need not say that my decision with respect to the propriety of addressing the House on my own behalf, or of remaining silent, might have been affected by a knowledge of the motion which was to be proposed to the House. Undoubtedly, if I had foreseen that my views would have been so much misrepresented in debate as they have been, I should not have declined to state them fully to the House.

"In all proceedings in Parliament, it is customary to give due notice to the parties affected by such proceedings—such notice, therefore, may be considered as a 'right' rather than as a 'courtesy.' With reference to the preliminary motion made on Monday night, I was left in such entire ignorance with regard to the terms of that motion, that I absolutely mistook the question when put from the chair, and imagined that it was an

order to attend the House on Tuesday, whereas I afterwards learned that it was an order to attend the Committee.

"On last Friday, I stated to Mr. Estcourt, in private, that I should feel much obliged to him if he would intimate to me the terms of the motion which he intended to make in my case, as soon as his own determination was formed. I subsequently received no communication from him.

"I do not wish you to reveal to the House what an Irishman thinks of such a mode of proceeding. Suffering from injustice of the British House of Commons, I expect nothing from its generosity.

"I shall make no further appeal to the House. Yesterday I was extremely anxious to have been allowed to speak, on my own behalf, before my committal to prison as a culprit. I shall not again condescend to solicit even this trifling favor.

"In concluding, I beg most anxiously and earnestly to request you to inform the House that I am no party to any motion for my discharge.

"I remain, my dear Roche,

"Very sincerely yours,

"William S. O'Brien.

"E. B. Roche, Esq., M.P."

In the mean time, the Irish members, who, in the previous year, had been loud in the condemnation of such attendance, and in approval of the principle on which Mr. O'Brien's refusal was founded, did exactly what Mr. O'Brien did not—attend. Mr. Estcourt, in moving the "contempt" resolution, adverted to the Irish members, than whom "none discharged this duty more cheerfully, more kindly, more ably." He was unwilling to particularize, but he "could not help adverting to the conduct of the honorable and learned member for Cork (Mr. O'Connell)." And Sir T. Wilde, in the same spirit, asked, "Did he (Mr. O'Brien) imagine that he was not doing an injustice to Ireland by not attending to duties which the member for Cork had no objection to attend to;" and further, wished to know "if he was a more competent judge than that honorable and learned gentleman." Mr John O'Connell—differing with Mr. Warburton on some remarks of the latter relative to unwilling members—stated, that "he had been a member of a railway committee for the last three weeks and probably should be for two months to come." May 2d, a vote of "undiminished confidence in the integrity, patriotism, and personal courage" of Mr. Smith O'Brien, and "in admiration of the high sense of duty and purity of

purpose which prompted him to risk his personal liberty in the assertion of a principle which he believed to be inherent in the constitution of his country," was, by acclamation, awarded the precedence of all other business in Conciliation Hall. Mr. O'Brien wrote (May 2) an explanation of his course to his constituents, but previous to his doing so, the Corporation of Limerick had passed a vote of confidence in, and an address of approval to him. Meetings of the City and County of Limerick were also held, approving the step which Mr. O'Brien had taken. Addresses of approval and confidence were also moved to him, at meetings held in Waterford, Galway, Athlone, Newry, Ennis, Kilkenny, Cashel, Cork, Tuam, Ballingarry, Kilrush, and other places. A deputation from the '82 Club presented an address to him in prison. A deputation from the Liverpool Repealers did the same. The Liberal press of Ireland were unanimous in approving of his conduct. A few quotations will show with what a unanimity of feeling his countrymen spoke.

"It is determined that we unhesitatingly approve of, and avow the manly, fearless, and consistent course adopted by William Smith O'Brien."

"That having expressed our entire approbation of the conduct of William Smith O'Brien on all occasions, we not only request, but respectfully demand, that he continue to be our representative, leaving him fully at liberty, from our entire reliance upon him, to discharge that duty according to the dictates of his own wisdom."

"Declining to act on committees with which the Irish people have no connexion, meets our warmest approval." (*Limerick Resolutions.*)

"It would be idle and out of place to offer condolence to you, confined in an English prison for such an offence. We congratulate you that you have made yourself the champion of your country's rights, and submitted to ignominy for a cause which you and we know shall one day triumph." (*Address of* '82 *Club.*)

"The manly, dignified, and intrepid stand he has made in vindication of a principle deeply important to the liberties of Ireland." (*Cashel Resolutions.*)

"Ability to serve Ireland, courage to act on your own convictions, and fortitude to endure any penalty, are the prominent qualities which adorn and exalt your patriotism." (*Kilkenny Address.*)

"Sir,—In 1843, the Loyal National Repeal Association published the opinion, that the Irish representatives could better serve their country in Conciliation Hall than by attendance in Parliament. We recognise in this position a great and most important principle, and consider your *steadfast* and *consistent assertion of it* deserving the unmeasured thanks of the Irish nation. We rely with full and undiminished confidence in your wisdom, discretion, and courage, and resolve to sustain you by all means." (*Liverpool Address.*)

"Loving order—worshipping justice and national unity—recognising to the fullest extent a consistent, wholesome, and seasonable exercise of prudence—we still feel convinced that the time for pursuing a mincing or Protean policy has passed away. Our aspirations for nationality—our hope for the future—our manhood, require a different course, and we are gratified that you have adopted it." (*Limerick Address of Welcome.*)

May 25th, Mr. Shaw, moving the discharge of Mr. Smith O'Brien from custody, remarked that, "the authority of the House had been vindicated by his imprisonment for twenty-five days." In justice to Mr. O'Brien, he said, this motion was made without that gentleman's acquiescence, "but it better became the House to decide the question." The motion being put, it was carried *nem. con.*,—shortly after which, Mr. O'Brien took his seat "on the front opposition bench." His return to Ireland was signalized by an extraordinarily brilliant public procession and banquet, given him by his constituents, June 11th.]

Sir, I take this opportunity of referring to the resolution adopted by the Association on the last day of meeting. I do not apologize for doing so, for, I conceive, it is a subject upon which the members of this Association should not cease to comment for a long time.

It is true, that resolution might have been more expressive of our sentiments—might have been framed in stronger terms. Being so, it might have been less judicious—less legal. That is the best excuse for it. I am glad, however, to tell the meeting that a more decisive tone was assumed and maintained elsewhere.

Feeble as the resolution of last Monday was, I trust, however, that it somewhat cheered the noble heart to the stern truth of which it was offered as a tribute. Hemmed in by the walls of an Engl'sh prison—breathing not the air of his own country, but of that city in which our nobles are dishonored, and our representatives, if true, receive but insult—scoffed at by the rude writers of the English press—derided as his remonstrances have been by the English Commons—his proud heart must have swelled with joy—his hopes have risen—and his determination have been nerved for a yet more stern destiny—when he was told, that the people of this country, to whose service he has pledged his fortune and his life, and for whom he has made sacrifices the most severe that a man of feeling could ever make—that the people of this country did not desert him in this his day of trial—but, rallying round him—with the same enthusiasm as they did when he stood here, during the hundred days' imprisonment, the fearless champion of their cause—gave to him, that which every honest man must love—the sympathy of true hearts, the approbation of free minds.

Sir, a man guided by truth alone, with a heart to brave the worst of perils, whilst he follows out the great purpose of his soul, will not be influenced by the public passions. He will rise above them, and whether they flatter or condemn, will pursue his chosen course—firm, fearless, and invincible—mindful only of his own integrity.

Such a man do I conceive Mr. Smith O'Brien to be. You have recognised him in that light, and have borne testimony to his nobility of mind—to his integrity of heart.

As he has often said, the desire of popular applause was to him no motive for action, though the acquisition of it might be an agreeable reward. To those, then, who ascribe this late act of his to an anxiety to acquire popular favor, his character is, indeed, unknown—it is strangely misconceived, if it is not grossly misrepresented.

Were he to be actuated by such a motive, he would have surrendered his opinions, two months since, in this Hall, and have here avowed himself hostile to the corn laws. In declaring himself adverse to the repeal of those laws, in announcing himself a protectionist from this place, in taking a different view, and expressing a contrary opinion to that of Mr. O'Connell and the majority of the Repeal members, he risked his popularity—he risked it, but he did not lose it. He did not lose it, for you saw there was truth in the man—and whilst you regretted his opinion, you admired his principle.

Upon this question of the corn laws, he acted with the same thorough independence as he now does, regardless of all personal considerations.

Sir, in these days, when public virtue is for the most part sacrificed to personal interest—when consistency seems every where to yield to expediency—when public men appear to take their complexion from the accidents of the day, instead of stamping their own inherent character upon the events of the age—when the very government, to use the language of a brilliant satirist, becomes "an organised hypocrisy"—when society, as a bold thinker has described it, is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members—when the virtue in most request is conformity, and self-reliance an aversion—in these days, Sir, it is a goodly, as it is a strange sight, to see a public man, true to his convictions, true in the assertion of those convictions, bearing proudly up against the most depressing influences, and defying that which has heretofore brought down many a soaring mind to bite the dust—defying the coward sarcasm of the English press!

From the first day of his imprisonment, down to the present moment, that press has not ceased to sneer, to scoff at, to malign the Irish prisoner. Coarse jestings, dastard witticisms, sordid jeers—these have the English people, through their press, flung upon

that man, who, I will admit, has well earned their enmity, for he hates their domination.

Sir, I am not one of those who wantonly would run down the English name. Educated in England, I have learned to respect that country for many fine virtues, for many great deeds. With few exceptions, her conduct towards other countries has always been just, generous, and magnanimous. She is, in truth, a great nation, and, from a dazzling height, teaches the poorest people how to plant and how to guard their native flag. But towards Ireland, her infatuate ally in many a struggle, her conduct, as Mr. MacNevin observed upon the last day of meeting, has ever been mean, unjust, and contemptuous.

In the present instance, I allude, Sir, not to the English Commons—I allude to the English people, represented by their press.

The conduct of England has, indeed, been mean, unjust, and contemptuous—more than contemptuous, it has been cowardly.

Till now I thought it was un-English to strike a man when he was down. Till now, I thought that, whether in the grave or in the prison, the foe of England was safe from insult. Till now, I thought the vanquished ever claimed her sympathy, and that, in the flush of triumph, her spirit was great because it was forbearing.

Sir, the conduct of England in this instance does not remind me of that country, which an old history of some centuries has taught me to admire. It does not remind me of that England, with the arms and letters of which the names of the Alfreds, the Edwards, the Russells, the Miltons, and the Hampdens are associated. It does not remind me of that England by whose sword Spain was rescued, and Portugal was set free. It does not remind me of that England whose guns at Navarino gave succor to the Greek, and on whose soil the Polish insurrectionist has found a refuge.

But I am reminded of that England, whose flag was planted in this country by a Wentworth, a Carhampton, a Ludlow, and a

Cromwell—that flag, in which the dead liberties of our country, as in a red shroud, have been bound up. I am reminded of that England, whose assassin blade massacred at Mullaghmast, and whose traitor heart broke faith at Limerick. I am reminded of that England, by whom the Irish noble has been dishonored, and the Irish peasant has been starved.

Yet to these coward insults our illustrious friend will be insensible—against them he will bear up—if, in that cell, to which the English Commons have consigned him, he is told that the Irish people will not abandon, but support him to the last—that the insults he has received, have outraged them—and that this country, insulted in his person, has vowed to resent these insults in her own good time.

Did we abandon him, we were a craven race, unfit for freedom! Did we abandon him, we deserved chains—not a free Senate! Did we abandon him, America might well deride our invocations to liberty, and France retaliate with justice our taunts upon her Guizot policy! Did we abandon him, every honest man should look upon this Association as a junta of heartless and irresolute declaimers, and the sooner those doors were locked, after that abandonment, the better, say I, for the cause of truth, of manhood, and of freedom!

But you have acted as became you.

I look not to the resolution of last Monday—I look to your hearts, and from those large volumes, I learn that you feel as men—as men of generous sentiment and courageous purpose.

You did not abandon—you will not abandon in the worst extremity—that man, who, in the hour of danger—"when the destinies of Ireland hung quivering in the balance"—when ten thousand British soldiers stood upon that plain, where once his sceptred forefather beat back the Dane—hastened to your ranks, and brought to the national cause the prestige of a royal name. You did not abandon—you will not abandon, come what may—that

man, who, when your leader was in prison, stood here to fill up the gap—and who—inspiring you by his enthusiasm, guiding you by his wisdom—sustained your hopes, directed your energies, and converted that period which government and faction had ordained to be a period of discomfiture, into a period of active patriotism and bold success.

The men in the provinces have done their duty—have done it unequivocally—have done it generously—have done it fearlessly. Limerick has spoken out, and spoken out in no disguised or muffled tone. Waterford, my native city, has spoken out, and I honor my birthplace for its spirit and its truth.

For this imprisonment, our illustrious friend shall receive the love and homage of the Irish people. On his release from that dungeon—when he "treads once more the land that bore him"—he shall here be welcomed, as the patriot descendant of a patriot king should alone be welcomed. And hereafter, when the history of this struggle shall have been written, the free nation that is now growing up here will be told, that he, William Smith O'Brien, was amongst those who struggled most and suffered most to give her life, to give her character, to give her power.

ACCESSION OF THE WHIGS TO OFFICE.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 15th June, 1846.

[From the first day of the session, the return of the Whigs to power appeared inevitable. The defection created among the followers of Sir Robert Peel, had left him almost powerless. The Protectionists, under the leadership of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. D'Israeli, were determined to avail themselves of the first opportunity to avenge themselves upon the Minister, for his declaration respecting the repeal of the Corn-laws and the opening of the Ports. The introduction of the Arms Act into the Commons, ultimately gave them this opportunity. Agreeing in the principle of the bill, nearly all parties in the House, with the exception of the Irish Repeal Members, voted for the first reading.—Monday, March 30th, Sir James Graham moved the suspension of the standing orders of the House, in order that the Coercion bill be read the first time. Sir William Somerville moved an amendment, to the effect, that the orders of the day be not postponed. In the first place, he did not desire to postpone the Corn bill, on which the hopes of the whole empire were set; and secondly, he wished to observe the form and etiquette of the House. At this period, it would produce an exciting and exasperating debate, which was needless; for, "after all," said he, "it is not the intention of ministers to pursue the Irish Coercion bill beyond its earliest stage. It is so admitted on all sides —by nobody more than by the members of government, and of those members, by nobody more than by the right honorable baronet at the head of it. If they were sincere in their apprehensions of danger to life, why did they lose a day in laying a bill upon the table of the House of Lords, attention having been directed to the question in the Queen's Speech, as far back as January 22nd." Sir James Graham, on the part of the Government, stated, that the Corn bill was "the measure of primary importance," but he attached "immense importance" to having the opinion of the House on the Coercion bill. For the "inestimable value" of the "moral effect" of its adoption, "even on a first reading," he desired to proceed with it.

Mr. Shaw, Recorder of Dublin, supporting Government, distrusted the present scheme for the pacification of Ireland. To succeed, "it was necessary," he said, "that the Government, by which it was introduced, should have a moral *prestige*." Noticing an imputation, made by Sir James Graham in a preceding debate, Mr. Shaw admitted that the present Government was "a falling Government;" and, amid loud cheers, pointed to Sir James as "the evil genius to whom such instability was attributable." Mr. O'Connell believed that the Government wanted to get rid of the Corn bill for the present, by introducing the Coercion bill, as he did not believe they would get a first reading before Easter. Lord George Bentinck stated that, "if the day should come (which was to be anticipated) when they (the Protectionists) should be responsible for the government of Ireland, their principles of protection would not be extended to the assassin." He concurred with the Marquis of Lansdowne, that this measure should precede any other for the improvement of Ireland. Sir George Grey earnestly hoped that the Irish members would allow the first reading of the bill *sub silentio*, that the Corn bill might be taken up immediately, and recommended the postponement of all debate on the Coercion bill to the second reading. Mr. Sidney Herbert hoped that the measure for the admission of corn might pass *pari passu* with the Coercion bill. Lord John Russell thought that ample reasons had been given for postponing this bill, and for proceeding with the Corn bill. He voted for the amendment. Mr. Cobden expressed sincere regret at the course of the Ministers. The men who led public opinion in Ireland, were opposed to the Coercion bill—there were petitions from the manufacturing districts every day, praying for the Corn bill, and he would vote against the Government motion. The original motion had a majority of 39. April 17, Sir J. Graham moved, that the order of the day for the first reading of the bill be read. The Whigs voted for the first reading. "Some of the English members have supported us," said Mr. John O'Connell; "I regret, however, that Lord John Russell and Lord Morpeth have allowed themselves to be entangled in the cobweb machinery of Parliamentary customs and precedent. They tell us, that whatever opposition they give to the Coercion bill, they will support it in its first and second reading." On the second reading (June 5th) of the bill, however, the Protectionists, as well as the leading Whigs, each on different grounds, announced their opposition to the government measure. On the part of the former, Lord George Bentinck said, "I gave due notice to Her Majesty's government,

that I and my friends could be disposed to support the measure before the House, provided the government, by their earnestness in pressing it forward with all haste, proved their sincerity and desire to carry it—that if, on the contrary, it should appear, from the conduct of Her Majesty's ministers, in permitting all other measures of less immediate necessity to be carried through in preference to this, we should not then be of opinion that such a necessity existed for carrying a measure so unconstitutional as this, as would justify any party in supporting it." He proceeded to show that, from the information recently obtained, offences in Ireland had lessened twenty per cent., and that the chief secretary for Ireland did not give the House very accurate accounts concerning that country—in fact "he does not appear," said the noble Lord, "to have bestowed much attention on Ireland" —"so that for this measure, which the government introduced as a temporary bill, to meet a temporary emergency—and which has been postponed from the month of January to the middle of the month of June—there has been produced but poor evidence of the necessity of now meeting an emergency which occurred five months ago. * * * —It is a mockery and an insult to both parties in Ireland, to brandish before their eyes this measure, which it is never intended to carry into effect. I, for one, will do my best to prevent this mockery from being perpetrated. Is there a man in the country fool enough to believe that Her Majesty's ministers are in earnest? Believing that there is not, the sooner, I say, we kick out the bill, and Her Majesty's ministers with it, the better. We used to be told by the right honorable baronet (Sir R. Peel) that he would never consent to be a minister on sufferance. He must be deaf, indeed, if by this time he has not learned that he is nothing but a minister on sufferance." Monday, June 15th, Mr. D'Israeli supported Lord George Bentinck, and charged Sir Robert Peel with having got into power by professing opinions contrary to those which he now sought to force on the country. "The right honorable gentleman," he concluded, "had once said that Ireland was his greatest difficulty. He must be reminded of that by his present position. He must feel that it was Nemesis who regulated that division, and was then about to stamp with the seal of parliamentary reprobation, the catastrophe of a sinister career." Lord John Russell having shown, in a long speech, that the "outrages" in Ireland grew out of the unsettled state of the land question, concluded thus:—"If you wish, as I do, to maintain the Union, and to make it a source of happiness, of increased rights and blessings to Ireland as well as England, and of increased strength in future times to

the United Empire, beware lest you in any way weaken that link which connects the two countries. Do not set so far apart, the governor and the governed. Do not let the people of Ireland believe, that you have no sympathy with their afflictions—no care for their wrongs—that you are interested only in other measures in which they have no share." The Whigs, in a word, strained every nerve to form a coalition with the Irish Repeal members. A meeting of Liberal members of Parliament was held at the residence of Lord John Russell, at which he avowed himself as "distinctly opposed to the Coercion bill" and suggested, that the best course which could be taken, would be to propose the second reading of that bill for "that day six months." Mr. O'Connell felt "deeply gratified" that "Lord John Russell and the honorable gentlemen who usually acted with him" were willing to adopt such a course. Sir Charles Lemon suggested, that Lord John Russell himself should move the amendment, but the noble Lord "thought it would come better from an Irish member." Lord Morpeth was called on to move it, but, for the same reason, considerately declined.]

We are told, Sir, by the London papers, that the days of the Conservative ministry are numbered. The seals of office, it is said, will soon be held by a Whig Premier, and with the change of power, it is surmised, that a change of policy with regard to Ireland will take place.

Whether that surmise be true or false, I know not. But this I know, that whatever statesmen rule the empire, whatever policy prevails, the principles of this Association are immutable, and, amid the clash and shiftings of the imperial factions, will remain unshaken.

Sir, I state this boldly, for the suspicion is abroad, that the national cause will be sacrificed to the Whigs, and that the people, who are now striding on to freedom, will be purchased back into factious vassalage. The Whigs themselves calculate upon your apostasy—the Conservatives predict it. They cannot believe that you are in earnest—at least, it seems difficult to convince them of your truth. On the hustings you will dispel their incredulity, read them an honest lesson, and vindicate your

characters. On their return to power, the Whigs shall find, that in their absence, you have become a reformed people—that you have abjured the errors of faction, and have been instructed in the truths of patriotism. They shall find, I trust, that a new era has here commenced—that you have been roused to a sense of your inherent power, and, with the conviction that you possess an ability equal to the sustainment of a high position, you have vowed never more to act the Sepoy for English faction.

To their reproach, Sir, it must be said, that the people of this country have been too long the credulous menials of English liberalism—dedicating to foreign partisanship those fine energies which should have been exclusively reserved for the duties of Irish citizenship. Till now, you had no faith in the faculties of your country. You implored from Reform clubs in London, that which a free senate in this your old capital could alone confer. Upon the hustings, your tone was English, not Irish. You stood by the promises of Russell—you forswore the principles of Grattan. You shouted for municipal reform—you forgot your manufactures. You cried out for free trade—having no very important exchange of commodities to promote. You petitioned for an additional supply of franchises—that Irish Radicalism might grow strong—when you should have demanded back those rights, which would have made the Irish nation great. The aristocrat of Bedford marshalled you against the plebeian of Tamworth, when, lifting up a distinct flag, you should have marched and struck against them both!

Sir, it was full time that this should cease, and that the spirit of the country should manifest itself in an independent policy.

Let me not be told that the Whigs were our benefactors, and deserve our gratitude. They were, indeed, the benefactors of "moderate" Catholics and "liberal" Protestants, but the Catholic democracy and the Protestant aristocracy were alike neglected and insulted by them.

What memorial, may I ask, have they left behind them that claims our respect, and should win us to their ranks?

It is true, their appointments were, for the most part, judicious. There were honorable men elevated to the bench during their administration—honorable men, I grant you—but men "whose overtopping eminence," as Thomas Davis has written, " was such as made their acceptance of a judgeship no promotion." I believe, moreover, there are few, if any, instances on record of partisan prejudices mingling with the dispensation of justice whilst they held office.

Upon this question, however, I shall not dwell, for it is a debateable question, and, if discussed, might revive the antipathies of party.

But I look beyond the Queen's Bench—beyond the court of petty sessions—beyond the police barrack—beyond the glebe house—and I demand, what was the condition of the people—what was the condition of the country—during the reign of the late Whig government? Your commerce—did that thrive? Your manufactures—were they encouraged? Your fisheries—were they protected? Your waste lands—they are 2,000,000 acres—were they reclaimed? How fared the Irish artisan—how fared the Irish peasant? The one pined, as he yet pines, in your beggared cities—the other starved, as he yet starves, upon your fruitful soil.

Catholic barristers, who made Reform speeches at Morpeth dinners, and quoted Earl Grey and the *Edinburgh Review*, at anti-Tory demonstrations—these gentlemen came in for silk gowns, and other genteel perquisites. But you—you, the sons of toil—"the men of horny hand and melting heart"—you, the thousands, knew no change. Poor-law commissioners were appointed—they were Englishmen and Scotchmen, for the most part. They came in for large salaries, and grew opulent upon their mission of charity. In this case, the indigence of Lazarus was the very making of Dives. The poorhouses were built, and

were soon stocked with vermined rags, and broken hearts—with orphaned childhood, fevered manhood, and desolate old age. Whilst these coarse specimens of the Tudor Gothic were being thus filled, your Custom-house was drained—and now it stands upon your silent quay, like one of those noble merchant houses that crumble to the dull waters of the Adriatic, telling us that

> "Venice lost and won,
> Her thirteen-hundred years of freedom done,
> Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose."

Sir, I have been told that the Marquis of Normanby was a true nobleman. I have been told that he was a man of enlightened views and generous impulses—that he was just, benevolent, and chivalrous. Were we English, I might, perhaps, desire no other viceroy. We being Irish—this land being Ireland—I demand an Irish viceroy for the Irish court. The Geraldines have an older title to the Castle than the House of Phipps.

Associated with the name of Normanby, I know there are many brilliant reminiscences. Beauty and fashion—deputy-lieutenants who propose Whig candidates at county elections—a swarm of expectant barristers—perhaps a solicitor or two—men of "moderate" politics and "enlightened" tendencies—would vote him back again. In his time, there were gala days at the Castle—many a gay carnival—many a dazzling dance in St. Patrick's Hall. But were there bright eyes, and happy hearts, and busy hands, in the tenements of the Liberty?

Society—the perfumed society of your squares!—was happy in those days, and loved the amiable Whig government, and would, no doubt, in gratitude for the viceregal balls at which it flounced and whirled, vote for Whig candidates to-morrow. But, Sir, the society that is not exempted from the primeval curse—the society that wears out strong sinews to earn the privilege of bread—the society that knows no day of rest, no day of joy, but God's own

holiday—that day on which he bids the toiler go forth, and soothe his sorrows amid the glories of his creation—that day on which many a worn hand may wreathe a garland of flowers, that has been weaving a crown of thorns the live-long week—the society that decks out fashion, that rears up the mansions of the rich, and by which alone, if there was danger on the coast to-morrow, this land could be furnished with a stalwart guard for her defence—this, the elder, the stronger, the nobler society, has no such memories—no such incentives to subserviency. Roused from the slumber, into which the insidious eloquence of English liberalism had lulled them, the people have started up; and now, for the first time, see before them a country of which they had not dreamt, and a new destiny revealing itself to them, like the sun from behind their old hills, and that destiny expanding into glory, as it mounts the heaven, and settles high above the Island!

No, Sir, the people of Ireland can never more be duped into subserviency by assurances of sympathy and promises of redress. We have become incredulous of every party in the Senate and the State. We distrust, we repudiate, we reprobate them. We recognise, at last, the truth of a maxim uttered many years ago by Swift—that "party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few"—a maxim singularly applicable to the people of this country agitating for the ascendancy of the Whigs—the result of the agitation invariably being, that, whilst the great mass remained precisely as they were, a select minority came in for silk gowns, commissionerships, constabulary promotions, and colonial appointments. In a word, we have learned to regard a Whig government in Ireland, as little else than a state Relief-Committee for the beggarly politicians that beset the country.

Nor can we forget the Ebrington manifesto—that advertisement from the Castle tradesmen—worded so temptingly, and addressed so considerately to all repentant Radicals and apostate Nationalists. To the manhood of the country, that was an insult which

provokes and justifies the severest resentment. We must resent it, then—resent it by being honest—for honesty is the heaviest vengeance we can inflict upon the Whigs.

It is impossible we could forget—it is impossible we could forgive—that attempt of theirs, to purchase up, in the venal market of the Castle, the fresh strength, the glowing genius, the bold enthusiasm of the island. Not to the old men of Ireland—not to those whose faltering footsteps were waking the echoes of the grave, and who, in a few years at most, it was natural to expect, would be laid down to rest among their fathers—did they address themselves. No; they addressed the youth of Ireland, knowing that the youth of a country are the trustees of her prosperity. To them, they held out the golden chalice of the Treasury; that so the young free soul of Ireland might drink, and, having drunk, sink down for ever, a diseased and pensioned slave!

"Young men," said they, "a long life is before you, and in our hands are placed the means most conducive to its happiness. A generation is passing from the world whilst we speak, and leaving in the several departments of the State, whole fortunes at our disposal. To these, you have a natural and immediate claim. They are yours by inheritance, and, to the full enjoyment of them, one condition only has been annexed. To possess them, you have but to qualify by recreancy, and befit yourselves by servitude. It is a sensible and temperate condition—an easy test of loyalty, sobriety, and prudence. Renounce, then, the duties of citizenship—cease to be the unpaid servants of the public—become the stipendiaries of faction. You are young Irishmen, and have read the history of your country. Abjure, then, the doctrines of Molyneaux and Grattan—disclaim their work—disown their glory—accept the teachings, emulate the perfidies of Castlereagh and Fitzgibbon. You are young scholars, and have lately read the histories of Greece and Rome. From the story of Sparta, be taught the patience, submissiveness, and drudgery of the Helots.

From the more splendid chronicles of Rome, learn the imperial science of the Cæsars, but be taught to shun the vulgar vices of the Gracchi. Thus will you climb to power, gain access to the viceregal table, and be invited to masquerades at Windsor. Thus, if your ambition be parliamentary, will you qualify for Melbourne-Port, or some other convenient Whig borough. And when, at length, removed from that country, whose wretchedness would have been to you a constant pang, and whose politics would have been an incessant drain upon your resources, and when mingling in the lordly society of London, or sitting on the Treasury bench beside your patrician benefactors—oh! you will bless the government that patronized servility, and thank your God that you had a country to betray!"

But we are told, that, since the date of this appeal, the Whigs have undergone a thorough conversion.

Believe it—and forget that, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell and his colleagues have voted for the first reading of the Coercion bill—have voted against the liberty of Ireland—to comply, as they delicately excused themselves, with the usual custom of the House. Believe it—and forget that, this time last year, their most eloquent confederate announced from his seat in Parliament, that the price of your independence should be a civil war. Believe it—and forget the letter which Viscount Melbourne, a few weeks since, addressed to the Secretary of this Association.

Forget the sentiments of that letter, if you can—forgive them if you like—breathing, as they do, a spirit of the most dogged despotism—and then believe, that the rumored conversion of the Whigs is sincere.

But, Sir, I have to apologize. After all, this is not the tone in which I should address a people who have vowed, before man and God, to raise up a nation, here in these western waters, and to make that nation as free, as the freest that now bears a flag upon the sea, and guards a senate upon the land!

It was not to recede, that you advanced so far. It was not to apostatize, that you professed your belief in a new fate, and spoke of martyrdom in testimony of your faith. It was not for this that you evoked the memories of a great event—that you hastened back to the church of Dungannon, and embraced the principles, though you could not unsheath the swords, of the patriot soldiers of '82. It was not for this, that you gathered in thousands round the hill of Tara, and hailed your leader upon the rath of Mullaghmast, as the Romans did Rienzi in the Palace of the Capitol. There you swore that Ireland should be once more a sovereign State—that she should have a senate to guide, a commerce to enrich, civic arms to protect, and a virtuous fame to crown her.

After this, name your terms to the Whigs—strike a bargain with them—lease them your votes for another experimental session—lend them your voices—"your most sweet voices"—cut down your demands to their crippled powers of concession—unite with them in their oppression of the Orangemen, who are your brothers—give over your notions about self-government—go back to "precursorship"—speak no more about the encouragement of Irish genius, the rearing up of Irish art, the planting of an Irish flag—back the Poor-law Commissioners, and sustain the new Police—be practical, that is, be partisan—be sensible, that is, cease to be honest—be rational, that is, conceive the poorest possible opinion of your country—fall!—fall, as Athens fell, whose soul

> "No foreign foe could quell,
> Till from itself it fell—
> Till self-abasement paved the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway."

Thus will your country win the eloquent sympathies of Whig orators, and, "when the times improve," the kind consideration of Whig statesmen. But, mind you, America will indict her as a swindler, and France placard her as a coward!

As I said before, I should not pursue this strain, knowing, as I do, your determination—knowing that you would repel the man who, in this Hall, would vote a compromise, and beat down the traitor, whoever he might be. I should not have done so. But the report was abroad, that our demands would moderate with the advent of the Whigs to office, and that the spirit of this Association would be affected, by the transition of patronage from one English faction to another. Our future acts, I have no doubt, will teach our opponents the error of this report, and prove to them that we are in earnest—that we mean what we say—and that out of this contest we shall not back, come what may. The next elections will prove to them, that we have gone into this struggle with a firm purpose to fight it out to the last, and make a good end of it, with the help of God. The cry upon the hustings shall be "Repeal" and nothing else. The members of this Association, the people of Ireland, are pledged to nothing else—and from those hustings will be heard many an honest shout of—"down with the Whigs—down with corruption!"

Let the people look out, then, select their representatives in time, and be assured they are true men. They have been deceived before. At former elections, men have not hesitated to take pledges which they had no intention to redeem—men who, even in the English Commons, have been the eloquent advocates of that very measure, which now they do not blush to designate a "splendid phantom."

Beware of Whig candidates! Accept no man in whose integrity you do not place full reliance, and whose heart, you may have reason to suspect, is not thoroughly in the cause which he professes to uphold. Demand from the gentlemen, who solicit your votes, the most explicit declarations—plain, straightforward, conclusive declarations. Vote for no man, who is not an enrolled member of this Association, and who will not pledge himself to you, to work here in this Hall, and vote hereafter in the English

Commons, for the unconditional Repeal of the Legislative Union.

I know, Sir, that to pursue this line of conduct manfully, a sacrifice of personal interest—more than all, a sacrifice of private feeling—may be required from some of us. But the cause is worthy of the most severe sacrifice which men could undergo. It is better that the hearts of a few should be pained, than the great heart of the nation should be broken. Hereafter, for whatever we may endure—and as yet we have suffered nothing—we shall receive an ample recompense.

For myself, and for those with whom I most associate, I can answer to the country.

If we—who have been suspected for our honesty and censured for our zeal—we, who will love the country, though the country may not love us—if we be not called away in the morning of life, like our illustrious friend, Thomas Davis, our prophet and our guide—he whose integrity we shall ever strive to emulate, though his labors we may not equal—he whom it is but just to number amongst those of whom a glorious poet has written—

> "That as soon
> As they had touched the earth with living flame,
> Fled back like eagles to their native noon"—

if we be not called away as he has been—if it be our fate to live and witness the triumph, toiling for which he died—then shall we receive our recompense—a free young nation will look upon us in her glory, and bid us be glad of heart amongst her free sons—and when, at length, our time hath come, we shall sleep, not in the Desert, but in the Promised Land!

FREEDOM OF OPINION—MORALITY OF WAR.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, 28th July, 1846.

[The debate in the English Commons on the Irish Coercion bill was designedly prolonged, until the Corn and Tariff Bills received the assent of the Lords. The division on the second reading of the former (Thursday, June 25th,) out of a house of 511 members, gave a majority of 73 against the Ministers. Sir Robert Peel left the House immediately after the announcement of the vote. Monday 29th, in the House of Lords, after some explanation relative to the Oregon Territory, by the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Wellington announced the resignation of the Ministers. On the same evening, Sir Robert Peel announced the resignation in the Commons. In his speech on the occasion, he said that it was "especially in consequence of that vote to which the House came, on the Coercion bill, that the ministers felt it their duty to resign." "We were defeated," he said, "on a question connected with Ireland, but not merely because it was an Irish question." Alluding to the weakness of the ministry consequent on the opposition of the Protectionists, he observed:—"It is not for the public interest that a government should remain in office when it is unable to give practical effect to the measures they believe necessary for the national welfare; and I do think it probable, in the position in which Her Majesty's government were placed by the withdrawal, perhaps the natural withdrawal, of the confidence of many of those who heretofore had given them support, that even if the late vote had been in our favor, ministers would not have been able, with credit to themselves, to continue the administration of public affairs." He concluded—"I shall, I fear, leave office with a name severely censured by many honorable men who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of parties—who deeply regret that severance, not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe fidelity to party, the existence of a great party, and the maintenance of a great party, to be powerful instruments of govern-

ment. I shall surrender power, severely censured, I fear, by many honorable men, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principles of protection, but because they looked upon it as important to the welfare and interests of the country. I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist—who, professing honorable opinions, would maintain protection for his own individual benefit—but it may be that I shall be sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those places which are the abodes of men, whose lot is to labor and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." July 3d, the official list of the Whig Administration was published—Premier, Lord John Russell; Home Department, Sir George Grey; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl of Besborough; Commander in Chief, Duke of Wellington. July 16th, the Premier, giving notice of the general ministerial policy, with regard to Ireland, said "that the government were prepared to propose measures, which, though perhaps they might not remedy the immediate grievances of that country, would produce beneficial effects, so that, in the course of ten years, Ireland would be greatly improved," and was "prepared to propose for the people of Ireland an enjoyment of the franchise equal to that possessed by the people of England." The Whig government, moreover, came to the determination of reinstating the magistrates who had been dismissed from the commission of the peace, in consequence of their Repeal principles by the late administration. Mr. O'Connell considered this "another title in gratitude" to the Whigs. Mr. Richard Lalor Shiel, was appointed Master of the Mint, and consequently, had to resign his seat for the borough of Dungarvan, to enable him to sit again. Contrary to public expectation, and to the disappointment and dismay of all friends of the national cause, he was permitted to resume his seat, under the auspices of Mr. O'Connell, though candidates on the Repeal interest were willing to come forward, and a deputation from Dungarvan, had, some days previous to the election, urged upon the committee of the Repeal Association the necessity of a contest. July 13th, Mr. O'Connell, in the Repeal Association, having explained the proceeding of the Committee, relative to the return of Mr. Shiel, (to the complete satisfaction of his adherents,) proceeded to move the adoption of a series of resolutions, generally known as the "Peace Resolutions." These resolutions re-stated the original principles of the Association, but further declared "abhorrence of all attempts to improve and augment constitutional liberty by means of force, or violence, or bloodshed—that to promote political amelioration, peaceable means alone should be used, to the

exclusion of all others." Mr. O'Connell had no ostensible reason for introducing these resolutions, unless it was the statement of Lord John Russell (June 15th) in the House of Commons to the following effect:—"There is a numerous body in Ireland—numerous even among her representatives—which says that no legislation of a united parliament can devise fit remedies for Irish grievances, and that it is in a domestic parliament alone, that fit and wise legislation can be looked for. There are others, I fear, who, if I read rightly their sentiments, as expressed in a newspaper—I will name it—called the *Nation*, which has great circulation in Ireland, who go beyond that question of the legislative Union—who would write, not merely to have such a parliament as that which it was the boast of Grattan to found, and which legislated under the sceptre of the same Sovereign as the parliament of Great Britain, but a party which exerts every species of violence, which looks to disturbance as its means, and regards separation from England as its end." In fact, Mr. O'Connell, having cited this passage, (31st August) frankly admitted as much. "He (Lord J.) was not the man to put anything forward to serve a party purpose, and was it not time for him (Mr. O'C.) to take up the subject when he found his lordship saying that the *Nation* had a tendency to separation?" The tone, however, of the "Young Irelanders"—as the younger members of the Association were styled—with regard to the Whigs, and the temporising policy of the Repeal Association had become somewhat inconvenient to Mr. O'Connell. They were in his way—that was evident. They must be got rid of—that was equally clear. Yet it would not look well to exclude them on account of their opposition to the Whigs, and their efforts to maintain the integrity and independence of the Association. On the strength, therefore, of Lord John Russell's fictitious announcement of June 15th—without one word or act being cited against them to sustain the charge—they were accused of a design to introduce revolutionary ideas into the Repeal Association. They were perfectly ready to subscribe to the original principles of the Association, and to abide by all its rules and regulations; but, refused to concur in the abstract principle, "that the amelioration of political institutions ought not to be sought for by any other means than those which are perfectly peaceable, legal, and constitutional." Mr. O'Connell had foreseen this, and consequently, brought in these "Peace Resolutions," for the distinct purpose, as he himself avowed on the 13th July, of drawing "a marked line between Young Ireland and Old Ireland." After an angry discussion, which almost exclusively referred to

the election of Mr. Sheil, these resolutions were carried by an overwhelming majority. The members who dissented from them, however, did not feel called upon to retire, and consequently attended in their usual places on Monday, July 20th. Mr. O'Connell had returned to London with the belief, "that he had effectually composed all differences;" but finding, from the newspapers, that the "Young Irelanders"—whom he considered "virtually expelled"—were still in attendance at the meetings of the Association, he instructed his son, Mr. John O'Connell, to re-open the discussion on the "Peace Resolutions," with the view, in the first place, of clearly ascertaining, once for all, who were for them; and, in the second, of expelling all those who appeared opposed to them. On Monday, 27th July, the Lord Mayor of Dublin in the chair, the resolutions in question were again submitted to the Association. Mr. John O'Connell delivered a long and laborious speech in support of them. Some other members followed. The debate was resumed the following day. Mr. Mitchel replied to Mr. John O'Connell. The following speech was interrupted by the latter gentleman, because, "it was the strongest conviction on his (Mr. John O'C.'s) soul, that it would not be safe for the Association to allow him (Mr. Meagher) to proceed. He had no puzzle whatever, in saying, that the language of Mr. Meagher, was not language that could be safely listened to by the Association—that the sentiments he had avowed, were sentiments directly and diametrically opposed to the sentiments of that Association—and that, therefore, the Association must cease to exist, or Mr. Meagher cease to be a member of it." Mr. Smith O'Brien said, that "he could not allow the meeting to come to such a conclusion, without expressing his opinion, that the course of argument adopted by Mr. Meagher was perfectly fair and legitimate. He understood, they were invited to come there that day, for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman could continue to be a member of the Association, who entertained the opinion, conscientiously, that there were occasions which justified a nation in resorting to the sword for the vindication of its liberties. Mr. Meagher had distinctly stated, that he joined the Association for the purpose of obtaining Repeal by peaceful and moral means alone. But he does not consider, nor did he (Mr. O'B.) consider that, when they were invited to a discussion of that description, they were precluded from asserting the opinion which, after all, was involved in the discussion; and from submitting such reasons, as they felt themselves at liberty to submit to their fellow countrymen, in vindication of the opinions which had been

arraigned." Mr. John O'Connell still insisted, "that the language held by Mr. Meagher was most dangerous." A scene of great confusion took place, during which Mr. Smith O'Brien and several other gentlemen—convinced there was no longer any hope that freedom of opinion would be respected in the Association—left the meeting. Thus the "Secession" occurred.]

My Lord Mayor, I will commence as Mr. Mitchel concluded, by an allusion to the Whigs.

I fully concur with my friend, that the most comprehensive measures which the Whig minister may propose, will fail to lift this country up to that position which she has the right to occupy, and the power to maintain. A Whig minister, I admit, may improve the province—he will not restore the nation. Franchises, tenant-compensation bills, liberal appointments, may ameliorate—they will not exalt. They may meet the necessities—they will not call forth the abilities of the country. The errors of the past may be repaired—the hopes of the future will not be fulfilled. With a vote in one pocket, a lease in the other, and "full justice" before him at the petty sessions—in the shape of a "restored magistrate"—the humblest peasant may be told that he is free; but, my Lord, he will not have the character of a freeman—his spirit to dare, his energy to act. From the stateliest mansion, down to the poorest cottage in the land, the inactivity, the meanness, the debasement, which provincialism engenders, will be perceptible.

These are not the crude sentiments of youth, though the mere commercial politician, who has deduced his ideas of self-government from the table of imports and exports, may satirize them as such. Age has uttered them, my Lord, and the experience of eighty years has preached them to the people.

A few weeks since, and there stood up in the Court of Queen's Bench an old and venerable man, to teach the country the lessons he had learned in his youth beneath the portico of the

Irish Senate House, and which, during a long life, he had treasured in his heart, as the costliest legacy a true citizen could bequeath the land that gave him birth.

What said this aged orator?

"National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate, that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power, for advancement in the scale of national being, weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual, and mortality in the State."

My Lord, it was once said by an eminent citizen of Rome, the elder Pliny, that "we owe our youth and manhood to our country, but our declining age to ourselves." This may have been the maxim of the Roman—it is not the maxim of the Irish patriot. One might have thought, that the anxieties, the labors, the vicissitudes of a long career, had dimmed the fire which burned in the heart of the illustrious old man, whose words I have cited; but now, almost from the shadow of death, he comes forth with the vigor of youth and the authority of age, to serve the country—in the defence of which he once bore arms—by an example, my Lord, that must shame the coward, rouse the sluggard, and stimulate the bold. These sentiments have sunk deep into the public mind. They are recited as the national creed. Whilst these sentiments inspire the people, I have no fear for the national cause—I do not dread the venal influence of the Whigs.

Inspired by such sentiments, the people of this country will look beyond the mere redress of existing wrongs, and strive for the attainment of future power.

A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an

injured people; but a strong people alone can build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness. By an unnatural law it exempts a people from their just duties—their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not utterly destroy, that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfilment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil—it will not be prosperous. It may exist—it will not thrive. It may hold together—it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy—for peace and serfdom are compatible. But, my Lord, it will neither accumulate wealth, nor win a character. It will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants, nor instruct mankind by the examples of its statesmen.

I make these observations, for it is the custom of some moderate politicians to say, that when the Whigs have accomplished the "pacification" of the country, there will be little or no necessity for Repeal. My Lord, there is something else, there is everything else, to be done, when the work of "pacification" has been accomplished—and here it is hardly necessary to observe, that the prosperity of a country is, perhaps, the sole guarantee for its tranquillity, and that the more universal the prosperity, the more permanent will be the repose.

But the Whigs will enrich as well as pacify!

Grant it, my Lord. Then do I conceive that the necessity for Repeal will augment. Great interests demand great safeguards. The prosperity of a nation requires the protection of a senate. Hereafter a national senate may require the protection of a national army.

So much for the extraordinary affluence with which we are threatened; and which, it is said by gentlemen on the opposite shore of the Irish Sea, will crush this Association, and bury the enthusiasts, who clamor for Irish nationality, in a sepulchre of gold. This prediction, however, is feebly sustained by the ministerial programme that has lately appeared.

On the evening of the 16th, the Whig premier, in answer to a question that was put to him by the member for Finsbury, Mr. Duncombe, is reported to have made this consolatory announcement:—

"We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent—and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, some ten or twelve years hence, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevails in that country. We have that practical object in view."

After that most consolatory announcement, my Lord, let those who have the patience of Job and the poverty of Lazarus, continue in good faith "to wait on Providence and the Whigs"—continue to entertain "some kind of hope" that if not "a complete and immediate remedy," at least "some remedy," "some improvement," will place this country in "a far better state" than it is at present, "some ten or twelve years hence." After that, let those who prefer the periodical boons of a Whig government to that which would be the abiding blessing of an Irish parliament—let those who deny to Ireland what they assert for Poland—let those who would inflict, as Henry Grattan said, an eternal disability upon this country, to which Providence has assigned the largest facilities for power—let those who would ratify the "base swap,"

as Mr. Sheil once stigmatised the Act of Union, and who would stamp perfection upon that deed of perfidy—let such men

> "Plod on in sluggish misery,
> Rotting from sire to son, from age to age,
> Proud of their trampled nature."

But we, my Lord, who are assembled in this Hall, and in whose hearts the Union has not bred the slave's disease—we who have not been imperialized—we are here, with the hope to undo that work, which, forty-six years ago, dishonored the ancient peerage, and subjugated the people of our country.

My Lord, to assist the people of Ireland to undo that work, I came to this hall. I came here to repeal the Act of Union—I came here for nothing else. Upon every other question, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Upon questions of finance—questions of a religious character—questions of an educational character—questions of municipal policy—questions that may arise from the proceedings of the legislature—upon all these questions, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Yet more, my Lord, I maintain that it is my right to express my opinion upon each of these questions, if necessary. The right of free discussion I have here upheld. In the exercise of that right I have differed, sometimes, from the leader of this Association, and would do so again. That right I will not abandon—I shall maintain it to the last.

In doing so, let me not be told that I seek to undermine the influence of the leader of this Association, and am insensible to his services. My Lord, I am grateful for his services, and will uphold his just influence.

This is the first time I have spoken in these terms of that illustrious Irishman, in this hall. I did not do so before—I felt

it was unnecessary. I hate unnecessary praise—I scorn to receive it—I scorn to bestow it.

No, my Lord, I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my arms, whilst I was yet a child, and by whose influence, my father—the first Catholic who did so for two hundred years—sat, for the last two years, in the civic chair of an ancient city. But, my Lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down an odious ascendancy in this country, and enabled him to institute in this land the glorious law of religious equality—the same God gave to me a mind that is my own—a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinions of any man or any set of men—a mind that I was to use, and not surrender.

My Lord, in the exercise of that right, which I have here endeavored to uphold—a right which this Association should preserve inviolate, if it desires not to become a despotism—in the exercise of that right, I have differed from Mr. O'Connell on previous occasions, and differ from him now. I do not agree with him in the opinion he entertains of my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy—that man whom I am proud, indeed, to call my friend—though he is a "convicted conspirator," and suffered for you in Richmond prison. I do not think he is a "maligner." I do not think he has lost, or deserves to lose, the public favor.

I have no more connexion with the *Nation* than I have with the *Times*. I, therefore, feel no delicacy in appearing here this day in defence of its principles, with which I avow myself identified.

My Lord, it is to me a source of true delight and honest pride to speak this day in defence of that great journal. I do not fear to assume the position. Exalted though it be, it is easy to maintain it. The character of that journal is above reproach. The ability that sustains it, has won a European fame. The genius of which it is the offspring, the truth of which it is the oracle, have

been recognized, my Lord, by friends and foes. I care not how it may be assailed—I care not howsoever great may be the talent, howsoever high may be the position of those who now consider it their duty to impeach its writings—I do think that it has won too splendid a reputation, to lose the influence it has acquired. The people, whose enthusiasm has been kindled by the impetuous fire of its verse, and whose sentiments have been ennobled by the earnest purity of its teaching, will not ratify the censure that has been pronounced upon it in this Hall. Truth will have its day of triumph, as well as its day of trial; and I foresee that the fearless patriotism which, in those pages, has braved the prejudices of the day, to enunciate grand truths, will triumph in the end.

My Lord, such do I believe to be the character, such do I anticipate will be the fate, of the principles that are now impeached.

This brings me to what may be called the "question of the day."

Before I enter upon that question, however, I will allude to one observation which fell from the honorable member for Kilkenny, and which may be said to refer to those who expressed an opinion that has been construed into a declaration of war.

The honorable gentleman said—in reference, I presume, to those who dissented from the resolutions of Monday—that those who were loudest in their declarations of war, were usually the most backward in acting up to those declarations. My Lord, I do not find fault with the honorable gentleman for giving expression to a very ordinary saying, but this I will say, that I did not volunteer the opinion he condemns—to the declaration of that opinion I was forced. You left me no alternative—I should compromise my opinion, or avow it. To be honest, I avowed it. I did not do so to brag, as they say. We have had too much of that "bragging" in Ireland. I would be the last to imitate the custom.

Well, I dissented from those "peace resolutions"—as they are called.

Why so?

In the first place, my Lord, I conceive there was not the least necessity for them.

No member of this Association suggested an appeal to arms. No member of this Association advised it. No member of this Association would be so infatuated as to do so. In the existing circumstances of the country, an excitement to arms would be senseless—and wicked, because irrational. To talk, now-a-days, of repealing the Act of Union by force of arms, would be to rhapsodize. If the attempt were made, it would be a decided failure. There might be riot in the street—there would be no revolution in the country.

The Secretary, Mr. Crean, will far more effectively promote the cause of Repeal, by registering votes in Green-street, than registering fire-arms in the Head police-office. Conciliation Hall, on Burgh-quay, is more impregnable than a rebel camp, on Vinegar Hill. The Hustings, at Dundalk, will be more successfully stormed, than the Magazine in the Park. The registry club, the reading-room, the polling-booth, these are the only positions in the country we can occupy. Voters' certificates, books, pamphlets, newspapers, these are the only weapons we can employ.

Therefore, my Lord, I cast my vote in favour of the peaceful policy of this Association. It is the only policy we can adopt. If that policy be pursued with truth, with courage, with fixed determination of purpose, I firmly believe it will succeed.

But, my Lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first—I now come to the second.

I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times, when arms will alone suffice, and when political amelio-

rations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honourable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for, in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson

light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium —scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My Lord, I honour the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies.——

IRISH CONFEDERATION—NATIONAL UNION.

Rotunda, Dublin, 13th January, 1847.

[The Repealers who refused to be bound by the resolutions of July 13th, and who considered that the Repeal Association was not favorable to the free expression of opinion, had so increased in numbers that they held a meeting on the 13th of January, 1847, in the Rotunda, Dublin, and established the Irish Confederation, "for the purpose of protecting the national interests and obtaining the Legislative Independence of Ireland, by the force of opinion, by the combination of all classes of Irishmen, and by the exercise of all the political, social, and moral influences within their reach." The Confederates "disclaimed all antagonism with the Repeal Association" and only desired to make for themselves "a separate sphere of activity" in which they would strive for independence "in the way that seemed to them best suited to attain it." They were opposed to office-seeking on the part of persons professing nationality. Mr. O'Connell had encouraged this practice in the Repeal Association. So late as the 3d of August, 1846, he said:—"There were a great many young men of talent—Repealers in principle—who were afraid to join the Association lest they should thereby deprive themselves of the chance of obtaining the honors and dignities of their professions. I am happy to be able to say that I have reason to know it is the opinion of Lord Besborough" (the new Whig Lord Lieutenant,) "that the fact of a man's being a Repealer is no reason at all for excluding him from office. Young Ireland," continued Mr. O'C., "stands up, and opposes those who take office under the government by calling them 'apostates.'" At the inauguration of the Irish Confederation, the Council of that body embodied, in the following resolution, their opposition to place-hunting:—"That the basis and essence of 'The Irish Confederation' shall be absolute independence of all English parties; and that any member of the Council accepting or soliciting, for himself or others, an office of emolument under any government, not pledged to effect the Repeal of the Union, shall thereupon be removed from the council."——

Progress of Famine :—In August, the ravages of the second blight were felt in every county of Ireland. The potato fields looked as withered as if in November, and the esculents were nearly all past man's use. The people of the Barony of Burrishoole (Co. Mayo,) were in actual starvation—from Sligo deplorable accounts of the blight were daily heard—in Galway, the potato was not only stunted, but quite black—in the Loughrea Market, with a moderate supply, potatoes, selling at 6d. in the morning, went at 4½d. in the evening, for they could not be kept—in Erne potatoes were selling for 1d. per stone. Pigs refused to eat them. In Tipperary serious fears were entertained that there would be a greater scarcity than last year. In Cork the potato crop was considered as literally annihilated. The journals in Limerick, Clare, and Waterford, continued to receive the most alarming accounts of the blight. It was considered more destructive than in 1845. In some districts of Clare the stench from the potato was "most sickening." In the latter county, fields, which at night appeared healthy, were withered before dawn. In Wexford, the renewed calamity was everywhere visible. In Belfast, the fields were either partially or totally blasted—in Derry, few fields were found without the indications of disease. In Tyrone, Donegal, Antrim, total destruction was anticipated. Occurrences like the following were not confined to any one locality. It is given by Rev. Richard Henry, Islandeady, county Mayo. "Patrick McLaughlin, of Knockbawn, in this parish, was ordered by the relief committee, on the 22d October, a labor ticket, in consequence of my earnest representations of his starving condition. By some untoward neglect upon the part of those whose duty it was to issue it, the ticket was withheld from the 22d to the 26th or 27th—the man and his wife and five young children not having a morsel to put in their mouths in the interval. On the morning of Friday, the 28th, the poor man produced his ticket, and went to labor on the public works. He got no pay for the first three days' labor, and in the meantime *his wife died from actual starvation.* Unable to purchase a coffin, the husband held over the remains of his wife for upwards of forty-eight hours, but, yet anxious to procure food for the children, he went the two days to work, and spent the night in sorrowing over the dead. The heart-rending tale at length reaching the ears of the clergy an interment took place by night, in order that the children might not suffer by their father's absence from work in the day-time." The same clergyman stated, that at least 3,000 persons in his parish "subsisted almost entirely on cabbage, chicken weed, and other noxious substitutes for food."

December 2d, a large body of people, consisting of about five or six thousand, entered Listowel, in the county Kerry, shouting out "bread or blood," and proceeded in great excitement to attack the workhouse. The parish priest threw himself into the midst of the multitude, but failing in his endeavors to quiet the starving people, he fainted, overcome with exertion and nervous apprehension. An immediate appeal from the spectators to the hungry rioters, of "did they mean to kill the priest," seconded by the sight of the exhausted pastor, suddenly calmed them, and they departed quietly. In December, relief meetings were held in various parts of the country. The attention of the public mind had been drawn for some time to the dreadful state of Skibbereen, in the county Cork. Among the very many letters which, coming from persons of property and position, attracted attention, none created a more painful interest and alarm than the following, written by one of the county justices of Cork:

To His Grace, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington:

"My Lord Duke—Without apology or preface, I presume so far as to trespass on Your Grace to state to you, and by the use of your illustrious name, to present to the British public the following statement of what I *have myself seen within the last three days.*

"Having for many years been intimately connected with the western portion of the county Cork, and possessing some small property there, I thought it right personally to investigate the truth of the several lamentable accounts which had reached me of the appalling state of misery to which that part of the country was reduced.

"I accordingly went, on the 15th inst., to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situate on the eastern side of Castlehaven Harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlets apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse cloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found, by

a low moaning, that they were alive—*they were in fever;* four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the detail; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such phantoms, such frightful spectres as no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

"In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavor to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neckcloth was seized from behind by a gripe which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman, with an infant apparently *just born* in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning, the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, *half devoured by the rats.*

"A mother, herself in fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about 12, perfectly naked, and leave it half-covered with stones. In another house, within 500 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying, unable to move, under the same cloak. *One had been dead many hours*, but the *others were unable to remove either themselves or the corpse.*

"To what purpose should I multiply such cases? If these be not sufficient, neither would they hear who have the power to send relief, and do not, even 'though one came from the dead.' Let them, however, believe, and tremble, that they shall one day hear the Judge of all the earth pronounce their tremendous doom, with the addition, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat, thirsty, and ye gave me no drink, naked, and ye clothed me not.'

"Once more, my Lord Duke, in the name of starving thousands, I implore you to break the flimsy chain of official etiquette, and save the land of your birth, the kindred of that gallant Irish blood which you have so often seen lavished to support the honor of the British name, and let there be inscribed upon your tomb—'*Servata Hibernia.*'

"I have the honor to be, my Lord Duke, your Grace's obedient, humble servant,

"N. M. CUMMINS, J. P.

"Arm Mount, Cork, Dec. 17, 1846.

While the country was in this deplorable and startling condition, the exports from Ireland into Great Britain, for the quarter ending July 5th, 1846, by two returns made to the House of Commons, were:—Of the first account, wheat, 59,478 quarters; barley, 18,417 ditto; oats, 245,067 ditto; flour, 242,257 cwts.; oatmeal, 138,241 ditto. The second gave—oxen, bulls, and cows, 33,850; calves, 1,923; sheep and lambs, 56,669; swine, 124,762. 14,639 barrels of oats were exported from Limerick to London and Glasgow, the third week of November, at the same time that £210 duty was paid on the importation of Indian corn. From the same port, 47,000 firkins of butter were shipped from 1st May. Extraordinary presentment sessions were held in October to create works to employ the poor. In Galway, £48,642 was voted for this purpose; in Taghmon, county Wexford, £10,500; in Gorey, same county, £13,439; in Monaghan, £16,000; in Killarny, county Kerry, £45,000; Kenmare, same county, £30,000; in Castletown Roche, county Cork, £46,846; Buttevant, same county, £12,000; in Kilkenny, £8,630 2s. 4d.; Kilmaganagh, county Tipperary, £4,000; in Innis, county Clare, £3,500; Connello Lower, county Limerick, £40,000; in the Town of Galway, £30,000; in Inniscarthy, county Wexford, £20,000; Middlethird, county Tipperary, £20,000; Sneem, county Kerry, £20,000; in Bally Adams, county Meath, £3,270. In other places, larger or smaller sums of money were voted. As far back as August, there was a very general movement amongst the Irish landed proprietors, to press on government the necessity of applying this money to the development of the resources of the land rather than to public works of an unproductive nature—a suggestion which originated with Mr. William Monsell, Deputy Lieutenant of the county Limerick. About thirty Irish Peers—including the Marquis of Sligo, Lords Westmeath, Mountcashel, and Cloncurry—and a considerable number of gentry had already signed a requisition calling a meeting in the city of Dublin for the purpose. Meetings of the landholders, magistrates, clergy, &c., were held in Kerry and Westmeath seconding the proposed movement. January 14th, 1847, a meeting of Irish Peers, Commoners, and landed proprietors, of all creeds and parties, convened by the requisition alluded to, took place in the Rotunda, Dublin. Fifteen peers attended, twenty six members of Parliament, thirty-one baronets and knights, sixty-six deputy lieutenants of counties, fifty-two justices of the peace. Letters approving of the purpose of the meeting, and of apology for non-attendance, were read from the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Glengall, Lord

Kilmaine, the Hon. Fred. Shaw, Sir E. Hayes, Sir Gerald Aylmer, General Conyngham, and others. The Marquis of Ormonde presided. In opening the meeting, referring to the peculiar construction of the assemblage, where all shades of politics were blended, he said—"the exertion of every man would be required to meet the crisis, and consider some plan to feed their starving countrymen." Sir Montagu Chapman, Bart., placing before the meeting the reasons of the "Reproductive Committee" for issuing their circular, said that—"the present system of supplying food having been a complete failure, the awful condition of the people called for more energetic measures than those which had been adopted, and that those measures should be laid before the Legislature, with the authority of that meeting, to have them adopted. They believed that the shipping of the country should be employed in bringing food to its shores, and that the rules of commerce should be interrupted in some degree, and made auxiliary to the means of saving the people. Sugar should be substituted for grain in the distilleries—the present means of employment were quite inadequate to provide for the extent of destitution—the evil was of greater magnitude, when it was considered that the employment given on the internal communications of the country, for some time in progress, were the means of wasting the national resources; and they called for an immediate stoppage of such a course of employment. The committee pointed attention to the want of seed, and the neglect of agriculture." Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, M.P., said, that "they would permit no minister—whatever his politics—to try a crude experiment of legislation on Irish interests—the people bear their sufferings with extraordinary patience." Mr. O'Connell followed, and agreed with every word spoken by the previous speaker. "Work," said he, "can be had by many of the people, but what do the wages given for labor signify, if the people cannot procure food even for money? In one district, upwards of £6000 had been paid in wages, but there was not two pence worth of provisions in that district." Mr. Dillon Croker, D.L., dwelt on the extreme destitution of the country. Mr. Bernal Osborne, M. P., wished to know "if the government adhered to their notions of political economy, were the Irish members prepared to declare their want of confidence in the government. Nothing could make him support any government which should persevere in maintaining such unsound and cruel doctrines as those enunciated and carried into effect by that now in office." The Earl of Erne referring to the Irish landlords,

described their position as not being on the edge of a precipice, but half down it." He proposed a resolution to the effect "that before and beyond all other considerations is the salvation of the lives of the people; and we therefore deem it our solemn duty, the present system having signally failed, to call upon the government in the most imperative terms to take such measures as will secure local supplies of food sufficient to keep the people alive; and to sacrifice any quantity of money that may be necessary to attain that object, declaring, as we do, that any neglect or delay in that matter will render the government responsible for the safety of the people of Ireland, who must perish in multitudes unless supplied with food. We further call upon the government to remove all artificial impediments to the supply, by the temporary suspension of the Navigation laws and the duties on the importation of corn: and also to facilitate that importation by permitting such vessels of her Majesty's navy, as can be spared, to be employed in the transport of provisions. That we recommend that Relief Committees should be allowed to sell food under first cost to destitute." Mr. Charles A. Walker, D.L., Co. Wexford, regretted to state, that Wexford, "which hitherto had been the 'model county' of Ireland, was in similar destitution. He did not believe that there was one month's provisions in that county." In a resolution moved by Lord Bernard, the meeting though entirely acquiescing in the justice of imposing upon the land the repayment of all money advanced for reproductive purposes, solemnly protested, in the name of the owners and occupiers of land in Ireland, against the principle of charging exclusively on their property the money which they had been forced to waste on unproductive works. They could not look upon the destruction of the people's staple food in any other light, than as an "imperial calamity," and claimed as a right, "that the burden of it should fall on the Empire, and not on Ireland alone." Lord Farnham felt great pleasure in taking a part at the present meeting. He alluded to the distress in Cavan, and moved that "depôts for the sale of seeds be opened by government, as they had heard that much land lay unprepared owing to the poverty of the occupants." It was the opinion of Major Blackall that the paramount object, was the sowing of the land. Resolutions were moved by the Earl of Milltown, Lord Milton, Hon. Robert Tighe, Mr. B. Osborne, Sir George Hudson, Mr. Bourke of Hayes, and others, setting forth at length the following proposition:—That the whole energies of the State should be applied to the absorption of surplus labor; to the affording facilities for private employment. That to absorb

surplus labor, and, at the same time, to increase the food of the country piers and harbors for fishing purposes, and model curing-houses, with salt depôts attached, should be established along the coast. That with the like object of absorbing labor, and increasing our food supplies, a systematic plan be adopted for the reclamation of waste lands throughout the country. That in every such system an option should be given to the proprietors of waste land. That the Drainage act should be simplified and consolidated. That tenants for life, and other proprietors, should be allowed to obtain public loans for other permanent improvements besides drainage. That the laws which regulate the management of estates should be revised.——Allusion is made at the close of the accompanying speech to the celebrated statue of O'Connell, by Hogan. It stands with those of Henry Grattan, Lucas, and Drummond, under the dome of the Royal Exchange, Dublin. Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout) writing to the London *Daily News*, from Rome, April 18, 1845, thus describes this noble work of art: "John Hogan's colossal statue of Mr. O'Connell is a tremendous figure, twelve feet in vertical height, carved from a spotless block of white Serravezza marble; it produces an effect of unmixed and unaffected grandeur. Dignity of attitude, consciousness of power, and indomitable energy, are in the extended arm and protruded leg of the orator. There is a slight shadow of sadness, with a half-suppressed twinkle of roguery perceptible in the countenance. It is the very image of the man. The gigantic folds of the broadly-flung mantle are in the boldest style of masterly art, and there stands no pedestal in the British islands bearing a statue in marble of such dimensions, at all approaching the merit of this work."——An interesting incident occurred during the procession of the Pope to the church of St. John Lateran in Rome, 8th November, 1846. At the church of St. Clement's, memorable on many accounts, and now possessed by a few Irish friars, considerable surprise was felt by the crowd, and expressed by the Papal cavalcade, on seeing a large green banner flying from the portico, bearing a harp uncrowned. This circumstance is also noticed.]

Sir, there was a levee at the Castle this morning. Gentlemen went there to pay their respects to the representative of royalty. We have met here this night, to testify our allegiance to liberty.

I will not inquire which is the more honorable act, but I think the latter the more useful. Where a court resides, a parliament

should sit. A court without a senate, can do little for the public good—it may do much to the public detriment. The court of the province may distribute favors, and teach a propriety of demeanor. The senate of the free nation distributes blessings, and inspires the community with virtue.

Little did the poet-hero of Missolonghi, when he passionately rebuked the homage that was paid a sceptred profligate in this city, twenty-five years since—little did he imagine that, at this day, his words would be so disastrously fulfilled—

> "The Castle still stands, though the Senate's no more,
> And the famine, which dwelt on her freedomless crags,
> Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.
> To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands
> For a moment to gaze ere he flies from her hearth;
> Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
> For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth."

Sir, the Castle has been preserved whilst the Senate has been destroyed, and the blood and poison, in which it was destroyed, have given birth to a hideous famine.

When the English minister introduced the Act of Union into the English Commons, he did not venture to justify his scheme upon the inability of a domestic parliament to legislate beneficially for Ireland. The prosperity of the nation—to which Lord Clare, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Grattan, and several other members, bore testimony in the Irish Commons—and to which Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Burdett bore testimony in the English Commons—this prosperity was so obvious, and so distinctly traceable to the efficient legislation of the Irish parliament, that some other argument, besides that of incapacity, should be urged for its destruction.

The minister admitted the good that had been done—admitted the commerce that had thriven, the arts that had flourished, the eminent position that had been attained by the country, with the

wise assistance of her parliament. He did not charge that parliament with incapacity, for the evidences of capacity met him in the face. He did not charge that parliament with the corruption of its last moments, for his was the hand that planted death, where once the sword of the Volunteer had infused vitality. He did not charge that parliament with those grievous defects which impaired its character, but which, we must assert, were rather the defects of the age than the defects of the institution. No; he advanced a more serious charge, and appealed from the virtue to the avarice of the people.

The Irish parliament was arraigned for standing between the people of Ireland and the blessings of English connexion.

"You have prospered," said the minister, "under a native parliament. Accept a foreign parliament, and your prosperity will amaze. Incorporate the countries, and you incorporate their interests. Participate in the imperial labors, and you participate in the imperial profits. Recognise London as your chief city, and your nobility will be identified with the proudest patricians in Europe. Consolidate the exchequers, and in the periods of distress which, through the dispensations of heaven, await all nations, you will experience the munificence of the empire. Consolidate the exchequers, and you will revel in the treasures of the colonies. Consolidate the exchequers, and you will feast with us upon the spoils of India. You now stand alone—you require a guardian. The ambition of France will drive her bayonets against your shore, and the island will be gazetted as the property of the stranger. Unite with us, and you may defy the Corsican—unite with us, and you may defy the world—unite with us, and as we ascend a height on which the Roman soldier never trod, from which the Spanish merchant never gazed, you will accompany us in our march, and the states that will bend in recognition of our power, will admire your wisdom, and be dazzled with your wealth!"

Sir, in what year, since the enactment of the Union, will the disciples of William Pitt find the fulfilment of that promise?

In 1801, when the English parliament visited this country with an insurrection act? In 1803, when that parliament imposed martial law? In 1807, when the insurrection act of 1801 is renewed, continuing in force until 1810? In 1814, when, for a third time, the insurrection act of 1801 is renewed, and inflicted up to 1824? In 1836, when the Chancellor of England spurns you as aliens in language, in religion, and in blood? In 1839, when you claimed equal franchises with the people of England, and were denied them by the Whig secretary for Ireland? In 1843, when a minister of the Crown declares, that concession has reached its limits, and an assassin proclamation proscribes your right of petition? In 1846, when the coercion bill is levelled against your liberties, and the arms act is re-introduced by the Whigs? In 1847, when the Treasury confiscates the island, and famine piles upon it a pyramid of coffins?

A lie! exclaims the broken manufacturer. A lie! protests the swindled landlord. A lie! shouts the haggard tenant of the Liberties. A lie! a lie! shrieks the skeleton from the hovels of Skibbereen.

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Bushe, speaking on the Act of Union, in the Irish Commons—"depend upon it, a day of reckoning will come—posterity will overhaul this transaction."

Sir, the day of reckoning has come—posterity overhauls the base transaction! The right which national pride had not the virtue to assert—the right which national enterprise had not the spirit to demand—a national calamity has now the fortunate terror to enforce. Heretofore, the right of self-government was claimed as an instrument to ameliorate. Now it is claimed as an instrument to save. Heretofore, it was claimed that the people might be gifted with the franchise. Now it is claimed that the people may have the privilege of bread.

We demand from England this right. We demand the restoration of our parliament, and we demand it, not as a remote, but as

an immediate measure. It is the only true measure of relief. The pestilence came from Heaven, but the inability of the country to mitigate that pestilence, we ascribe to the cupidity of man.

England, in her lust of empire, has deprived us of those large means, that social wealth, that manufacturing capital, which would have enabled our country to meet the necessities of this dark crisis. The Union, as you have been often told, has wrought the ruin of your trade, your manufactures, your arts. It has sanctioned, if it has not compelled, absenteeism. It has beggared the mechanic. It now starves the peasant. It has destroyed your home market. It has taken from you the power to devote the resources of the country to the wants of the people. You have no control over those resources. They are forbidden fruit. You dare not touch them.

If this be not so, why is your export trade so flourishing, whilst your import trade expires? If this be not so, how comes it that the absentee crams his coffer, whilst the sexton fills the churchyard? If this be not so, how comes it that your city quays are thronged, whilst the village street is desolate? If this be not so, how comes it that whilst the merchant ship bears away the harvest from your shore, the parish bier conveys the reaper to his grave?

Sir, England has bound this island hand and foot. The island is her slave. She robs the island of its food, for it has not the power to guard it. If the island does not break its fetter—England will write its epitaph.

I hold in my hand a statement of Irish exports from the 1st of August to the 1st of January. From this statement you will perceive that England seizes on our food, whilst death seizes on our people:—

Total export of provisions from the ports of Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Belfast, from the 1st of August, 1846, to the 1st of January, 1847: Pork, barrels, 37,123; bacon, flitches, 222,608;

butter, firkins, 388,455; hams, hhds., 1,971; beef, tierces, 2,555; wheat, barrels, 48,526; oats, barrels, 443,232; barley, barrels, 12,029; oatmeal, cwts., 7,210; flour, cwts., 144,185; pigs, 44,659; cows, 9,007; sheep, hhds., 10,288.

Yet, this is what the English economist would designate the prosperity of Ireland. From this table, Lord Monteagle would expatiate for nights upon the benefits of English connexion. From this table, Mr. Montgomery Martin would prove, with the keenest precision, the advantages to Ireland of the legislative Union. From this table, Mr. Macaulay—who threatened us with a civil war in the name of the Whigs, and was answered by the honorable member for Limerick, as a man who threatened military despotism should be always answered—from this table, Mr. Macaulay would surely conclude that Irish opulence was a sound reality—that Irish famine was a factious metaphor.

But, Sir, I shall dwell no longer upon the dismal theme. For a moment, let us forget the famine—"if possible, let the bitter cup pass away."

It is difficult, indeed, to close our eyes to the horror. Go where you will, and you must face it. Go to the church—in the pulpit it stands beside the priest, and recounts to him its havoc. Go to the social board, and there it sits, and chills the current of the soul. Amid the radiant scenery of my native South its shadow falls, and scares you from the mountain and the glen.

But you have vowed to win the freedom of your country, and you must wail no more. The voice of Ireland has been too sad. Had it been more stern, it would have been obeyed long since. For the future we must not supplicate, but demand—we must not entreat, but enforce. We must insist upon the right of this country to govern herself, with the firmness which the importance of the right demands, and which the power of our opponent necessitates.

Urge that right, then, on higher grounds than those on which it has been hitherto implored. Demand it, not merely to redress wrongs, but to acquire power. Demand it, as the right which a nation must possess if it ambitions fortune, and aspires to station.

Deprived of this right, the nation is destitute of self-reliance. Destitute of this fine virtue, the nation has no inward strength, no inherent influence. Through the bounty of the ruling state it may exist, but a nation thus sustained, is sustained by a hand from without, not by a soul from within. Should it derive prosperity from this source, the nation, I maintain, is yet more enslaved. It loses all faith in its own faculties, and is soothed and pampered into debasement. The spirit of the freeman no longer acts—the gratitude of the slave destroys it. Sustained by the bounty—participating in the minor rights of the predominant country—it may become a useful appendage to that country—waste its blood for the supremacy of a Union Flag—gild an Imperial Senate with its purchased genius—be visited by the Sovereign—be flattered by the minister—be eulogised in the journals of the Empire—but, Sir, such a country will have no true prosperity—will occupy no high position—will exhibit no great virtues—will accomplish no great acts—it may fatten in its fetters—it will write no name in history!

To depend upon the honor of another country, is to depend upon her will; and to depend upon the will of another country, is the definition of slavery.

This was the doctrine of Henry Grattan. Let it be our motto. Union with England for no purpose—union with England for no price—union with England on no terms!

Let them extend the franchise—reclaim the waste lands—promote the coast fisheries—improve their drainage acts—ay! let them vote their millions to check the starvation with which we charge them—the Union Act must be repealed. No foreign hand

can bestow the prosperity which a national soul has the power to create. No gift can compensate a nation for its liberty.

This was the sentiment of Mr. Foster, who declared, that if England could give up all her revenue, and all her trade to Ireland, he would not barter for them the free constitution of his country. This was the sentiment of Mr. Plunket, when he denounced the Union as a barter of liberty for money, and pronounced the nation that would enter into such a traffic, for any advantage whatsoever, to be criminal and besotted. This was the sentiment of Mr. O'Connell, in 1800, when, speaking for the Catholics, he declared, that if emancipation was offered for their consent to the measure, they would reject it with prompt indignation—that if the alternative were offered them, of the Union, or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, they would prefer the latter, without hesitation, as the lesser and more sufferable evil.

Sir, we must act in the spirit of these sentiments. We must rescue the country from the control of every English minister. It was our boast, in 1843, that Ireland was the difficulty of Sir Robert Peel. Let us be just in 1847, and make it the difficulty of Lord John Russell.

It is time for us to prefer the freedom of our country to the patronage of the crown. Ireland has suffered more from the subserviency of her sons than from the dictation of her foes. "Liberal appointments" have pleased us too much. Amongst us, the Tapers and the Tadpoles have been too numerous a class—the patriots who believe that the country will be saved if they receive from £600 to £1,200 a year.

Give me a resident nobility, a resident gentry, an industrious population. Give me a commerce to enrich the country, and a navy to protect that commerce. Give me a national flag, to inspire the country with a proper pride, and a national militia to defend that flag. Give me, for my country, these great faculties,

these great attributes, and I care not who wears the ermine in the Queen's Bench—I care not who officiates in the Castle-yard—I care not who adjudicates in the Police Office—I care not who the high sheriff of the county may be—I care not who the beadle of the parish may be. If there exist social evils in the country, there will be a national legislature to correct them; and even if that legislature has not the power to correct those evils, the blessings, which it is sure to confer, will more than counteract them.

The resolution I propose will pledge us to an absolute independence of all English parties, and exclude from the Irish Confederation any member of the Council who will accept or solicit an office of emolument under any government not pledged to Repeal.

It gives me sincere delight to move this resolution. I know you will adopt it—I am confident you will act up to it boldly.

Public men have said, the cause of Repeal is strengthened by Repealers taking places. I maintain that the cause is weakened. The system decimates the ranks. In 1843, where were the Repealers who assumed the official garb after the movement of 1834?

Repealers, occupying office, may not abandon their opinions, but they withdraw their services. It is impossible to serve two masters. You cannot serve the minister who is pledged to maintain the Union, and serve the people who are pledged to repeal it. Will a report on the financial grievances, inflicted by the Union, accompany a Treasury minute from London? Will you get a farthing a week, a penny a month, a shilling a year, from the Mint? Will a Repeal pamphlet issue from the Board of Works? The Trojans fought the Greeks, through the streets of Troy, in Grecian armour. Will the Repealers fight the Whigs, upon the hustings, with Whig favors in their pockets? Recollect, the Union was carried by Irishmen receiving English gold. Depend upon it, the same system will not accelerate its repeal.

Sir, we must have an end of this place-begging. The task we

have assumed is a serious one. To accomplish it well, our energies must have full play. The trappings of the Treasury will restrict them more than the shackles of the prison. State liveries usually encumber men, and detain them at the Castle gates. Not a doubt of it, we shall work the freer when we wear no royal harness.

To the accomplishment of this great task, we earnestly invite all ranks and parties in the country. It is not the cause of Radicalism. It is not the cause of Sectarianism. It is the cause of Ireland—a noble cause—a cause in which the Irish peer should feel as deeply interested as the Irish peasant—in which the Irish Protestant should join hands with the Irish Catholic—in which the Irish Conservative should link himself with the Irish Radical.

Sir, I will not appeal to the Irish peer, for I am not his equal. Yet I will tell him, that to act as the hereditary peer of this ancient kingdom, would be a more honorable distinction than to serve as an elected peer in the parliament of that country, which has usurped his ancestral right. In England, where there resides the proudest nobility in the world—a nobility that would not yield to the Contarini of Venice, to the Colonna of Rome, to the Montmorenci of France—the Irish peer is a powerless subordinate. In Ireland, his native land, he would have no superior in rank. Had he virtue and ability, he would have no superior in power.

I will not appeal to the Irish landlord, for I have no land. Yet I will tell him, that he has too long sacrificed the interests of Ireland, little knowing, that, by so doing, he sacrificed his own, and that now, to save his property, he must save the country—to save the country, he must assert her freedom.

But, Sir, I will appeal to the Irish Protestant who keeps aloof, for I am his brother. Let not the altar stand between us and our freedom. Let not the history of the past be the prophecy of the future.

Even in that history, his eye will glance on brighter chapters than those which chronicle the defence of Derry, or the triumph of Aughrim.

On the 4th day of November, 1779, the Protestant Volunteers of this city and county met in College-green, and piled their arms round the statue of King William. They met round the statue of that King—whom the Irish Protestant has been vainly taught to worship and the Irish Catholic wantonly to execrate—they met round that statue, not to revive the factions of the Boyne—not that the waters of that river should sweep away again the shattered banner of the Catholic—but that those waters might float for ever the commerce of a free nation.

Protestant citizens! cultivate the fine virtues of that period—embrace the faith of which Molyneux was the bold apostle—renounce the supremacy of England—abjure the errors of provincialism. Let not the dread of Catholic ascendancy deter you. If such an ascendancy were preached, here is one hand that would be clenched against it. Yes, here are four thousand arms to give it battle!

And now I will appeal to the young men of Ireland—for I am one of that proscribed class. A noble mission is open to them—let them accept it with enthusiasm, and fulfil it with integrity. If they do so, the independence of the nation will be restored, and they themselves shall win a righteous fame. A free nation will vote them to her senate in their maturer years, and when they die, upon their tombs will be inscribed that nation's gratitude.

Let not the sneers of those, in whose hearts no generous impulse throbs, in whose minds no lofty purpose dwells, deter them from the task. Men who have grown selfish amid the insincerities of society, who have grown harsh from the buffets of the world, will bid them mind their business—their profession. Sir, our country is our dearest object—to win its freedom is our first duty.

It is not the decree of heaven, I believe, that the sympathies of the young heart, the abilities with which most young minds are gifted, should be narrowed to the trade we follow, the profession we pursue. These sympathies are too large, these abilities too strong, to be narrowed to the purposes of a sordid egotism. They were so conferred, that they might embrace the island, and be the ramparts of its liberty. To us, the God of heaven has thus been good, not that we should "crawl from the cradle to the grave"—doing nothing for mankind—but that we should so act, as to leave a memory behind us, for the good to bless, and the free to glorify.

Sir, were I to rely upon the effect which my words might have, I should indeed despair. Youth, which brings with it an energy to act, seldom confers authority; and if the appeals, which its enthusiasm dictates, sometimes have the fortune to move, it more frequently happens that the rashness, of which it is susceptible, has the effect to deter. But the revolution of opinion, which now shakes society in Ireland, gives me true hope.

"I believe that Ireland will soon be called upon to govern herself," said Mr. Delmege in the Music Hall. "Ireland shall govern herself"—so insists the people.

Sir, you who are the descendant of an Irish king—go to the English Commons, and tell the English Commons what you have seen this night. Tell the English Commons, that in this Hall—a spot sacred to the people of Ireland, for here, in 1793, the Convention sat, with a mitred reformer at its head—sacred to them, for here, in 1845, their civic chiefs made solemn oath, that the independence of the country should be restored—sacred to them, for here, in 1847, has been consecrated the sanctuary of free opinion—tell the English Commons, Sir, that here four thousand citizens assembled on this night, to decide the destiny of the Union. Tell the English Commons, that these citizens decide that the destiny of the Union shall be the destruction of the Union.

Should the minister ask you why is this, tell the minister that the Union sentences the country to ruin, and that the country will not submit to be ruined. Should the minister assure you, that, for the future, there shall be a fair Union and not a false Union—"a real Union and not a parchment Union"—tell the minister that we shall have no Union, be it for better or for worse. Tell the minister, Sir, that a new race of men now act in Ireland—men who will neither starve as the victims, nor serve as the vassals of the Empire.

Have I spoken your sentiments—have I announced your determination truly?

Yes, the spirit that nerved the Red Hand of Ulster—the spirit that made the walls of Limerick impregnable, and forced the conquerors of the Boyne to negotiate by the waters of the Shannon—the spirit that dictated the letters of Swift and the instructions of Lucas—the spirit that summoned the armed missionaries of freedom to the altar of Dungannon, and gave to Charlemont a dignity his accomplishments would never have attained—the spirit that touched with fire the tongue of Grattan, and endowed his words with the magic of the sword—the spirit that sanctified the scaffold of the Geraldine, and bade the lyre of Moore vibrate through the world—the spirit that called forth the genius of Davis from the cloisters of Old Trinity, and which consecrates his grave—the spirit that at this day, in the city of the Pontiff, unfurls the flag of Sarsfield, and animates the Irish sculptor as he bids the marble speak the passion of the Irish Tribune—this spirit—which the bayonet could not drive back—which the bribe could not satiate—which misfortune could not quell—is moving vividly through the land. The ruins that ennoble, the scenes that beautify, the memories that illuminate, the music that inspires our native land, have preserved it pure amid the vicious factions of the past, and the venal bargains of later years. The visitation that now storms upon the land has startled it into a generous activity. Did

public virtue cease to animate, the Senate House which, even in its desecrated state, lends an Italian glory to this metropolis, would forbid it to expire. The temple is there—the creed has been announced—the priests will enter and officiate.

It shall be so. The spirit of Nationality, rooted in our hearts, is as immoveable as the altar of the Druid, pillared in our soil.

GALWAY ELECTION—STRUGGLE AGAINST ENGLAND.

In the Theatre Royal, Galway, 6th Feb., 1846.

[In January, Sir Valentine Blake, Bart., member for Galway, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Two candidates for the vacant seat immediately took the field—Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty, of Knockbane, Co. Galway, and Mr. James Henry Monaghan, Solicitor-General for Ireland. The former gentleman was supported by the Archbishop of Tuam and the Catholic Clergy, and by the "Old Ireland" as well as the "Young Ireland" parties. The Whig candidate was supported by the Whig and Conservative gentry, who compelled their tenantry to vote with them. At a meeting of the Galway Electors, February 5th, a resolution was passed, to the effect—"That this Committee, having undoubted information that Captain Thomas Burke, of Marble-hill, has come to this town, and used threats towards the tenantry of Lord Clanricarde, to compel them to vote, against their will, for the Government candidate, at the approaching election for this town—we instruct our Secretary to respectfully request of the high-minded W. S. O'Brien, to ask the Premier, or some other member of the Government, of which Lord Clanricarde is one, whether it was with his Lordship's sanction such coercion was used towards the tenantry." Mr. O'Brien wrote on the subject to Lord Clanricarde, and mentioned that, as he intended to put the required question to Lord John Russell, he (Lord Clanricarde) would enable the Premier to disclaim such measures. To his note, he received a formal reply—no denial of the fact—nor was the minister authorized to give one. The bailiffs of Lord Clanricarde, and several landlords, went about threatening the starving tenantry with immediate extermination, if they did not vote for the Government candidate. The voters engaged on the public works were threatened with dismissal, by the Government officer. The contest lasted several days, and ended in the return of Mr. Monaghan by a majority of 7.]

Gentlemen, I have come here to protest against the Government of England, for which Government you have been solicited to vote this day.

The struggle, begun this morning upon the hustings of your old town, is not a struggle between two men—it is a struggle between two countries.

On the one side—the side of the Whig candidate—hangs the red banner, beneath which your senate has been sacked, your commerce has been wrecked, your nobility have been dishonored, your peasants have been starved. On the other side—the side of the Repeal candidate—floats the green flag, for which the artillery of 1782 won a legitimate respect—beneath which your senate sat, your commerce thrived, your nobility were honored, your peasants prospered.

Until the last three years, that flag has been deserted by us. With the tameness of slaves, we submitted to its proscription. We saw it torn from our merchant ships, and whilst we lacked the ability to guard it upon the seas, we had not the virtue to plant it on the hustings. Everywhere, the supremacy of the red flag was recognised by us—recognised by us, whether it was borne by the military or the political agent of England.

What difference, I ask, did it make, that it was sometimes decorated with the insignia of the Whigs? Decorated with the blue ribbon of the Pit, or the buff ribbon of the Fox school, it was still the same cursed testimony of foreign mastership—still the same crimson scroll on which our incapacity for business was set forth, and the terms of our base apprenticeship were engrossed.

Year after year, were we content to be the sutlers of English faction—content to echo back the cant and clamor of English Radicalism. At one time, blessing a Reform Bill, as if it gave us political power. At another time, rushing after the glittering equipage of a Whig viceroy, as if his smiles were productive of manufactures, and his liberal appointments had been the pre-

cursors of national institutions. All this time we forgot, that, for the nation to exist, the nation should have its arts, its fisheries, its manufactures, its commerce; and that a franchise bill, corporate reform acts, liberal appointments, and so forth, were of very little importance compared to bread for the million.

Doubtless, there were some excellent innovations at the Castle about this time, for St. Patrick's Hall was no longer shut to the Catholic barrister. The ermine, too, had ceased to be the sacred monopoly of Protestantism. The Catholic and Protestant became equally entitled to it, and, with the police uniform, it was made common to both. The hall of the Four Courts rang with the praises of Normanby, and the statue of Justice, which decorates that hall, was pronounced by the best judges to be the very image of Russell. Public dinners were frequently held, and the people of Ireland were congratulated on the tranquillity of the country, and the promotion of able demagogues to power.

The people heard the toasts that were shouted at those dinners —heard the selfish canticles of faction—heard that the salvation of Ireland would be accomplished by means of a liberal disposal of silk gowns—heard that the elevation of Ireland would be secured by the elevation of noisy democrats to office—the people heard these things, and believed that their freedom was at hand. They believed so, for they had not as yet looked well into the country, and felt what was really wanting there.

But 1843 came, and a voice from Tara bade the people organize for liberty. On the site of the Irish monarchy, the spell of a factious servitude was broken—provincialism was abjured—nationality was vowed.

In that year, you, the citizens of Galway, pledged yourselves to devote every effort to the attainment of Irish independence. You organized—and in your foremost rank shone the coronet of the Ffrenches, with the mitre of St. Jarlath's. You contributed to the exchequer of the movement; your merchants opened their coffers;

your artisans—and I see many of them here to-night—coined the sweat of their brows into gold, and offered it up as the ransom of our liberties.

Then came the 30th of May, 1845, and you sent your Town Commissioners to the Rotunda, where the chiefs of the national movement received the homage of the people. That was no false homage—it was sincere—for the men who offered it aspired to freedom. On that day your representatives pledged themselves on your behalf—now mark the words!—that corruption should not seduce, nor deceit cajole, nor intimidation deter you from seeking the attainment of a national legislature.

Gentlemen, the time has come to redeem that vow. This struggle will test your truth, your purity, your heroism. Your honor is at stake—your integrity is in question—your character is on trial. Vows can be easily made. Expediency may advise them—enthusiasm may dictate them. The difficulty and the virtue is to fulfil them.

When that vow was made, did you not hear the jeering prophecy, that it would eventuate in a solemn falsehood? Did you not hear it said, that you had neither the intention nor the integrity to redeem that vow—that you might threaten, but dare not strike?

It was said so in London—it was said so in Chesham Place—it was said so in Dublin—let me tell you, it is so written in the predictions of the Castle.

Will you vilely verify the anticipations of Chesham Place? Will you basely authenticate the predictions of the Castle? Renounced by Cashel—threatened in Wexford—supplanted in Dundalk—routed from Mayo—what! shall the refugees of Whiggery find in Galway a spot where, at last, the gold of the Cabinet will contaminate the virtue of the people?

I ask you, what will be the result of this election? Shall Galway be a slave market? Shall this ancient Irish town be

degraded into an English borough—and will you, its citizens, sacrifice your principles and your name, embrace provincialism, and henceforth exult in the title of West Britons?

I should apologise for thus addressing you—or rather, you should bid me cease, and indignantly assert that, come what may, no Whig official shall ever bear witness to your recreancy in the Senate House of England.

Why should it be otherwise? Since 1845, your opinions, surely, have not changed?

If so, what has changed them? The famine? The prompt benevolence of the English Government? The generosity of the English Commons? What imperial proselytizer has seduced you from the cause, in the defence of which, in 1843, you would have passionately bled?

The prompt benevolence of the English Government? How has this been manifested? In the timely suspension of the Navigation laws? In the establishment of corn depots? In the prohibition of the export of Irish produce? By the summoning of Parliament in November?

Bear this in mind—whilst the peasants have perished, without leaving a coin to purchase a winding-sheet, the merchants have bought their purple and fine linen with their famine prices, for the English market should be protected—thus, the English economists have ruled it. In the blasted field, beneath the putrid crop, the merchant has sunk a shaft and found a gold mine, for the English minister would not inconvenience the trade of Liverpool and London.

And is it the servant of this minister whom you will support? If you prefer a bribe to freedom—if you prefer to be the Swiss guard of a foreign minister, rather than be the National guard of a free kingdom—vote for him, and be dishonest and debased.

Vote for the Whig candidate, and vote for provincialism! Vote for the Whig candidate, and vote for alien laws! Vote for

the Whig candidate, and vote for a civil war before Repeal—for that is the Whig alternative! Vote for the Whig candidate, and vote for economy and starvation! Vote for him—vote for him—and then cringe back to your homes, and there thank God that you have had a country to sell!

Have you nerved your souls for this crime?

Beware of it! I will not tell you that the eyes of the nation—that the eyes of Europe are upon you. That is the cant of every hustings. But this I tell you, there are a few men yet breathing in Skibbereen, and their death-glance is upon you. Vote for the Whig candidate, and their last shriek will proclaim that you have voted for the pensioned misers who refused them bread.

There is a place, too, called Skull, in the county Cork, the churchyard of which place—as a tenant told his landlord the other day—is the only "red field" in the wide, wide county. There are eyes, wild with the agonies of hunger, looking out from that fell spot upon you, and if you vote against your native land, the burning tongue of the starving peasant will froth its curse upon you, and upon your children.

Gentlemen, I have now done, and I fear not for you, nor for the country. I believe there is in Galway the virtue to preserve the honor of its citizens—the virtue to assert the liberty of the country.

What, though it cost you a serious sacrifice—what, though you gain nothing, at this moment, by your honest votes, save the blessing of a tranquil conscience and a proud heart—still be true to the faith and glory of Henry Grattan. Fling aside—trample under foot—the bribes and promises of Russell. Be true to the principles of 1782—be true to the resolutions of 1843—be true to the vow of 1845—and with pure hands—with hands unstained by the glittering poison of the English treasury—amid the graves and desolation of 1847, lay the foundations of a future nation!

LANDLORD COERCION—GOVERNMENT CORRUPTION.

Theatre Royal, Galway, 14th February, 1847.

GENTLEMEN :—You saw the men who voted for the Whig candidate on Saturday. Did they advance to the hustings like men who felt they had a country, and were conscious that their votes would be recorded for her liberty?

No, they went there like slaves—insensible to the dictates of patriotism—insensible to the crushing calamities of their country—insensible to its thrilling invocations for redress.

The troops, under the armed guardianship of which they were driven to utter sentence against the independence of their country, proclaimed the cause for which their venal franchise was compelled. Did not the proud escort that attended the tenants of Lord Clanricarde to the Court-house proclaim, that to the supremacy of England those venal tenants sacrificed their souls?

The troops that were arrayed against your right to petition upon the field of Clontarf, were fit companions, indeed, for the slaves who were herded together to vote against your right to legislate.

Those men might as well have voted in manacles. But if their hands were free, their souls were fettered; and if they wore not the garb of convicts, they exhibited all the debasement of criminals.

Yet these men had illustrious models of depravity—models selected from the brightest page in Irish history, as some Whig orator would designate the narrative of the Union. They had Fitzgibbon—they had Castlereagh—the titled recreants

who purchased English coronets by the destruction of the Irish Senate.

Castlereagh purchased something else—an English grave. This, at least, was a privilege to Ireland—to be exempt from the contamination of the dust, which, when breathing, had drenched our Senate with corruption, and our land with blood.

Let England still claim such treasures, and let no Irish traitor—no tenant of Clanricarde—rot beneath the soil in which the bones of Swift, of Tone, and Davis, have been laid to rest.

Turn from this soiled and revolting picture, and contemplate the reverse.

You saw the men who voted for the Repeal candidate. Did they register their votes under the sabres of hussars? No; they voted for their country, and were, therefore, under no obligations to the liveried champions of the English flag. They went up to the hustings like honest citizens, and were protected, not by the musket of the soldier, but by the arm of the God of Hosts. Their souls were as untrammelled as their limbs, and, recording their votes, they were distinguished for the manliness which men who love freedom can alone exhibit. They voted like men who knew well, that the scheme of the Whigs is to soothe this country into degradation, and they looked like men who scorned to be soothed for that purpose—scorned the vile scheme that would prostrate this country by patronage—scorned the vile scheme that would perpetuate the Union by making it prolific in small boons.

Men of Galway, to the hustings on the morrow, in the same gallant spirit. Show no mercy to these Whigs! Swamp them before the sun sets—and let the night fall upon the broken flag-staff and baffled cohorts of the English minister!

Let the minister hear of his defeat on Wednesday morning, and curse the virtue that had no price.

There must be no jubilee in Chesham-place at the expense of Irish liberty. There must be no delegate from Galway, author-

ised to sustain the dictation of the English Commons—authorised to sustain the dictation that has been assumed to coerce, to enslave, to starve this country.

What will the Commons say when the Solicitor-General for Ireland takes his seat on the Treasury Bench, as the Whig member of this borough? Will they say that the threat uttered by the Paymaster of the Forces has forced you to capitulate?

No; I do not think they will charge you with cowardice, but I am sure they will arraign you for corruption. They will say that venality has accomplished what battalions could not achieve, and that the money-bags of the Mint can do more for the English interest in Ireland than all the batteries of Woolwich.

And, let me tell, these money-bags have been flung across the channel into Galway.

Trust me, the Whig government will fight this battle to the last farthing. This I sincerely believe—this I deliberately avow. I am justified in this belief, for it is notorious that the favorite weapon of the Whig government is corruption.

It is the boast of these Whigs that they alone can govern Ireland—that they alone can mesmerise the Irish beggars! Prove to them that this boast is a falsehood—prove to them that you will not be governed by them, and that Ireland shall be their difficulty and their scourge.

What claims have these Whigs upon us? None, save what corruption constitutes.

Their liberal appointments? How do these appointments serve the country? How much wealth flows into Ireland by the member for Dungarvan being Master of the Mint?

Recollect this, the Whigs voted twenty millions to emancipate the Africans—they refuse to sanction a loan of sixteen millions to employ the Irish. Vote for their nominee, and you will vote against the noble proposition of the Protectionist leader.

And has it come to this, that you will vote for non-employment

—for starvation—for deaths by the minute, and inquests by the hour. Will you vote for this government of economists—this government of misers—this government of grave-diggers? Before you do so, read the advertisement on the walls of the Treasury—"Funerals supplied to all parts of the country."

That is the true way to tranquillize the country! That is the true way to hush the tumult of sedition! That is the true way to incorporate the countries, and make the Union binding!

If we do not beat those Whigs out of Galway—if we do not fight them for every inch of Irish ground—if we do not drive them across the Channel—they will starve this country into a wilderness, and, at the opening of the next session, they will bid their royal mistress congratulate her assembled parliament upon their successful government, and the peace of Ireland.

And they insist, too, that the executive of this wilderness shall be a chief of police, a poor-law Commissioner, and a Commissary General.

Will you submit to this? Do you prefer a soup kitchen to a custom-house? Do you prefer grave-yards to corn-fields? Do you prefer the Board of Works to a national Senate? Do you prefer the insolent rule of Scotch and English officials to the benificent legislation of Irish Peers and Irish Commoners?

Heaven forbid, that the blight which putrified your food should infect your souls! Heaven forbid, that the famine should tame you into debasement, and that the spirit which has triumphed over the prison and the scaffold, should surrender to the corruptionist at last!

I asked you a moment since, how much wealth flows into Ireland by the member for Dungarvan being Master of the Mint?

I must tell you this, there is a little stream of it always dropping through the Castle-yard—but sometimes there are extraordinary spring-tides—just about election times—and then that tide swells and deepens, and rises so high, aud rushes so rapidly, that

it frequently sweeps away the votes of the people—sweeps away their placards—sweeps away their banners—sweeps away their Committee rooms—and, in the end, throws up a Whig official upon the white shore of England!

Beware of this spring tide—it is sweeping through Galway this moment—through lane and street. Its glittering waters intoxicate and debase. The wretches who drink them fall into the current and are whirled away—the drenched and battered spoils of England.

And is this the end of all you have vowed and done? And has it come to this, that after the defiances, the resolutions, the organization of 1843, England shall plant her foot upon the neck of Ireland, and exclaim—"behold my bribed and drunken slave!"

I do not exaggerate. The battle of Ireland is being fought in Galway. If the Whigs take Galway—Ireland falls.

Shall Ireland fall?

Incur defeat, and you shall have her bitter curse. Win the battle, and you shall have her proud blessing. Your virtue and your victory will fire the coward and regenerate the venal—your example will be followed—the Whigs will be driven from Wexford, from Waterford, from Mallow, from Dungarvan—their bribes will be trampled in the dust—their strongest citadels be stormed—the integrity of the people shall prevail against the venality of the faction—the Union act shall share the fate of the Penal code—and mankind shall hail the birth, the career, the glory of an Irish Nation.

IRISH PAUPERISM—OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

Music Hall, Dublin, 7th April, 1847.

[In the kitchen of the London Reform Club, the Whig government sought out a panacea for the Irish famine. M. Soyer, the chief cook of that establishment, had made certain discoveries in soup, and informed the government that "a belly-full of his soup once a day, with a biscuit, was more than sufficient to sustain the strength of a strong and healthy man." He could easily supply one meal per day to all the poor in Ireland. His plans were examined by the Admiralty and Board of Works, and after "mature deliberation," were pronounced "quite capable of answering the object sought." The best judges "of the noble art of gastronomy" in London considered it "not a soup for the poor, but for the Reform Club." Lord Litchfield and Mr. O'Connell declared it "excellent," after which it was confidently hoped that "no more deaths by starvation would take place in Ireland." Great preparations were made for transporting M. Soyer and his cooking apparatus to Ireland. The *London Lancet*, speaking of this "soup quackery," at the time, remarks on the estimate formed of it by the "talented, but eccentric, self-deceived originator." "M. Soyer (says the *Lancet*) proposes to make soup of the following proportions:—Leg of beef, four ounces; dripping fat, two ounces; flour, eight ounces; brown sugar, half an ounce; water, two *gallons*. These items are exclusive of the onions, a few turnip parings, celery tops, and a little salt, which can hardly be considered under the head of food. The above proportions give less than three ounces of solid nutriment to each quart *à la Soyer*. No culinary digestion, or stewing, or boiling, can convert four ounces into twelve, unless, indeed, the laws of animal physiology can be unwritten, and some magical power be made to reside in the cap and apron of the cook for substituting fluids in the place of solids, and *aqua pura* in place of solids in the animal economy." On the 5th of April, (Easter Monday) with much parade, in presence of the Lord Lieutenant, the viceregal Court, and a host of "distinguished personages," the great soup kitchen was inaugu-

rated in the Parade Ground, fronting the Royal Barracks, Dublin. In the interior of the pavilion, M. Soyer received his "noble" and "distinguished" visitors, who filed in at one door, partook of the soup from a chained spoon, and, with many ejaculations in praise of the inventor's genius, made their exit at another. These judges from "high society" pronounced it "good!" Fifty men, and fifty women—model beggars—weak, ragged, and hungry—"attended by policemen"—tottered in, to the air of "St. Patrick's Day"—swallowed their rations from the chained spoons, and, passing in front of the effigy of her "most Gracious Majesty Victoria," tottered out at the other door. Then the laurels rustled, the trumpets sounded, the banners waved, the arms glittered—and the Union Flag shook lazily over all. Count Rumford's *Essay on Food* was edited by Sir Richard Musgrave, as being likely to contain some valuable hints for the poor. It recommended the people, who had not even potatoes, "to mix salted pork, or bacon, or smoked beef with their soup," and satirically hinted that the "best cooks also put fried bread in their soup." Within a week the "deaths from starvation" in small towns were, Boorisoleigh, 6; Mayo, 19; Killury and Ratoo, 60; Leitrim, 18; Castlebar, 18; Clare, 20, &c. In Dungarvan the priests administered consolation to from fifteen to eighteen daily. Several of these victims, or members of their families, were employed on public works, but did not receive their wages in time to prevent starvation. Rev. Dominic Noon gave an account of sixty-five cases of starvation in Ahamlish. In Sligo, the coroner published eight inquests in three days. The newspapers complained that they were not able to get the coroner's full returns. Rev. Mr. Fahey recounted fifteen starvations in Moycullen, county Galway. At Coolavin the people died on the waysides in scores; the police officials refused to send for the coroner, stating it was not necessary, as the people died from starvation. Tralee workhouse, 23 died; Roscommon, of 1,100 inmates, 600 in fever; in the Cork poorhouse, 171 deaths; in Newry, 42; in Belfast, 33. The *Sligo Champion* gave the following fearful picture:—"What famine may leave undone, pestilence will finish. The poor-house is now a pest-house. The guardians have abandoned it. The medical officer declared it no longer safe to meet in the board room. The nurses are all ill; the master and his assistants are dying; and out of eleven hundred inmates, six hundred are on the sick list. The fever is not malignant, but the dysentery frightfully fatal." Commander Caffin, R. N., in one of the London journals, detailed the horrors which came under his own

observation, while visiting Skull with a cargo of meal. His letter is dated February 15th, in the course of which he says:—"In the village of Skull three-fourths of the inhabitants you meet carry the tale of woe in their features and persons, as they are reduced to mere skeletons; the men in particular, all their physical strength is wasted away." Having a desire to see with his own eyes the misery said to exist, Dr. Traill, the rector, took him through a portion of his parish. He says:—"The doctor drove me five or six miles, and in no house that I entered was there not to be found the dead and the dying." After recounting several fearful scenes, he proceeds:—"I could tell you also of that which I can vouch for the truth of, but which I did not see myself, such as bodies half eaten by the rats; of two dogs last Wednesday being shot by Mr. O'Callaghan whilst tearing a body to pieces; of his mother-in law stopping a poor woman and asking her what she had on her back, and, being replied that it was her son, telling her she would smother it; but the poor emaciated woman said it was dead already, and she was going to dig a hole in the churchyard for it." Towards the close of February the police received instructions to make returns. Imperfect as these were, fifty thousand was given in to the office in Dublin as the number of deaths from starvation. Rev. James O'Driscoll, Parish Priest of Kilmichael, declared the "destitution in his parish of so appalling a nature as to baffle description. Famine and fever raged in it. From February to March 27, eighty-five victims had fallen. The dogs preyed on them; the corpses being left unburied for several days, through fear of catching the disease." Speaking of the "Relief Works," he said, "the employment of the laboring classes was entirely confined to them, but owing to the exorbitant price of food and the low rate of wages, an able-bodied laborer could barely support himself." He speaks of "a young man who *had* to be visited at Cooldorahy. He was found in a dying state, without one to attend him. His sister and brothers lay dead quite close to him in the same room. The sister was dead for five days, the brothers, two, for three days. The sick man was the only survivor of a large family. The father and the children died from want." In the meantime not one person died of actual destitution in England, Scotland, or Wales. 16th March, a very influential meeting was held in the Music Hall, Dublin, at which the Lord Mayor presided, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament upon the unparalleled depreciation of trade, the privations and losses of the citizens which had become insupportable, and to pray that means be taken to save the country from

depopulation. Mr. Henry Fitzgibbon, brother to the eminent Queen's Counsel, referring to the meeting, said, "They were men who had never mixed in politics—who devoted their time to their respective business. The working men intended calling a meeting, but were prevented by the attendant expense. The employers he then thought should do it, for the same cause which deprived the tradesman of bread deprived the employer of business. It was a matter of indifference to him whether they had a Whig or Tory government. He had merely to do with the measures that had brought desolation and death upon the people. The government, he said, founded their policy upon their assertion that if they interfered to bring food into the country it would prevent merchants from importing grain. Who was it that merchants supplied? Was it not the people who had money to purchase food? Did any one ever hear of merchants bringing food to men who had no money to purchase it? He would suppose the case of an island, which was unable to produce anything beyond what was necessary for the consumption of its population, and he should like to know if merchants would bring food to that population when there was no prospect of getting any return? The sole subsistence of five millions of the country was the potato, and that being cut off, Ireland was placed in the condition of that country, which only produced enough for the support of its own inhabitants, and to say that such a population should be left to be supplied by merchants, was tantamount to passing sentence of death upon them. He could show an easy and practical plan whereby the government at one-fourth the expense already gone to, would supply the wants of the people. He made a calculation to support five millions for one year. It would take 3,802,083 quarters of Indian corn to give 1lb. per day to five millions for one year, which, at the New Orleans price, on 19th December, would cost £2,914,929, which, if brought by the ships of the state, and given at cost price, would supply the food of a family of seven persons for 2½d. per day. He found that so late as the 19th December last, Wheat and Indian corn were respectively 32s. and 15s. 4d. per quarter in New Orleans, while they were 73s. and 60s. in London. In the former, oats were 7d. per stone; in the latter 1s. 7d. A million of money laid out in New Orleans at that time would buy 650,000 quarters of wheat; in London it would only buy 273,972 quarters; which would give of the million laid out in London £692,307 to the merchant, and £307,693 for the food of the poor. So, in the ratio with the other commodities. He read with astonishment the speeches in Parliament by members of the govern-

ment, and was surprised at the extreme silliness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Americans were teaching the English government what they ought to do. 'Send food,' say they, 'to Ireland, but not money.' That was Yankee sagacity. There were no resolutions this year issuing from the Mansion-house calling on government to supply the people with food. What was the reason? He was not afraid to tell it. They had a friendly (Whig) government this year."]

The proceedings of this night, Sir, will, no doubt, incur the censure of those gentlemen who maintain that politics have nothing to do with the state of the country. It will be said by them, that it is heartless to talk about Repeal when the people require relief. It will be said by them, that lessons of nationality should not be preached whilst the nation is on its knees, begging for its bread.

Sir, these gentlemen would adjourn the question of Irish independence, to criticise the "boil and bubble" of a French cook. Turning their backs upon the old parliament house in College-green, they would dive into the mysteries of the soup-kitchen at King's-bridge.

Yet, Sir, I agree with these gentlemen to a certain extent. Party politics have nothing to do with the state of the country. "Who is in, and who is out—who has this, and who has that?"—these questions have nothing to do with the state of the country. But national politics have everything to do with the state of the country, and these we shall adhere to and propagate.

Gentlemen who tell us to postpone the question of Repeal, whilst the famine is on the wing, dictate a course that would perpetuate the disease and beggary of the land. They advise a step that would make the Union Act, in truth, "a final settlement." They recommend a policy that would violate our vow, disband our forces, and let in the enemy. Once down—England would keep us down.

Sir, there must be no pause, no adjournment, no truce. Repeal

is now a question, not so much of political power, as of actual physical existence. Self-government has become a question of self-preservation. A national parliament is the only efficient relief-committee that can be organized—the only one that can have the wisdom to devise, and the power to carry out, any measures calculated to save the life and improve the prospects of the country.

The famine has already done enough for England. It shall not do more. It shall not do its worst—it shall not force us to capitulate.

What has the famine done for England? The famine has been her best recruiting sergeant—it has purchased thousands into her brilliant and licentious legions. The famine has been her best miner—it has discovered gold mines for her merchants in bankrupt cities and depopulated villages. The famine has been her best swordsman—it has cut down thousands of her peasant foes.

But there is one spot where this powerful agent of English lust must halt—one spot where it shall purchase no recruits—one spot where it shall plant no cypress and rear no trophy—one spot where it shall cease to do the business and the butchery of England. It shall halt—it shall be powerless and paralysed—where the Confederation sits.

What say they in England now? What says the *Times*—the great organ of English opinion?

"Ireland is now at the mercy of England. For the first time in the course of centuries, England may rule Ireland, and treat her as a thoroughly conquered country."

Ay, Ireland is now at the mercy of England! Ireland is now a thoroughly conquered country! England has won her crowning victory! The war of centuries is at a close! The archers of Strongbow have failed—the Ironsides of Cromwell have failed—the spies and yeomen of Castlereagh have failed—the patronage and proscriptions of Ebrington have failed—the proclamations and

state prosecutions of De Grey have failed—the procrastination and economy of Russell have triumphed! Let a thanksgiving be preached from the pulpit of St. Paul's—let the Lords and Commons of England vote their gratitude to the victorious economist—let the guns of London Tower proclaim the triumph which has cost, in past years, coffers of gold and torrents of blood, and, in this year, a wholesale system of starvation to achieve!

England! your gallant and impetuous enemy is dead—your "great difficulty" is at an end. Ireland, or rather the remains of Ireland, are yours at last. Your red ensign flies—not from the Rath of Mullaghmast, where you played the cut-throat—not from Limerick wall, where you played the perjurer—not from the Senate-house, where you played the swindler—not from the Custom-house, where you played the robber—but it flies from her thousand graveyards, where the titled niggards of your Cabinet have won the battle your soldiers could not terminate.

Celebrate your victory! Bid your *Scourge* steamer, from the western coast, convey some memorial of your conquest; and, in the hall, where the flags and cannons you have captured from a world of foes are grouped together, let a shroud, stripped from some privileged corpse—for few have them now—be for its proper price displayed.

Stop not here! Change your war-crest. America has her eagle—let England have her vulture! What emblem more fit for the rapacious power, whose statesmanship depopulates, and whose commerce is gorged with famine prices? That is her proper signal. It will commemorate a greater victory than that of Agincourt, than that of Blenheim, than that of Moodkee. It will commemorate the victories of Skull, of Skibbereen, of Bantry.

But, Sir, this is a false alarm. Whatever the monarch journalist of Europe may say, Ireland, thank God! is not down yet. She is on her knees—but her withered hand is clenched against the giant, and she has yet the power to strike!

Last year, from the Carpathian heights, we heard the shout of the Polish insurrectionist—"there is hope for Poland whilst in Poland there is a life to lose." Sir, there is hope for Ireland, whilst in Ireland there is a life to lose.

True it is, thousands upon thousands of our people have been swept down, but thousands upon thousands still survive, and the fate of the dead should quicken the purpose of the living. The stakes are too high for us to give up the game, until the last card has been played—too high for us, to fling ourselves in despair upon the coffins of our starved and swindled partners.

A peasant population, generous and heroic, is at stake. A mechanic population, intelligent and upright, is at stake. These great classes—that form the very nerve and marrow of a nation—without which a nation cannot be saved—without which, there is, in fact, no nation to be saved—without which, a professional class is so much parchment and powdered horsehair—and a nobility a mere glittering spectre—these great primary classes are at stake. Shall these, too, be the spoils of England?

Has she not won enough already? Has she not pocketed enough of your money? And what she has got, is she not determined to keep?

You have seen a letter from Mr. Grogan, a few weeks since, to the Lord Mayor. It appears that England will ship off the Irish beggars from Liverpool—she will not ship off the Irish absentees from London.

And, tell me, has she not eaten enough of your food—broken down enough of your manufactures—buried enough of your people? Recount for a moment, a few of your losses.

The cotton manufacture of Dublin, which employed 14,000 operatives, has been destroyed. The 3,400 silk-looms of the Liberty have been destroyed. The stuff and serge manufacture, which employed 1,491 operatives, has been destroyed. The calico-looms of Balbriggan have been destroyed. The flannel

manufacture of Rathdrum has been destroyed. The blanket manufacture of Kilkenny has been destroyed. The camlet trade of Bandon, which produced £100,000 a year, has been destroyed. The worsted and stuff manufactures of Waterford have been destroyed. The rateen and frieze manufactures of Carrick-on-Suir have been destroyed. One business, alone, survives! One business, alone, thrives and flourishes, and dreads no bankruptcy!

That fortunate business—which the Union Act has not struck down, but which the Union Act has stood by—which the absentee drain has not slackened, but has stimulated—which the drainage acts and navigation laws of the Imperial Senate have not deadened, but invigorated—that favored, and privileged, and patronised business, is the Irish coffin-maker's. He, alone, of our thousand tradesmen and mechanics, has benefited by the Union—he, alone, is safe from the general insolvency—he, alone, has reason to be grateful to the Imperial Senate—he, alone, is justified in voting, at the next election, for the accomplices of the Whig minister of England!

Sir, the fate which the prophet of the Lamentations announced, three thousand years ago, to the people of Israel, has come to pass this year, in this island of faith, of genius, and of sorrow:

"And I will bring a nation upon you from far—an ancient nation—a nation of mighty men, whose quiver is like to an open sepulchre; and they shall eat up thine harvest and thy bread, which thy sons and daughters should eat; and thy vines and fig trees; and they shall eat up thy flocks and thine herds, which thy sons and daughters should eat; and they shall impoverish thy fenced cities, wherein thou trusted."

Yet, Sir, out of this tribulation and this woe, there is a path to a brighter fate and a happier land.

The God of Israel and of Ireland never yet sent a scourge, that he did not send the means whereby its evils might be alleviated. The same voice that bid the fiery serpents to the desert, ordained th

an image should be erected there for the chastised to look to, and be saved; and the same tongue that uttered the prophecy I have recited to you, promised that "the city should be built up—that the vines should grow again upon the mountains of Samaria—that the song should be heard once more from the height of Zion—and they who were in captivity and mourning should sing again with gladness, and shout among the chief of the nations."

Sir, out of our captivity and mourning we shall surely go forth, if we truly love this land, and act with the courage which true love inspires.

We must have nothing to do with these whining counsellors, who bid us sound a truce, retire from the field, visit the sick, and bury the dead. The minister has committed too many crimes against this country, to have an hour's repose. In this very Hall, a few days since, an honest and able fellow-citizen of yours, Mr. Fitzgibbon, distinctly proved, in a speech of great argumentative power, and great statistical research, that the present desperate condition of the country was to be ascribed, not to the ignorance, not to the negligence, not to the mistake of the minister, but to a downright and deliberate compact of his with the mercantile interest of England, by which the lives of the Irish people were mercilessly surrendered to the cupidity of the British merchants.

Sir, I know not when or where the scourge, inflicted by this minister, will cease to devastate. Those whom the famine has spared are flying to the emigrant ships, and rushing, panic-struck, from the land where England has lodged the foundations of her despotism in the graves of the people.

I hold in my hand returns of the number of emigrants from the ports of Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, for the present season. Now, it appears from these returns, that, although the season has only just commenced—that although, in fact, one month only of the emigration season has expired—the number of emigrants, from the above-mentioned ports, is nearly treble the

number that left during the entire season in 1846. Again, I must observe that these returns are imperfect—the emigrants that have sailed from Liverpool and other English ports, not being included in them. And the worst of it all is, that it is not mere bone and sinew we are losing in this way, but the only current capital of the country.

Yet, sir, it is selfish to deplore this emigration. Why should we grudge our generous and heroic peasantry a better home, in a new country? Why should we grudge them their emancipation from English rule? Why should we grudge them their life, their bread, their liberty? The sun, each evening, as he passes over the graves of their fallen brothers, beckons them to follow him, in his golden track, across the waves, to a land of freedom. Let them go! For a while, at least, let them leave this island, where England has planted her own beggars, in the shape of chief secretaries, and poor-law commissioners, and archbishops. Let them go to the land where English law was flung to the four winds—where a young stripling of a colony sprang up, and dashed an old and sturdy empire to the earth. There they will be safe from English law, and, therefore, safe from beggary, from starvation, and from pestilence.

But, sir, we have vowed to remain here, and meet whatever fate is coming. And now, that thousands have rotted into the earth which gave them birth—now, that thousands are flying from our shores, that they may not tempt the scourge to strike them—we are bound to work the harder—to do double duty—that, at least, the remnant of an old and honorable nation may be saved.

Sir, we must adopt a policy suited to the times. We have now to struggle, not merely against adverse opinions, but against death itself. The desperate condition of the country demands a bold and decisive policy. From this hour, let us have done with the English parliament—on this very night, let us resolve to close our

accounts with that parliament. Send no more petitions across the Channel. For fifty years you have petitioned, and the result has been 500,000 deaths!

Henceforth, be that parliament accursed! Spurn it as a fraud, a nullity, a usurpation. Spurn it as such on the authority of Saurin, who declared that the Union Act was not obligatory on conscience; that, in the abstract, resistance to it was a duty; and the exhibition of that resistance a mere question of prudence. Spurn it as such on the authority of Plunket, who declared the incompetency of Parliament to pass the Act of Union—declared that if such an act should pass it would be a nullity, and no man in Ireland would be bound to obey it. Spurn it as such on the authority of Grattan, who declared that the competency of parliament to pass the Act of Union, was the competency of delinquency, the competency of abdication, the competency of treason.

Confederates of Dublin! you know that this Imperial Parliament is a fraud—a nullity—a usurpation. You know it is worse than all this. You know that it is a curse—a penalty—a plague. You are knaves if you do not speak your convictions—you are cowards if you do not act as your convictions bid you act.

If you adopt petitions, send them to the Queen. She has a right to wear an Irish crown. We shall assert that right. She has a right to summon her Irish Parliament to sit in this city; and, spite of the disloyal and defrauding minister—spite of the disloyal and defrauding Commons, who would suspend the royal functions—we shall boldly and loyally assert that right.

The Irish crown must no longer be a cipher. The Irish sceptre and the Irish flag must cease to be mere figures of speech—they must become empowered and recognized realities.

The members of your Council have determined, by a recent resolution, to support at the hustings no candidate for representative honors, who will not pledge himself to an absolute independence of all English parties—who will not pledge himself against

taking or soliciting, for himself or others, any office of emolument, under any English government whatsoever.

Some gentlemen may say, this is going too far. I contend it does not go half far enough. The fact is, we must go much farther.

At our next meeting—I am speaking my own sentiments very frankly to you, and, of course, no one is responsible for them but myself—at our next meeting, I think it would be most advisable for us to adopt a resolution to this effect—that the members of the Irish Confederation shall support, at the hustings, no candidates for representative honors who will not pledge themselves to stay at home and deliberate in this city, and in no place else, upon the best means to save this kingdom.

One circumstance, at least, is favorable to our policy, and assures us of success—the power of the Whigs is at an end in Ireland.

No man dare now stand up, in an assembly of Irish citizens, to recommend the "paternal Whigs" to the filial confidence of the Irish people. The country, thank God! is done with them for ever. Their patronage will no longer save them with the people. Their jail deliveries will no longer save them with the people. Nothing, sir, will save them with the Irish people.

They may have their "command nights" at the theatre, and may bow and kiss hands to an enchanted dress circle, and a gazing pit —they may dine at the Mansion House—take wine all round, with the Sword Bearer, the Water Bailiff, the Town Councillors and Aldermen of the reformed Corporation, and drink the "Prosperity of Ireland" to the tune of "Rule Britannia"—on the same day that the new docks at Birkenhead are opened by Lord Morpeth, they may graciously inaugurate, on the Irish side of the Channel, a grand, metropolitan, head soup-kitchen—they may furnish a select party of the blind, the crippled, and the dumb of the Mendicity, with a "guard of honor" during their experimental repast—they

may embellish the beggary of the nation with all the elegance of the Castle, and all the pageantry of the barrack—they may make a glittering display of our sickening degradation, and the bugles of their garrison may summon the fashion of the squares, and the aristocracy of the clubs, to the coronation of Irish pauperism, and the final consummation of the Union—naught will avail them. Their fate is decided. There is a sentence written against them in the blood of the people upon the walls of their Council chamber, and many other inquests, besides that of Galway, have found them guilty of the murder of the people.

And now that we are done with these Whigs—now that we fully understand what their "comprehensive measures" mean—what their "ameliorations" mean—what their "political economy" leads to—what their "reductions of 20 per cent." accomplish—now that we are fully convinced that they are the most complimentary and the most conscienceless—the most promising and the most prevaricating—the most patronizing and the most perfidious of our English enemies—now that we have broken, from henceforth and for ever, from all English parties—now that we shall pest them no longer with our petitions, nor rack them with our prayers—now that we hold their Commons, as far as we are concerned, to be a fraud, a nullity, and a usurpation—now that we scout it as a penalty, and loathe it as a plague—now, indeed, that in our souls, we firmly and passionately believe, that

"Our hope, our strength is in ourselves alone,"

let us look, with all the anxiety and earnestness which a last struggle should inspire, into our own country, and see what power we have there to save its life and win its freedom. Let us see if we cannot give a few practical answers to a few of Bishop Berkely's queries. Let us see, in fact, if we cannot devise some mode by which the quiver of this mighty foe, that has come upon us, shall cease to be like to an open sepulchre; by which this nation

shall keep to itself the harvest, and the bread, and the flocks, and the herds, which her sons and daughters should eat, and by which our fenced cities shall not be impoverished.

Sir, I desire to have this done, not by the isolated power of one great section, but by the aggregate power of all sections, of the Irish community. I desire that the Irish nation should act, not in divisions, but in one solid square.

I am one of the people, but I am no democrat. I am for an equality of civil rights—but I am no republican. I am for vesting the responsibilities and the duties of government in three estates. I think that, in a free state, an aristocracy is a wise, an ennobling institution. Like all human institutions, it has its evil susceptibilities; and the history of aristocracy, like all other histories, has its chapters of crime and folly. But I can conceive no state complete without it. It is the graceful and pictured architrave of the great temple, sacred to law and freedom, of which the people are the enduring foundations and the sustaining pillars.

Whilst the peasant tills the land, in which the law should recognize his right of proprietorship, as it is in France, as it is in Prussia—whilst the mechanic plies his craft, from which the law should keep aloof the crushing influences of foreign competition, as it is in Germany, as it is in Belgium—whilst the merchant supplies the deficiencies of the soil with the superfluities of other lands, and drives a princely trade beneath the auspices of a native flag—whilst the priest protects the purity of the altar, and the scholar vindicates the reputation of the schools—let the noble—residing amongst those who enrich his inheritance by their toil, or contribute to his luxury by their skill—be the patron of those pursuits in which the purer genius of a nation lives—pursuits which chasten and expand a nation's soul—which lift it to what is high, and prompt it to what is daring—which infuse the spirit of immortality into the very ruins of a nation, and which, even when the labors of a nation are at a close—when its commercial ener-

gies are dead—when its mechanic faculties have ceased to act, bids it live—as Athens lives, as Florence lives, as Venice lives—in the lessons of the historian, and the raptures of the poet.

Thus, Sir, with each of the several classes of the community fulfilling its distinct mission, and, in a separate sphere, contributing to the peace, and wealth, and vigor of the entire state, do I desire this Island to advance in a righteous and an eminent career—sustained by its inherent strength—governed by its native wisdom—ennobled by its native genius—thankful for its sustenance to no foreign sympathizer—thankful for its security to no foreign soldier—a model, rather than a warning, a blessing, rather than a burden, to the nations that surround her—no longer exciting their pity by the spectacle of its infirmities, but commanding their respect by the exhibition of its powers.

But, Sir, a time comes when the people can wait no longer for the aristocracy. There is a time when the titles of the nobility must give way to the charter of the people. There is a time when the established laws of the land forfeit their sanctity and become a curse.

The time when these titles of the nobility must give way—when these "established laws of the land" must cease to act—is when a nation's life is quivering on its lip.

Standing in this assembly of the people, I, who have sprung from the people—I, who have no honors to boast of, save those honors which the people have conferred upon my father—I, who never sat at the table of a lord, and am as thoroughly indifferent to the compliments of the order as I am thoroughly anxious for their co-operation in this struggle—standing in this assembly of the people, in the name of the people, I now make this last appeal to the aristocracy of Ireland. I do so, that in our day of triumph, we may lead no fellow-countryman in chains, nor scout him as an alien from our ranks.

There is not an hour—no, not an instant to be lost. Every

grave that opens to receive a victim of English rule, widens and deepens the chasm that has, for years, divided the two great classes of the country.

Sir, it is useless to argue it. The people, without the aristocracy, when driven to the last extremity, have the power to win their freedom. One thing, at least, is certain—the people will not con sent to live another year in a wilderness and a graveyard.

I alone do not say so. The historian of the crimes and victories of Cromwell has said so. Lords and Commons of Ireland! hear his words, and be instructed by them:—

"And when the general result has come to the length of perennial, wholesale starvation, argument, extenuation, logic, pity, and patience on that subject may be considered as drawing to a close. All just men, of what outward color soever in politics or otherwise, will say—'This cannot last. Heaven disowns it—Earth is against it. Ireland will be burnt into one black, unpeopled field of ashes rather than this should last!'"

AMERICAN BENEVOLENCE—IRISH GRATITUDE.

Rotunda, Dublin, 4th May, 1847.

[Among the earliest ships which arrived, freighted with corn by certain benevolent parties in America, for the poor in Ireland, was the *Victor*, Captain Clarke, from New York. Shortly after his arrival, several of the most respectable citizens, of the merchant and professional classes, invited him and his chief officers to a public dinner, May 4th, 1847, which took place in the pillar room of the Rotunda. Upon this occasion, Captain Clarke was presented with a flag, commemorative of his charitable mission to Ireland. "It was composed of Irish poplin, of the national color. On the one side, it bore a medallion surrounded by laurel. On the medallion was depicted the Eagle of America, bearing in its talons a sheaf of corn, and flying across the sea toward Ireland, typified by its harp and cross. A wreath of shamrock encircled the whole. On the obverse, appeared the Shield of America, with the stripes and stars, surrounded by the inscription—'To the Ladies of America, from the Citizens of Dublin.'"]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I almost hesitate to thank you for the high honor you have conferred upon me, in requesting me to speak to the health of the Ladies of America, for, in doing so, you have imposed upon me a very serious task. This I sincerely feel.

Not, indeed, that this toast is suggestive of no inspiring incidents, but that the character of this assembly is such as to induce the fear, that I may clash with the opinions of some who are present here this evening, in giving full expression to the feelings which the sentiment inspires.

In this assembly, every political school has its teachers—every creed has its adherents—and, I may safely say, that this banquet

is the tribute of united Ireland to the representative of American benevolence.

Being such, I am at once reminded of the dinner, which took place after the battle of Saratoga, at which Gates and Burgoyne —the rival soldiers—sat together.

Strange scene! Ireland, the beaten and the bankrupt, entertains America, the victorious and the prosperous!

Stranger still! The flag of the Victor decorates this hall—decorates our harbor—not, indeed, in triumph, but in sympathy —not to commemorate the defeat, but to predict the resurrection, of a fallen people!

One thing is certain—we are sincere upon this occasion. There is truth in this compliment. For the first time in her career, Ireland has reason to be grateful to a foreign power.

Foreign power, sir! Why should I designate that country a "foreign power," which has proved itself our sister country?

England, they sometimes say, is our sister country. We deny the relationship—we discard it. We claim America as our sister, and claiming her as such, we have assembled here this night.

Should a stranger, viewing this brilliant scene, inquire of me, why it is that, amid the desolation of this day—whilst famine is in the land—whilst the hearse plumes darken the summer scenery of the island—whilst death sows his harvest, and the earth teems not with the seeds of life, but with the seeds of corruption—should he inquire of me, why it is, that, amid this desolation, we hold high festival, hang out our banners, and thus carouse—I should reply, "Sir, the citizens of Dublin have met to pay a compliment to a plain citizen of America, which they would not pay—'no, not for all the gold in Venice'—to the minister of England."

Pursuing his inquiries, should he ask, why is this? I should reply, "Sir, there is a country lying beneath that crimson canopy on which we gaze in these bright evenings—a country exulting in a vigorous and victorious youth—a country with which we are

incorporated by no Union Act—a country from which we are separated, not by a little channel, but by a mighty ocean—and this distant country, finding that our island, after an affiliation for centuries with the most opulent kingdom on earth, has been plunged into the deepest excesses of destitution and disease—and believing that those fine ships which, a few years since, were the avenging angels of freedom, and guarded its domain with a sword of fire, might be intrusted with a kindlier mission, and be the messengers of life as they had been the messengers of death—guided not by the principles of political economy, but impelled by the holiest passions of humanity—this young nation has come to our rescue, and thus we behold the eagle—which, by the banks of the Delaware, scared away the spoiler from its offspring—we behold this eagle speeding across the wave, to chase from the shores of Old Dunleary, the vulture of the Famine.

Sir, it is not that this is an assembly in which all religious sects and political schools associate—it is not that this is a festive occasion in which we forget our differences, and mingle our sympathies for a common country—it is not for these reasons that this assembly is so pleasing to me.

I do not urge my opinions upon any one. I speak them freely, it is true, but I trust without offence. But I tell you, gentlemen, this assembly is pleasing to me, because it is instructive.

Sir, in the presence of the American citizens, we are reminded by what means a nation may cease to be poor, and how it may become great. In the presence of the American citizens, we are taught, that a nation achieving its liberty acquires the power that enables it to be a benefactor to the distressed communities of the earth.

If the right of taxation had not been legally disputed in the village of Lexington—if the Stamp Act had not been constitutionally repealed on the plains of Saratoga—America would not

now possess the wealth out of which she relieves the indigence of Ireland.

The toast, moreover, to which you have invited me to speak, dictates a noble lesson to this country. The ladies of America refused to wear English manufacture. The ladies of America refused to drink the tea that came taxed from England. If you honor these illustrious ladies, imitate their virtue, and be their rivals in heroic citizenship.

If their example be imitated here, I think the day will come when the Irish flag will be hailed in the port of Boston. But if, in the vicissitudes to which all nations are exposed, danger should fall upon the great Republic, and if the choice be made to us to desert or befriend the land of Washington and Franklin, I, for one, will prefer to be grateful to the Samaritan, rather than be loyal to the Levite.

PLACE BEGGING—SELF-RELIANCE.

Music Hall, Dublin, 7th July, 1847.

[A GENERAL election approaching, the Irish Confederation determined, as far as they were able, to place the Repeal Candidates on a more national footing than had previously been required. One of their fundamental principles, indeed the chief one, was their opposition to place-hunting, and the time was approaching which would afford an opportunity to apply that principle. The Confederation insisted that no Repeal Candidate should be supported who did not take the anti-place-hunting pledge. To such as took it the Confederation promised their heartiest support. A long and painful experience had proved to them the denationalizing effect of office-seeking. Many—and even some leading Repeal Members had fettered themselves—put themselves under obligations to the government by soliciting, for themselves or their friends, places of emolument; thereby rendering their opposition hypocritical and ineffective. It was impossible they could be the means of serving two such antagonistic ends—the crown and their country—at the same time. The Confederation believed the "first qualification for an Irish representative was, that he should be zealously devoted to Irish independence; and second, that he should be of personal integrity—one who would not accept or solicit office." In Cork, the Repealers held a meeting, seconding the Confederate recommendation and denouncing place-hunting. Mr. Fagan, one of the candidates for that city, stood on this platform. Some other candidates, but very few, followed his example. From the beginning of the year, the health of Mr. O'Connell had been declining. Early in March, he sought a change of air in Hastings, when he revived a little. For a short time, hopes were entertained that a few months in the south of Europe, whither his medical attendants advised him immediately to repair, would so far restore his health that he might be enabled to return to his labors in the autumn. On the 21st, accompanied by his chaplain, Rev. Dr. Miley, he set out for Rome, the

hopes for his recovery being of a very uncertain nature. In Paris, however, the king's physician, Dr. Chomel, considered Mr. O'Connell's ultimate recovery as certain, and advised him to refrain from all political excitement and mental anxiety. The Archbishop of Paris, Count de Montalembert, Marquis de Laroche Jaquelin, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Normanby, and other leading personages in Paris, called daily at Mr. O'Connell's hotel. The British Ambassador invited Mr. O'Connell and suite to dinner, but the state of his health prevented the invitation being accepted. The members of the electoral committee for the defence of religious freedom, consisting of the Marquis de Barthelemy, Viscount de Falloux, Count Buetrebarbes, MM. Chappier and Du Rotier, deputies, the Marquis de Dampierre, MM. Lenormant and Mauvais, members of the Institute, Baron de Montigny, judge of the Royal Court, Viscount de Bonneuill, President of the Petition Committee, MM. Decous and Oeuillot, editors of the *Univers*, &c., offered their congratulations and sympathy to Mr. O'Connell. On the 29th, Mr. O'Connell pursued his route to Rome accompanied by his youngest son, and Dr. Miley, via Orleans and Lyons. At the latter place, the treatment of the eminent physicians Bounet and Vericel, promised to be very successful. The rumors which had gained circulation, intimating that a softening of the brain and a swelling of the limbs had taken place, were contradicted. A letter of the 27th April stated that "his intellectual faculties had never been interrupted." On his arrival and departure from the various towns on his route, Mr. O'Connell was surrounded by enthusiastic multitudes. On the 5th May, he embarked in the Lombard steam-packet, at Marseilles, for Civita Vecchia, taking with him, in addition to his son, chaplain, and private physician, Dr. Oliffe, of Paris, Dr. Lacour, of Lyons. He was so much improved as to pay a visit to the Botanical Gardens, at Marseilles, the day previous. His illness returning with increased severity, he was forced, however, to stop at Genoa, where he expired at half past nine o'clock on the night of the 15th May.]

I have the honor, Sir, to second the resolution proposed by Mr. O'Gorman. The advice to which it refers, and which this meeting is called upon to sanction, has been censured. I am prepared to defend it, and, I trust, this meeting will have reason to declare that it is wise, just, and expedient.

Reviewing the political movements that have taken place in

Ireland for some years past, it seems to me, Sir, that in this country those principles of public virtue have been systematically decried, which give to a people their truest dignity and their surest strength.

At different times, in other countries, when the people found it necessary to recover or augment their rights, we have seen the finest attributes of the heart and mind called forth, and society present the most brilliant instances of morality and heroism. In such countries, the progress of liberty has been the progress of virtue. Thus has the history of freedom become the second gospel of humanity—an inspiration to those who suffer—an instruction to those who struggle.

True it is, there have been faults, there have been errors, there have been crimes, in the revolutions to which I now refer, which fling a shadow across the epitaph of many an honored grave. But, high above these errors and these crimes, ascend the genius and the virtue of these revolutions—pure, brilliant, and imperishable!

Let us consult the star. If we read not the destiny of our country in its glory, in its purity we read the virtues that qualify for freedom, and ennoble the citizen even in his chains. We read that truth, generosity, self-sacrifice, have been the virtues of the true patriot, and the strongest weapons of his success.

It has not been so in Ireland for many years. Truth has been frittered away by expediency—generosity has been supplanted by selfishness—self-sacrifice has been lampooned as an ancient folly, which, in these less classic, but more philosophic times, it would be downright insanity to imitate.

But what is the character of our cause?

It is wise, generous, and heroic. Wise, for the necessities and interests of our country dictate it. Generous, for it includes the rights of all—the rights of the democracy, the priesthood, the nobility. Heroic, for it inspires the loftiest ambition—suggesting schemes the boldest that the courage of a nation could attempt—

the grandest that the ability of a nation could accomplish. The genius of Ireland has been its apostle—the chivalry of Ireland has been its champion. Triumphant in the brightest period of our history—encircled with the dazzling memories of an Irish senate, an Irish commerce, an Irish army—it is the noblest cause, Sir, in which an Irish citizen could have the ambition to serve, or the fortitude to suffer.

Forty-seven years have passed by since that cause was sold for place and pension, and in the very hall where Henry Grattan impeached the corruption of the minister, and the perfidy of the placeman, we hear this day the clank of gold, which bids us still remember the base bargain that was ratified within its walls. Let it clank and glitter still! It will be a warning to the people. It will remind them of the vice that led to vassalage, and which—still prevailing, still greedy, still rapacious—degrades the character of the country, effeminates its power, and repels its liberty.

Not by the perpetuation of this vice, but by its utter extinction, will the national cause—the cause of Swift, of Charlemont, and of Grattan—advance and triumph.

This doctrine, we are told, is exceedingly erroneous. To Repeal the Union, it is essential that Repealers should take places—that is the correct doctrine! To give the minister a decisive stroke, it is expedient to equip the patriot hand with gold! Strenuously to oppose the minister, you must, first of all, beg of the minister, then be his very humble, and, if possible, conclude with being his much obliged servant! The financial statement between the two countries cannot be properly made out, until some Repeal accountant has had a friendly intercourse with the Treasury, and a propitious acquaintance with the Mint! Absenteeism has been enormously increased by the Union, and, therefore, it is that our peaceful Repealer procures a colonial appointment, and, exemplifying in his person all the evils of the system, administers British law, beyond the seas, upon strictly Repeal principles! Impove-

rished by the Union—beggared by the Union—driven to the last extremity of destitution by the Union—it is advisable that we should prove all this to the minister and the parliament, with our pockets full of salaries, and our family circumstances in full bloom! Denouncing the rapacity of England, we are to share her spoils! Impeaching the minister, we are to become his hirelings! Claiming independence, shouting for independence, foaming for independence—we are to crawl to the Castle, and there crave the luxuries and the shackles of the slave! Thus we are told to act! Thus we are implored to agitate! This is the great, peaceful, moral, and constitutional doctrine! This, the true way to make us the noblest people on the face of the globe, and restore Ireland to her place amongst the nations of the earth!

Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine!—teaching the tongue to cool and compliment that has burned and denounced. Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine!—teaching the people, on their march to freedom, to kneel and dance before the golden idol in the desert. Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine!—teaching whining, teaching flattery, teaching falsehood. Scout it, spurn it, fling it back to the Castle from whence it came—there let it lie amongst the treasured instructions of tyranny, and the precious revelations of treason!

Sir, we oppose Mr. John O'Connell because he is the abettor of this system. We oppose him, because he has positively declared that he will solicit places from the English government for his friends. We oppose him, because we conscientiously believe that he sustains a system which enervates the national strength, and therefore imperils the national cause. This we sincerely believe, and experience justifies the belief.

Look back to the year 1833—note the conspicuous Repealers of that year. Mark down those amongst them who took place after the memorable debate in April, 1834. Run through the newspapers of the last ten or thirteen years, and tell me, in what

political position do you detect these priceless patriots? In the chair of Conciliation Hall? In the committee box? In the reserved seats for strangers? On Tara, with the gallant peasantry of Kildare and Meath? On the Green of Donnybrook, with the bannered and battalioned trades of Dublin? In the Rotunda, on the 30th of May, 1845, where citizenship received the honors of monarchy, and was invested with more than its legitimate authority?

Why, Sir, you might as well inquire if these gentlemen had left a card in the moon, or had been at a pic-nic in the crater of Vesuvius.

The porter outside the Chief Secretary's in the Upper Castle-yard, will tell you where they have been. The butlers in the Viceregal Lodge, will tell you where they have been. The policeman on the beat at Chesham-place, will tell you where they have been. The coiners in the Mint, will tell you where they have been. The clerks of the Board of Trade, may let you know something concerning their mercantile anxieties.

I hold in my hand a book, entitled "The Voice of the Nation." I beg leave to read the following extract from it:—

"When the last agony of the Whigs was approaching, great was the desire to conciliate and make friends. Notice had been taken at the Castle of the immense number of applications pressing in from those who, throughout various localities in Ireland, had been 'leaders of the people' in former agitations. These applications were carefully registered and noted; and when the list was found to contain the names of a large majority of such persons, the 'declaration' was made as a proclamation and warning to them, and made with only too shameful success. Nearly all those leaders were silenced. They did, indeed,

"Fall down
And foul corruption triumphed over them!"

Corruption, that other arm of England, whenever she seeks to

strike down the rising liberties of Ireland! Force, when we give her the excuse for using it! Corruption, when she cannot provoke us to give her that excuse!"

Who wrote this? A jealous and embittered Conservative? An insatiable revolutionist? A discarded Orangeman? A flippant and sarcastic infidel? A Chartist Repealer, gentlemen? No —it was the honorable member for Kilkenny—he who, in the very death-chamber of his father, snatches at the vacant crown, and strives to balance, in his little hand, the massive sceptre which the colossal king alone could wield!

Out of his own mouth do we condemn the apologist of place-begging. We arm ourselves with his sentence against corruption, and with that sentence we give him battle on the hustings. We have seen the result of this system in the first agitation for Repeal, and, whatever it may cost, we shall oppose it in the second.

Sanction this system, and you set the seeds of venality in that body, which, to be formidable, must be exempt from all impurities. Sanction this system, and you entice men to the national lists, who, but for the golden apples scattered along the course, would never join you in the race to freedom. Thus it is that gentlemen will appear upon the hustings, as Repeal candidates, who do not in truth ambition the independence of the country, but avail themselves of the cry, to extort from the minister a compensation for their presumed apostasy.

Lamartine, in his History of the Girondists, has said of Danton that "he merely threatened the court to make the court desirous of buying him—that he only opened his mouth to have it stuffed with gold."

Sir, there have been, there are, and there will be, hundreds of Repealers to whom this description will precisely apply, and, if we do not utterly break up the system that produces them, we will

propagate the contaminating race, until the whole manhood of the country has become diseased and powerless.

But, with God's blessing, whilst we have nerve and voice, we will urge this war against corruption, and the people will back us, I am confident. They must be heartily sick of the system that has exacted so many sacrifices from them, whilst it has contributed exclusively to the benefit of their leaders.

Cork has done its duty in this respect. The citizens of the southern capital have met, and they declare, that this venality shall cease. I trust sincerely that the example will be followed, and that the pledge which was exacted in Cork, will be exacted in Limerick, in Mayo, in Dundalk, in Kilkenny, in Dungarvan, in every borough, and in every county, where a Repeal candidate presents himself.

As to Waterford, my father is one of the Repeal candidates for that city.

Now, proud as I would be to see my father represent his native city—proud as I would be to share with him the fatigue and vexation of the contest—proud as I would be to see him triumph over the ministerialist who at present represents that city—proud as I would be to stand by him on the hustings, when the people hailed him as the successful opponent of an insolent imperialism—proud as, I know, I would then feel, with the thought that I had done my best to level the Whig power at the feet of my fellow-citizens —yet I sincerely tell you, that if he does not subscribe to the pledge of the Confederation—though I know he would scorn to ask the slightest favor of any faction—yet I will feel bound in conscience not to vote for him.

But, Sir, we are told, that soliciting places for others is quite a different thing from the representative soliciting place or pension for himself.

I admit there is a difference. To my mind, however, the difference consists, in the latter being the more injurious and discredita-

ble case. For, in the former case, the representative gets his place, or whatever else it may be, and we are sure to have done with him. Like the great Athenian, he is seized with an excessive hoarseness the moment he grasps the cup of Harpalus, and, owing to the bandage round his neck, cannot possibly harangue against the Macedonian! But, in the former case, the representative remains amongst us—day after day multiplying his obligations to the government—day after day binding the people to the government by a series of golden links—day after day stimulating amongst the people a gross appetite for the dregs and droppings of a foreign court—when he should expand their ambition, and bid them seek in the prosperity of their country, and in that alone, the purest and most unfailing source of private happiness.

Sir, once for all, we must have an end of this money-making in the public forum. The pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. Let it resume amongst us its ancient glory—let it be with us an active heroism.

Fear not dissension. Dissension is good where truth is to be saved. Repeal does not triumph, I contend, where the repeal principles of Conciliation Hall prevail. Repeal does not incur defeat, where those principles are swamped by Whiggery or Conservatism. In the former case, it is Whiggery, masked and muffled, that succeeds—in the latter, it is Whiggery, masked and muffled, that is beaten.

Disdaining, then, the calumnies of the public writer, and the invectives of the public orator; however bitterly society may sneer; however coarsely a section of the multitude may curse; assert this righteous principle. Rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and the control of those who bribe. Ennoble the strife for liberty, and be it here, as it has been in other countries, a gallant sacrifice—not a vulgar game.

Conform to one precept of the English parliament—depend upon your own resources. Demanding independence, be tho-

roughly independent. Be as independent of this Russell, the English minister, as of Metternich of Vienna, or Guizot of Paris. Cherish in its full integrity this fine virtue, without which there will be no true liberty amongst you, whatever be your institutions. Bereft of it, the heart of the nation will be cold, and cramped, and sordid. Bereft of it, the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul. Bereft of it, society degenerates, and the mean, the frivolous, and the vicious triumph.

The idler, the miser, and the coward, may laugh at these sentiments. The worms of the Castle, I know, would eat them from the hearts of the young, the generous, and the gifted. The old champions of faction—in whose withered souls all that is pure and generous in our nature has rotted out—may drive their poisoned pens, and ply their tainted tongues, in their profane crusade against them. Then, too, may come the dull philosopher of the age, to rebuke our folly, our want of sense, our indiscretion; and proclaim that patriotism, a wild and glittering passion, has died out—that it could not coincide with civilization, the steam-engine, and free-trade.

It is false!

The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre—to Barbarism its redeeming trait—to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition.

The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young maid of Orleans.

In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell.

In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of

Geefs has reared a monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne, stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chaunt the hymns of their old, poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven hears again the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral, his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar—his image appears in every house—his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people—and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief, whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.

Sir, shall we not join in this glorious worship, and here in this island—anointed by the blood of many a good and gallant man—shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism?

You discard the weapons of these heroic men—do not discard their virtues. Elevate the national character, and serve the national cause with generous hearts and stainless hands. You have pledged yourselves to strive for the independence of your country, within the limits of the Constitution. Keep within the Constitution, but do not compromise the virtue of the state. Confront corruption wherever it appears—scourge it from the

hustings—scourge it from the public forum—and whilst proceeding with the noble task, to which you have vowed your lives and fortunes, let this proud thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts—that, in seeking the independence of your country, you have preserved her virtue from the seductions of a powerful minister, and the infidelity of bad citizens.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS—RESURRECTION OF ITALY.

Victoria Theatre, Cork, 20th September, 1847.

[The citizens of Cork, whose opinions were in unison with the Confederates, held a meeting at the Theatre, in order to form a branch of the Confederation in that city. There was at first considerable annoyance and tumult, arising from the preconcerted arrangements of some dissentient parties, which was, however, after a little time suppressed. The general elections were now completely over, and though, so far as Ireland was concerned, they did not yield as satisfactory a result as might have been desired, yet, it was sufficiently so to indicate the fidelity with which the people still adhered to the project of National independence.——The state of Italy, at this time, was the subject of universal attention. In Ireland, it excited the highest enthusiasm. June 1st, 1846, Pope Gregory XVI. died. He was succeeded by Cardinal John Maria Mastei Ferretti, under the title of Pius IX. The occupation of the Papal throne by Pio Nono was looked upon with general satisfaction, and with more than usual hope, from the acclamation by which he was elected—the conclave of the Sacred College sitting but two days—from his reputation of having a mild and conciliating disposition, and from his youth—being but fifty-four years old, and one of the youngest Popes ever elected. The coronation took place June 21st. Letters from Rome, as early as the 28th of that month, stated that he was seriously occupied with the question of a political amnesty, and that his benevolent intentions had already won public confidence. Petitions were submitted to him, signed on the part of the people, by the chief magistrates, municipal councillors, and principal inhabitants of the Roman cities, praying the execution of the Memorandum of 1831, addressed to the then Pontiff, by France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. July 1st, the six cardinals—Lambruschini, Bernetti, Amat, Gizzi, Mattei, and Machi, met to deliberate, when the Pope submitted the following questions for examination: First—How and in what manner should an amnesty be granted? Second—In what way can the public debt be paid off? Third—Would it

be prudent to discharge the foreign troops? Fourth—Would it be better for the administration, to possess one or two Secretaries of State? He dispensed with much of the State pageantry, and, to the great surprise of the Roman inhabitants, went on foot through the streets, accompanied only by a few prelates and some Swiss soldiers—a circumstance not witnessed since the days of Ganganelli. The people received him with great enthusiasm, and the acclamations of the crowd increased when he "condescended to receive a petition presented to him by a poor man." It was stated, that the system of Public Instruction would be modified, and the censorship in future less severe, especially on science; that the scientific men of Rome would be "permitted" to be present at the scientific congress at Genoa, and that the congress would be celebrated at Rome the ensuing year. The following anecdote was received as a guarantee of that toleration for which Pius had repute. Some sonnets and satires, reflecting upon the Papal government, having been found in the trunks of some young men in Bologna, they were ordered to return to the city. Upon receiving the information, the Pope desired the order to be revoked, and "expressed great anger at this infringement of personal liberty for so slight a cause." The amnesty was received with the liveliest gratitude throughout the Papal states. The popularity of the Pope was further enhanced by his giving audiences to persons of all classes of society, who had complaints or demands to make of him, in the gardens of the Quirinal. "My people may expect justice and mercy from me, for my only guide is this book," said he, laying his hand on the New Testament. In order to remove "all suspicion and appearance of nepotism," he sent into the provinces such of his relations as held public offices. The upper nobility seemed anxious to assist in the reforms proposed by the Pope and Cardinal Gizzi, though the Sacred College opposed those measures by every possible means. "If you do not alter your system, the people will demand a Constitution," said one of the cardinals to the Pope. "And why should I not accede to their desire, if a Constitution is necessary to the welfare of my subjects?" was the reply. The Austrian Ambassador—to whom a programme of the proposed civil and political reforms was communicated—in vain remonstrated against its publication. To all appearance, Pius IX. was not to be deterred from his purpose. August 4th, a circular was addressed to the governors of the Roman states, calling on them to adopt measures calculated to improve the religious and temporal condition of the poorer classes. In addition to the general dissemination of education and

industrial habits, the circular stated, the Pope's intention of founding, without delay, an establishment at Rome for the instruction of a number of the sons of the working classes throughout the States, and the forming of a nucleus of well-educated non-commissioned officers, calculated to suffice for the army required by the State. In October, the Congregation of Cardinals, continuing systematically to oppose the reform movements of Gizzi, the Pope replaced that body by a Consulta di Stato, of the under secretaries of state, the highest prelates at Rome, and several distinguished laymen. He had also made some overtures to the Italian governments, for the formation of a federative union in Italy. The proposition met favor in Sardinia, but the Neapolitan Court was disinclined to the proposal, unless it obtained the presidency of the Confederation. From the accession of Pius IX., to November, crime had diminished ninety per cent. The buying and selling of the upper grades in the Pontifical army was abolished, giving opportunities for the advancement of men of capacity, without fortune. The superior officers, whose capabilities were not equal to their position, were placed on the retired list, or employed in civil service. On the 3d November, the citizens were permitted to form themselves into patrols for the suppression of nightly disturbances. This measure, which was looked on as a sure step towards the formation of a civic guard, was received with great delight—the people, in gratitude, at the theatre and public places, shouting, "Long live Pio Nono!" "Long live Cardinal Gizzi!' Each day but increased the popular enthusiasm. On the 10th, a memorable banquet—memorable as being the movement of the middle classes, rarely heard of in the affairs of Rome—took place at the magnificent Aliberti Theatre. Eight hundred Roman citizens met to celebrate the return of the political exiles. The committee deserve record: they were—Orioli, son of an exiled professor; Nattali, a bookseller; Delfrate, an artist; Thomasson, a man of letters; and De Andreis, a printer. Chechetelli, a well known writer, appeared for the first time as a speaker, warning them how they would best defeat any attempt to stay the on-rolling tide of Roman freedom. Professor Sejani, late an exile in Malta, the author of several tragedies, and who had been engaged in many conspiracies, proposed the health of Pius IX. His energetic speech was enthusiastically applauded, and, amid the loud vociferations of the assembly, a colossal bust of the Pope was crowned with laurel. A distinguished physician, Dr. De Dominicis, whose brother had but lately died in prison for political offences, exhorted his hearers not to thwart the beneficial measures of the Pontiff with any

unreasonable desire for change. Sterbini, late an exile from Marseilles, followed in prose for some time, till expanding with his subject, he burst forth with poetry, or that measured recitative so peculiar to the Italian improvisator—the whole gathering, as if lifted into an ecstasy of song, rising in a chorus. Several tickets had been purchased by members of the *Casina del Nobili*, and their places were kept unoccupied until a late hour. Some inquiry being made as to their absence, it transpired that they were at an entertainment given by the Prince Borghese. This was deemed a premeditated insult to the popular feeling and to the Pope, whereupon, at the close of the proceedings, several hundred of the young men bent their steps to the Palazzo Borghese, and loudly demanded an illumination in honor of Pio IX. "Lumi fuori! lumi fuori! vivi Pio Nono!" The inmates commenced closing the shutters, instead of restoring good feeling, by complying with the request; which so augmented the popular rage that a storm of execrations on Borghese and his guests followed. The Prince was proceeding to address the mob from the balcony when he was, "luckily for himself," pulled back by Vincenzo Colonna, and some of the graver citizens arriving, they appeased the crowd, convinced that the nobles of the Casino and the Prince would make an apology next day. In December, the Cabinet of Turin paid a decided mark of sympathy with the liberal movements of the Pope. Charles Albert, not only recalled Count Broglia, his Envoy at the Eternal City, who had been remarkable there for allowing himself to be made the tool of the Austrian, Neapolitan, and Gregorian league—but dismissed him with the smallest retiring pension ever allowed to ministers, as a mark of his displeasure. The indications of the growing revolutionary spirit in Italy were unmistakable. On the hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa, the heights of the Apennines were radiant with fires; balloons with the national colors, ascended from the various villas; in the streets young men paraded, shouting, "long live National Independence!"—"death to the Austrians!" A proclamation secretly printed, was displayed upon the walls, and eagerly read by the excited Genoese. Reminding the Italians that it was on the 5th December, 1746, that the Genoese rose against the Austrian troops which devastated and insulted Italy and her people, it says, "That for a hundred years Italy has been eagerly awaiting the hour to extend the triumph of the Genoese to the plains of Lombardy, to drive their foreign dominators beyond the Alps," and concludes:—"Italians! a victory similar to that carried by the valorous Genoese may be renewed.

But to-day let us weep together—let us weep, old and young, people and nobles, of every faction, of every province! Let us weep that we are obliged, with suppressed voices, and arms, weighed down with chains, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of so noble an act. May our pious tears engender in every heart the sacred duty of regaining our independence." The Tuscan authorities were on the alert: the nights of the 5th and 6th, the police tore down the proclamation; and seventeen persons were arrested. The following day, however, the greater number of them were set at liberty; the authorities fearing that the popular excitement might give rise to some dangerous proceedings. In the Romagna the enthusiasm was equally great. At Forli, Rimini, and Ravenna, the houses were illuminated and the streets echoed with the cry of "Death to the Strangers!" 8th February, the Pope received the Irish Committee formed in Rome for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for the famine in Ireland. At the end of February, on the arrival at Pisa, of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, nephew of the Emperor of Austria, who had been civil and military governor of Gallicia during the massacres of the previous year, a political movement took place there which created much agitation. In the course of the day, crowds assembled in front of the palace where he was staying, for the purpose of manifesting their disapprobation whenever he might appear in public. The gendarmerie were called out, and dispersed the crowd. At midnight a *petard* which had been placed in the cellar of the palace was discharged by a train. The explosion shook the building, breaking the windows, and those of the adjacent houses. The town was excited to a high pitch. Placards were issued, and posted daily, full of invective against the Austrians. Several arrests followed, and the Grand Duke commenced increasing the troops of the line. In Rome, the Board of Censorship, up to the time arbitrary in its decisions, was placed under the direction and control of a tribunal, laymen being substituted for clergymen. The tribunal was composed of the master of the palace, its president, the Marquis Antici, Abbe Coppi, M. Salvator Cetti, and M. Vannutelli. These were all men of literary distinction and liberal opinions, save the president. In May, a French vice-consul was established (and received the Pope's *exequatur*) in the frontier town of Ferrara. This movement in the very teeth of Austria, was regarded as very significant. On the 5th July, the edict organizing the national guard was issued. Ten thousand men sprang into the attitude of citizen soldiers, and both banks of the Tiber shook with the jubilee. The banker Torloni, Prince Corsini, Prince Piom-

bino, Campana, the celebrated archeologist, Duke Salviati, were high in command of the civic militia. A distinguished writer at the time wrote:—"Once arms in the hands of every Roman, adieu, a long adieu, to the hope of even *undoing* what Pius has done. The volunteers of Dungannon are now reproduced in this capital, and as Grattan then gloried, 'there is not a man that washes his firelock to-night that is not pledged to the redemption of his native land, and the sustainment of her freedom.' This last blow has come like a thunderbolt on the Austrian ambassador, and he is fairly at his wits' end. His latest card was to try and persuade the correspondents (there are four or five,) of the German gazettes to circulate a report that the Pope is mad." Meantime the Austrians, counting on the opposition which the Pope met with from the cardinals and nobility, entered some of the towns within the Roman States. On the same day, 17th July, a dangerous and desperate plot, no doubt intended to act simultaneously with the Austrian movement, was discovered on the eve of exploding at Rome. Cardinal Freddi, the chief conspirator, Chevalier Minardi, (who subsequently disclosed the facts of the conspiracy,) and eighty of their accomplices, were imprisoned and ironed in the Castle of San Angelo. And Cardinal Ferreti, the Pope's minister, officially protested against the occupation of Ferrara. He exhorted the Italians to "rely upon themselves" notwithstanding there were twenty-five thousand Austrians concentrated in the north of Italy. He also afforded protection to the Jews resident in the city. The National Guard was nightly reviewed. "We must show Europe that we can protect ourselves," says Pio Nono as he passed the enthusiastic lines. Reinforcements of the Austrian troops continued on the march, while those who occupied Ferrara, by every means essayed to goad the people into a tumult. They insulted the statue of the popular Pio, quarreled with the soldiers in his service, waylaid the physician on his way to the dying, and, all these failing, outraged a lady in the public streets. Proclamations were posted, bidding the people to "Watch! suffer! listen!" for "they stood more in need of firmness than ever"—"in supporting, for the time being, the insults of the foreigner, we shall give a proof of the greatest courage and of the purest love for our country, and for our sovereign. Be firm, and full of confidence, and remember that our only watchword must ever be Pius IX! Religion! Italy!" These proclamations the Austrians tore down, as the spirit of them was in direct opposition to their orders and endeavors, which were to irritate the people, and massacre without mercy on the slightest manifestation of disorder. The National Guard, however, con-

tinued to be enrolled and drilled nightly. On the 1st August, Ferreti, by his energy, subdued an attempt that was to have been made to throw the Trastévere quarter into confusion. The Austrian General, who had marched into Ferrara with two thousand men, came to Rome, on the plea of complaining of the Cardinal Legate, Ciacchi, for not allowing his soldiers free quarter, protesting that he had the late Secretary Gizzi's invitation, and demanding satisfaction. In Ferrara, the Austrians, impatient at the delay and fearful of the gathering strength, raised a pretence that one of their officers was arrested by the National Guard, and made it the opportunity of overrunning the town. Patrols of Austrians, with a *carte blanche* of action, and free orders to fire, traversed the public ways. The Cardinal Legate made a formal protest, which was dispatched to Rome, Verona, Milan, and the Governor of the fortress of Ferrara. The Pope, in opposition to the remonstrances of the French and Austrian ambassadors, ordered Ciacchi's protest to be published in the *Diario di Roma.* It produced an intense sensation. On the 13th, the Austrians suddenly possessed themselves of all the barriers and principal buildings in Ferrara. In the public squares, their cannon were effectually disposed and their patrols crowded the thoroughfares. Bridges of boats were formed across the Po, ammunition arrived, and troops were on the march for the occupied city. The Cardinal Legate could only issue a second protest. An attempt was made to commit or bewilder the popular champion, Cicerouacchio. He was deluged with letters from all quarters; addressed as *Excellenza* and prayed to intercede for the people, and to take every advantage in public and private for that end. He escaped the net laid for him by the intriguing party. He knew the people too well—was too long of them. He exposed these proceedings, by protesting against them in the *Speranza;* and declined all claim to the title heaped on him by his various unknown correspondents. On the 16th, the already excited state of Rome was heightened by the arrival of the courier from Ferrara, with the news that Count Auersperg had taken measures of a more hostile nature, which had elicited a third protest from the Legate. Romagna could with difficulty be kept quiet. To resist Austrian aggression was the sole preparation of the entire people. Cardinal Ferreti intimated to the Austrian government that, if it did not withdraw its troops within fifteen days from Ferrara, and keep them within the citadel, the Court of Rome would recall the nuncio from Vienna, and deliver his passport to their ambassador. All the available

troops were dispatched by the government to the Legations. A camp was established at Forli: and altogether the greatest activity prevailed among the Italians. The Capuchin Friars of Perugia, issued an indignant manifesto, and declared themselves ready to take up arms. Charles Albert protested against the Austrian aggression; sent his protest to all the courts of Europe; and placed at the disposal of the Pope both his army and navy, should the independence of the Papal dominions be menaced. Piedmont pronounced in favor of the Pope. This important step caused extraordinary excitement. The peasants of Bologna enlisted eagerly. National guards were springing into active existence in Pisa and Florence. The Pope had now acceded to the universal desire of the citizens and prepared for defence. Various battalions were in motion for Ferrara. The Swiss in the Pope's pay had taken up all the strong points on the road from Ferrara to Ravenna and Bologna. The Austrian outposts stretched to a radius of six miles outside the walls of Ferrara and Commacchio. At Ponto Lagoscuro, 800 Tyrolese crossed the river, and another body at a distance of twelve miles from Ferrara quartered at Polesella. 28th, the government had received from Vienna an answer to the protest of Cardinal Ciacchi. The cabinet expressed regret for the occupation of Ferrara, but maintained its right to have a garrison there. The Emperor of Austria declared that Radetzky acted on his own judgment, and that he alone ordered the occupation.]

Notwithstanding the slight interruption that has taken place, it is not to comply with the etiquette usually observed upon occasions like the present that I assure you, I most gratefully appreciate the reception you have given me. For that reception I sincerely thank you.

Yet, I will not hesitate to tell you, there is something else I more highly estimate.

Upon your accession to the ranks of the Irish Confederation, your adoption of its principles, and your concurrence in its policy, I set a much higher value. And it is just that I should estimate more highly than any personal compliment you could pay me, the sanction you have given to that Confederation, through the

instrumentality of which, I believe in my inmost soul, the independence of this country will be accomplished.

From the Secession, the Confederation originates. It is the offspring of the Repeal Association—it is, I trust, the precursor of the Irish Senate.

As to the Secession—the circumstances that preceded, and those that have followed it—I think it unnecessary to say one word. If you did not approve of that Secession, you would not have assembled here this night—of this I am certain, you would not have passed the resolution that has been just put from the chair.

Besides, it is now an old story. It has been told a thousand times—it has gone through a thousand editions—as many editions as the "Seven Champions of Christendom"—it has lost its novelty—it can no longer interest the public mind, though it might irritate the public passions. We must go back no more, to fret and squabble.

There is a fresh grave in the cemetery of Glasnevin which marks the conclusion of one era, and the commencement of another. The achievement of Catholic Emancipation illustrates the past—the achievement of Irish Independence must illustrate the future.

To repeal the Act of Union—to rescue this country from the control of English statesmen—to restore to it its ancient form of government—to revive within it the power to develop and apply its own resources—the power that will enable it to acquire a large prosperity and attain an eminent position—this is the righteous task which a new generation is summoned to assume, and which, I trust, it will have the glory to accomplish.

To argue the question of Repeal—the right of Ireland to be governed by its own citizens—the invalidity of the Union Act—the evils of Imperial legislation—would be unnecessary, I pre-

sume. But the question at which we must pause—for it is the question at which old heads shake, and young heads grow impatient—is, how will you get Repeal?

That's the rub, they say.

Sir, it is a serious question; and I, for one, do candidly confess, that before I can answer it, I must put as serious a question to those from whom it proceeds.

Does the Government—the Crown—the Parliament of England—recognise the public opinion of this country? Does the Government—the Crown—the Parliament of England—admit the expressed opinion of this country to be a just basis for legislation? Will the Government—the Crown—the Parliament of England—act in defiance of that opinion, or shall that opinion inspire their councils and direct their measures? Will the Government—the Crown—the Parliament of England—be deaf to the citizens of Ireland, claiming to be self-taxed and self-protected, as the government of Lord North was deaf to the petitioners of Boston? Over this country will that government preside as a despotism, circled with its gibbets and its bayonets, defending the flag of usurpation, where it should sign the code of liberty? In one word, Sir, must the people of this country despair of establishing their right to make their own laws, within the limits of the Constitution, and be driven to organize beyond them?

Let it not be said that, in using this language, I preach sedition, and invoke to an armed crusade the precipitate passions of the people. That which I now declare in public, I have stated frequently in private. I believe—it is my deep conviction—that the opinion of this country, expressed through the legitimate organs of the press, the public tribune, and the Parliament, can effect that change in the relationship between two countries which our interest necessitates, and to which our ambition prompts. And this opinion I will not renounce until the government of England

shall declare—shall positively, definitively declare—that, in defiance of this opinion, the Union shall be maintained.

When this declaration has been made to the people of Ireland, two alternatives will yet remain.

The first—to slink back from the Parliament that has scouted their opinion—that has cuffed them for half a century—to hoard up their flesh and blood—to patch their rags—to dress their sores as best they may—to hug their chains, and die. The last—to make good the words of Henry Grattan—"perish the connexion, let Ireland live!"—to go out, like men, and serve the Act of Union as the Belgians served the Treaty of Vienna.

But now, Sir, that we have determined to test the efficacy of public opinion—determined to appeal to reason, and not to measure swords—determined to approach the throne, not with pikes, but with petitions—now that we have determined upon this course of action, it is reasonable to enquire if an opinion—such an opinion as should influence the government of England—exists at present in this country.

I may be wrong, but I do not think that such an opinion exists at present. I mean, Sir, that such an opinion has not an active evident existence.

It is quite true that the heart of Ireland is right. The result of the late elections proves decisively that the heart of Ireland is bent upon Repeal, and that the spirit which, in 1843, was heard—like the voice which spoke from Sinai, dictating laws to a trampled tribe—is still throbbing through that noble heart, though famine has preyed upon it in the desert.

A French historian has written, that after the terrific eruption of Vesuvius, in 1794—which swept away villages, and flocks, and palaces, and vineyards—the olive trees that grew at the base of the mountain were found, amidst the wilderness of ashes, fresh, and green, and vigorous.

Thus, after the visitation which, through the whole bleak winter, swept across this island, strewing those fields with thousands of our people, where a precious harvest, a few weeks before, waved and glittered like a golden banner—spreading desolation from the hills of Innishowen to the shore of Bantry, ghastlier than that with which the swarthy Scythian, rushing from the black waters of the Danube, scourged the plains of Lombardy—ghastlier than that through which the fiery Schismatic of Arabia, propagating his dazzling and voluptuous gospel, burned his way from the valley of Zeder to the gates of Mecca—ghastlier than that which the Venetian renegade gazed upon by Lepanto's gulf, when he watched

> "—— the lean dogs beneath the wall
> Hold o'er the dead their carnival."—

thus, after this tremendous visitation, which men had said would sink this country for ever in despair, the fine old spirit is found still living in the land—pure, active, brilliant—brighter from the torture through which it passed—stronger from the calamity with which it struggled.

Thus, Sir, we find that the heart of Ireland is proof against the worst.

But for a struggle like this—a struggle that must of necessity continue for some time before it terminates in triumph—something else is requisite.

Whilst the heart is brave, I would have the mind enlightened. I would combine intellect with enthusiasm, and have the people subordinate their energies to the sustainment of a strong conviction. Repeal should cease to be a vague shout; it should become a deliberate study. Enthusiasm may drive a people through the squadrons of the tyrant, and impel them up those steeps from which, with flushed and crimsoned arms, they may fling out the rescued flag of freedom; but a strong convic-

tion of its necessity, can alone sustain the people through this struggle, reconciling them to the time it will take, the efforts it will require, the sacrifices it may exact.

Besides, Sir, the effect of this opinion upon the government of England will depend, to a very great extent, upon the estimate which they are taught to form of its strength and tendency.

If they see that it has no depth, no intensity, no positive purpose, no distinct direction, they will laugh at your Repeal pledges, your public meetings, your Confederate clubs, and lecture you upon the propriety of being practical.

Convince them to the contrary, however—convince them, as the anti-Corn Law league convinced them, that you thoroughly understand the question of which you demand the settlement—that you are well instructed in the wants, the grievances, the capabilities of your country—that you know by heart the history of their fatal legislation—that you are determined, with your whole mind, your whole soul, to put an end to that legislation—determined to tolerate it no longer—determined to shape out a new career for your country, without the assistance of their relief-inspectors, their Reform cooks, their soup kitchens, their ten million loans—determined to begin a new life—to set up in the world once more and do for yourselves—convince them that this is your intelligent and inflexible determination, and, depend upon it, a time will come when a wise minister, backed by the high authority of parliament, will be found to declare that, to stay a revolution, to save the empire, the Union must be repealed.

Then the question comes, how will the government ascertain this opinion—its nature and extent?

By a Commission, empowered like the Devon Commission, to drive from town to town—to examine Repealers in Molyneux's Case of Ireland, the Military Memoirs, and Kane's Industrial Resources, and then, at the end of each quarter, to report progress? By an invita-

tion to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to steam up the pleasant waters of the river Lee—as the Lords of the Admiralty did the other day—to inspect the Desmond Club—to lunch with the President—to dine with the Treasurer—and take tea with the Secretary? Is that the mode in which I suggest that the Repeal opinion of the country should be ascertained?

No, sir, let the country speak out as it did in 1782. Let the Grand Juries, the Orange Lodges, the Corporations speak out, as they did in 1782. And, sir, if the people cannot declare for independence, as they did declare in 1782, drawn up in battalions, 80,000 strong, officered by the nobles and the gentry of the land, and flanked by 400 cannon—let them declare for independence through their representatives, on the floor of the English Commons, in the presence of the minister, and in the hearing of the throne.

The opinion of Ireland thus announced, what pensioned recusant, dazzled with the treasures of the Mint, would satirize the cause of freedom as "a splendid phantom?" The opinion of Ireland thus announced, what daring orator, amid the huzzas of the Imperial Commons, would then decree that the sword should enforce what gold and ignorance would no longer perpetuate?

To create in this city a sound, a vigorous, an independent opinion in favor of legislative freedom—to propagate that opinion through all classes of the community—to impregnate your local institutions with it, and make them the practical exponents of it—that so it may acquire authority, and be uttered with effect—this is the task to which we summon you to devote your energies.

Disseminate that opinion through the country—let it sink deep into the public mind—and, in time, the representatives of the people will be men calculated to command respect—competent to enforce the national claim.

If the constituencies be honest, the representatives will be honest. If the constituencies be informed, the representatives will

not be dolts. If the constituencies be virtuous, the representatives will not be place-beggars.

Upon this point, sir, I beg leave to say that any movement for independence will be perfectly useless—contemptuously and ruinously absurd—unless the people, to a man, pronounce against the acceptance or solicitation of place or pension from the English governments.

You, the citizens of Cork, have protested against this system; and when the other constituencies of Ireland shall have protested against it with the same firmness as you have done, the English power, within this island, must quail and stagger, for corruption shall have ceased.

After all, the main question comes, will the gentry of Ireland consent to confiscation to maintain the Union? I do not believe so. I do not believe that they are so utterly bereft of the instincts of our common nature. I believe they will, without much further delay, put themselves at the head of the people. I am confident the people will follow them; and, between them both, they will keep the country, they are now called upon to give up.

What restrains them?

It is said that a dread of Catholic ascendancy—the persecution, the disfranchisement of Protestantism—deters them. It is a false fear, sir.

How this ascendancy could be effected—by what process—by what penal institution in the state this ascendancy could be effected—I have never yet been able to ascertain.

But, supposing that it should take the form of a penal code—statutes of disabilities, acts prohibitory of education, civic privileges, the possession of property—supposing that it was much worse—that it grew into an Inquisition, and menaced us with the tragedies of Smithfield—would there be no virtuous heroism to arm against it, and drive it, maimed and cowering, from the island?

Are not the gentry of Ireland by this time convinced, that a spirit has sprung up amongst the young Catholics of Ireland, which, tolerating all things else, will tolerate no sectarianism? Do not the gentry of Ireland recognise amongst the young Catholics of this country a spirit that will bend to no clerical authority beyond the sanctuary—a spirit that spurns the texts and sermons of the bigot—a spirit that would preserve the altar from the profanation of politics, as it would protect politics from the influence of the altar?

Ah! is there nothing, at this day, at this very hour, to stir the blood within you? Do you not hear it? Does it not ring through the soul, and quiver through the brain? Beyond the Alps a trumpet calls the dead nations of Europe from their shrouds!

Italy! at whose tombs the poets of the Christian world have knelt and received their inspiration—Italy! amid the ruins of whose forum the orators of the world have learned to sway the souls of men, and guide them, like the coursers of the sun, through all climes and seasons, changing darkness into light, and giving heat to the coldest clay—Italy! from whose radiant skies the sculptor draws down the fire that quickens the marble into life, and bids it take those wondrous forms, which shall perish only when the stars change into drops of blood, and fall to earth—Italy! where religion, claiming the noblest genius as her handmaid, has reared the loftiest temples to the Divinity, and with a pomp, which in the palaces of the Cæsars never shone, attracts the proudest children of the earth to the ceremonies of her immortal faith—Italy!—the beautiful, the brilliant, and the gifted—Italy! Italy is in arms!

Down for centuries, amid the dust of heroes wasting silently away, she has started from her swoon, for the vestal fire could not be extinguished. Austria—old, decrepid, haggard thief—clotted with the costly blood of Poland—trembles as she sheathes her sword, and plays the penitent within Ferrara's walls.

Glory! Glory! to the citizens of Rome, patricians and plebeians,

who think that liberty is worth a drop of blood, and will not stint the treasure to befriend in other lands a sluggish, false morality!

Glory! Glory! to the maids and matrons of Rome—descendants of Cornelia—inheritors of the pride and loveliness of Nina di Rasseli—who, working scarfs of gold and purple for the keenest marksmen, bid the chivalry of their houses go forth and bring the vulture, shadowing their sunny skies, reeking to the earth!

Glory! Glory! to the High Priest, who, within the circle of the Seven Hills—whose summits glitter with ten thousand virgin bayonets—plants the banner of the Cross, and, in that sign, commands the civic guard to strike and conquer!

And what can Ireland do, to aid this brilliant nation in her struggle? In rags, in hunger, and in sickness—sitting, like a widowed queen, amid the shadows of her pillar towers and the grey altars of a forgotten creed—with two millions of her sons and daughters lying slain and shroudless at her feet—what can this poor island do?

Weak, sorrowful, treasureless as she is, I believe there are still a few rich drops within her heart that she can spare.

Perish the law that forbids her to give more! Perish the law that, having drained her of her wealth, forbids her to be the boldest spirit in the fight! Perish the law which, in the language of our young apostle—"our prophet and our guide"—compels her sons to perish in a climate soft as a mother's smile—fruitful as God's love! Perish the law which, in the language of one whose genius I admire, but whose apostasy I shall never imitate, "converts the island, which ought to be the most fortunate in the world, into a receptacle of suffering and degradation—counteracting the magnificent arrangement of Providence—frustrating the beneficent designs of God."

SPIRIT OF THE NORTH—EUROPEAN EXAMPLES.

Music Hall, Belfast, 19th November, 1847.

[A deputation from the Confederation arrived in Belfast, for the purpose of explaining the views of that body to the inhabitants generally of the town. A meeting was convened at the Music Hall. For a considerable time, until the police appeared with fixed bayonets, the utmost confusion and violence prevailed. After several efforts, however, it was finally suppressed, and the members of the deputation were enabled to state the principles and policy of the Confederation. The opposition proceeded from the adherents of Mr. O'Connell.]

Citizens of Belfast, I appear before you in favor of those principles, with the resolute assertion of which the proudest reminiscences of Ulster have been identified. I appear before you as the disciple of that creed which, a few years since, was preached from the pulpit of Dungannon Church, and which the armed apostles that issued from it delivered to the nation.

If I am wrong, blame your fathers—blot their names from the records of the North—burn their banners, on which "free trade" was written—brand their arms, which saved the nation and restored the senate. Blame them—they have taught me the principles you impeach as treason. Blame them—they have taught me the creed you anathematize as heresy. Blame them—they have taught me to love the frank, bold vice of freedom—to shun the lazy sanctity of servitude.

The sentiments they cherished, I would labor to diffuse. The attitude they assumed, I would have their sons assume. The position to which they raised this kingdom, I would urge this

kingdom to regain. Therefore, I demand the Repeal of the Act of the Union; and that this act may be repealed, I invoke the spirit of the North.

Not for vote by ballot—not for an extension of the franchise—not for corporate reform amendment acts—not for eleven comprehensive measures—do I demand Repeal. These are not the grounds upon which an Irish citizen should claim for his country the restitution of her legislative power. The grievances of a class, the defects of an institution, may be, in time, removed by that parliament, the legislation of which has, for so long a period, been conservative of error and abuse. Political reform is a question common to both countries; and you must bear this in mind, that many politicians in England believe, that an assimilation of the franchises and various political institutions of the two countries, will confirm, rather than disturb, the control which England maintains at present over the taxes, the produce, and the energies of Ireland.

On higher grounds—on grounds that are immutable—on grounds that are common to all parties in the state—I take my stand, and beckon the nation to a new career.

That the taxes of this island may be levied and applied, by its own decrees, for its own particular use and benefit; that the produce of the soil may be at our own free and full disposal, and be dealt with precisely as the national necessities require; that the commerce of the island, protected by native laws, may spring into a strenuous activity, and cease to be a mere channel trade; that the manufactures of our towns, encouraged by the premiums which a native parliament would not hesitate to grant, may revive, and, with a generous supply, meet the demand which a resident gentry, and all the public offices connected with the seat of legislation, would be sure to create; that, in fact, the whole property of this island—the food that sustains—the skill that clothes—the enterprise that enriches—the genius that adorns—

may belong, permanently and absolutely, to itself, and cease to be the property of any other people; on these grounds, Sir, we insist that Ireland shall be exempt from foreign rule.

Against this project, what objection have you to urge? Is it tainted with sectarianism? Is it distempered with Whiggery? Does it predict the fall of Protestantism? Does it threaten the rights of property?

I know that many of you are the enemies of Repeal. I know full well, that, in the North, Repeal has been identified with Popery, whilst the Union has been identified with Protestantism. I know full well, that, on this side of the Boyne, it has been declared antagonistic to Orangeism, and that, with the principles of 1688, a legislative disconnexion from England has been judged incompatible.

Your fathers did not say so. On the first of July, 1779, the Volunteer companies of Belfast held a different opinion. On that day, the Orange cockades were glittering in their hats, and the same guns that backed the declaration of Irish rights, poured forth their volleys in commemoration of the great victory you still so vehemently celebrate. Why have you forsworn the faith, of which your fathers were the intrepid missionaries?

I will not urge this question deceitfully. You are frank, blunt men in Ulster, and speak your opinions boldly. You like to hear the plain truth, and you shall have it.

That there have been circumstances, connected with the Repeal movement, which justify in great measure your hostility to Repeal, I candidly admit. Until very lately, the movement has worn the features of the Catholic movement of 1827. Exclusion of Catholics from the jury-box—exclusion of Catholics from government offices—Infidel Colleges—Propaganda rescripts—Bequest acts—Maynooth grants—questions which could not be discussed without provoking sectarian strife, and which could not be decided without originating factions—these, and similar questions, were frequently

introduced at Repeal meetings, giving to them the complexion of the meetings that preceded the Act of 1829. Instead of keeping to the one plain question—the question upon which, in 1782, the advocate of Catholic claims and the advocate of Catholic disabilities concurred—the question upon which, in 1799, the Catholic Committee and the Orange Lodge pronounced the same opinion—instead of keeping to this one plain question, the leaders of the movement constantly diverged into those topics, upon which, as I have just said, division was inevitable, and from the discussion of which, in a popular assembly, I conceive, the fiercest antipathies must arise.

Besides, Sir, it seems to me, that a predominance in the movement was conceded to the Catholic priests, which the Protestant portion of the community could not recognise, and which, I maintain, it would be an abdication of their civil liberty for Protestants to tolerate.

"The Priests and the People"—that was the motto of the Repeal Association.

"The Citizens of Ireland"—this is the motto of the Irish Confederation. And by this we mean, the peer, the priest, the merchant, the peasant, the mechanic—every class, trade, creed, race, profession—all the elements that move and act within this island—sustaining its existence, and directing its career.

Will you adopt that motto?

But, first of all, tell me, do you believe the Union is essential to Irish interests? Do you believe that we cannot get on through life, unless we are bound by an act of parliament to England? Do you believe that we have been gifted with no inherent strength, and that, without the help of a neighboring state, we must limp and stagger through the world? Is that your faith? If it be, whence comes it? Is it the result of inspiration, or the result of teaching?

Inspiration! What—the secret tutorship of God! What—

the instruction which the soul receives amid the mysteries of nature—which comes to it, borne upon the black pinion of the wave, and bids it go forth and bring a new world into contact with the old—which comes to it along the burning pathways of the stars, and bids it utter those mighty thoughts which shall echo through all ages—which comes to it, even at this day, across the waste and desolation of the desert—wakes an outcast tribe into brilliant heroism, and gives them strength and skill to cope with the cross and sword of the Christian civilizer!

Inspiration! Utter not the word. No craven faith ever came from thence. Taught from thence, you would spurn the menial's garb, and snap the vassal's fetter. Taught from thence, you would boldly dare, and nobly consummate. Taught from thence, you would find no enterprise too perilous, no eminence too giddy, for your ambition to attempt. Taught from thence, you would step from height to height, bearing aloft your country's flag, until you had reached the summit, from whence your voice would be heard, and your glory witnessed, from the furthest confine of the earth!

From false teaching your timid faith has come. Look to it, and see if it be not false.

You cannot do without the aid of England—the Union Act is your stoutest main-stay. This you have been taught to say. And how is this sustained?

Mr. Pitt assured you that the Union was essential to the local interests of Ireland. In his speech, on the 31st of January, 1799, he declared, that the measure "was designed and calculated to increase the prosperity, and insure the safety of Ireland." He declared, moreover, that he wished for it "with a view of giving to Ireland the means of improving all its great national resources, and of giving to it its due weight and importance, as a great member of the empire."

The landlord swamped—the tradesman bankrupt—the farmer in the poorhouse—are these the evidences of increased prosperity?

And tell me, is it by the scourge of famine that the safety of Ireland has been ensured?

I do not enter into the details of ruin which the history of the Union contains. Were I to do so, I should have to detain you for many hours. Besides, it is an inquiry that can be more instructively pursued in private than in public. The Council of the Confederation will take care to have pamphlets and tracts distributed throughout the country, in which these details will be fully given; for we desire, that from a conviction of its necessity, and from that alone, you should unite with us in the demand for self-government.

An intelligent concurrence of opinion is the only sure basis for a firm political combination. The accession to a political society of men who do not understand its object—who have not been convinced of the utility of that object, and the practicability of its attainment—such an accession, to my mind, is utterly worthless.

Hence, I say, that the meetings of 1843 failed to promote Repeal. There was no mind at work within those gigantic masses. There was faith, trust, heroism. But that which outlives the tumult of a meeting—that which dies not with the passion the orator has evoked—that which survives, though the arm may shrivel and the heart grow cold—a free, intelligent opinion—was wanting.

What, then, do we propose?

Nothing more than this—that the question of Repeal should be honestly considered by the country, and that if the result of this consideration be a conviction of its necessity, the country should demand Repeal as the condition of its allegiance.

That the country will be in time, and in a very short time, convinced of the necessity of Repeal, I entertain no doubt. That it is already the growing conviction of many minds, hitherto opposed most decisively to the measure, I firmly believe.

What is the meaning of the Irish Council, sitting in the Rotunda, if it be not this—that the affairs of Ireland having been mis-

managed by the parliament of England, the citizens of Ireland have been, at length, compelled to assemble, as an Irish parliament would do, to overlook those affairs, and advise upon them?

In that Council many of our best citizens deliberate. What do they report? That the Union must be repealed? No; but that the Union has been an experiment, of which the utter prostration of the national interests attests the terrible fatality. Do you refuse to authenticate this report?

Doctor Boyton must be esteemed an authority in the North. He was a zealous opponent of Catholic claims, and a powerful champion of ultra-Conservatism. In 1835, there was a great Protestant meeting at Morrisson's Hotel, Dublin, and at that meeting, Doctor Boyton delivered an anti-Union speech, from which I will read to you the following extract:—

"The exports and imports, as far as they are a test of a decay of profitable occupation—so far as the exports and imports are supplied from the parliamentary returns—exhibit extraordinary evidences of the condition of the laboring classes. The importation of flaxseed, an evidence of the extent of a most important source of employment, was—In 1790, 339,745 barrels; 1800, 327,721 barrels; 1836, 460,458 barrels. The importation of silk, raw and thrown, was—In 1790, 92,091 lbs.; 1800, 79,060 lbs.; 1830, 3,190 lbs. Of unwrought iron—In 1790, 2,271 tons; in 1800, 10,241 tons; in 1830, 871 tons. Formerly we spun all our own woollen and worsted yarn. We imported in 1790, only 2,294 lbs.; in 1800, 1,880 lbs.; in 1826, 662,750 lbs.—an enormous increase. There were, I understand, upwards of thirty persons engaged in the woollen trade in Dublin, who have become bankrupts since 1821. There has been, doubtless, an increase in the exports of cottons. The exports were—in 1800, 9,147 yards; 1826, 7,793,873. The exports of cotton from Great Britain were —In 1829, 402,517,196 yards, value £12,516,247, which will give the value of our cotton exports at something less than a quarter of a million—poor substitute for our linens, which the province

of Ulster alone exceeded in value two millions two hundred thousand pounds. In fact, every other return affords unequivocal proof that the main sources of occupation are decisively cut off from the main body of the population of this country. The export of live cattle and of corn has greatly increased, but these are raw material; there is little more labor in the production of an ox than the occupation of him who herds and houses him; his value is the rent of the land, the price of the grass that feeds him, while an equal value of cotton, or linen, or pottery, will require for its production the labor of many people for money. Thus the exports of the country now are somewhat under the value of the exports thirty years since, but they employ nothing like the number of people for their production; employment is immensely reduced—population increased three-eighths. Thus, in this transition from the state of a manufacturing population to an agricultural, a mass of misery, poverty, and discontent is created."

Thus have Mr. Pitt's predictions been verified; thus has the prosperity of Ireland increased; thus have its local interests been protected; and thus its due weight and importance, as a great member of the empire, has been established!

Mr. Staunton, in his able essay—an essay which, for its statistical information, I know would be highly prized in the North—has quoted an opinion of the late O'Connor Don, in which the weight and importance of Ireland, as a great member of the empire, is very respectfully set forth. The opinion is simply this—that "any five British merchants waiting upon the minister, to urge on his attention any public subject, would have more weight than the whole body of Irish representatives."

In this opinion is it erroneous to coincide? Do you really believe that Ireland is a great member of the British empire?

You might as well say that the boy Jones was a great member of the Royal family. He had no right to the privy purse, and you have no claim to the Imperial exchequer. So you may boast of your English connection, but you'll get nothing by it.

Get nothing by it! No ; but depend upon it, you will lose everything you have to lose. See what you have lost already.

You have lost your manufactures. You have lost your foreign trade. You have lost several public institutions. The Board of Customs has been transferred to London. So have the Revenue and Excise Boards. The Board of Ordnance, within the last few weeks, has been ordered off. And is it not the fashionable news of the day, that Lord Clarendon will be the last of the English Proconsuls, and that the Castle will be given up to the Board of Works, of whose genius for mischief, there have been deposited, upon every road in the country, the most embarrassing expositions ?

Depend upon this—the English people love old England, and, to make her rich and powerful, they will exact from you every treasure you possess, and then commit you, most piously, to Providence and your own resources. Like proper men of business, they mind their own affairs, and will not intrust them to the Diet of Hungary, or the French Chamber of Deputies. And, in doing so, of course, they will pay very little attention to the affairs of Ireland, or any other despicable province.

Thus it is, that the grant in aid of your linen manufacture has been withdrawn. Thus it is, that the grant in aid of the deep sea fisheries has been withdrawn. Thus it is, that the protective duties have been repealed, in spite of the remonstrance of the principal manufacturers of Ireland. Thus it is, that for the reclamation of your five million acres of waste land, they have refused to vote an adequate advance. Thus it is, as Mr. Grey Porter has stated, in the first pamphlet which he published, that, since the Union Act came into operation, only fifteen local acts have passed for Ireland, whilst four hundred and forty-five local acts have passed for Great Britain.

I might proceed with these facts, if you did not interrupt me with the exclamation—" look to Belfast, if you please—we have thriven here in spite of England—the industry of the people can

thwart the injustice of the parliament—cease your spouting—go to work—leave the old parliament house with the bankers—the cashier's office is just as good as a Treasury bench—build the factory—build the warehouse—learn this, that industry is true patriotism, and that for a nation to be prosperous it must cease to be indolent."

Now, Sir, this is excellent advice, and I congratulate Belfast upon its miraculous exemption from the ruin in which every other town in Ireland has been imbedded. Your fate has been as singular as that of Robinson Crusoe; and your ingenuity, in making the most of a desert island, has been no less remarkable.

But, in ascribing the indigence of the country to the indolence with which you charge it, how do you explain this fact, that, previous to the enactment of the Union, in thousands of factories now closed up, there were so many evidences of an industrious disposition?

I cannot run through them all—but take one or two.

Dublin, with its ninety-one master manufacturers in the woollen trade, employing 4,938 hands; Cork, with its forty-one employers in the same trade, giving employment to 2,500 hands; Bandon, your old southern ally, with its camlet trade, producing upwards of £100,000 a-year; were these no proofs of an active spirit, seeking, in the rugged paths of labor, for that gold out of which a nation weaves its purple robe, and moulds its sceptre?

I cite those towns—I could cite a hundred other towns—Limerick, Roscrea, Carrick-on-Suir, Kilkenny—I cite them against the Union. You cite Belfast, and because Belfast has prospered, the Union must be maintained. Is that your argument?

I do not deny, that whilst Belfast has been industrious, the other places I have mentioned have been inert. But how does this admission serve the Unionist? He admits the existence of an industrious energy, prevailing all through the country, previous to the Union. In the English Commons, it was asserted by Mr.

Sheridan, Mr. Burdett, and, I believe, also Mr. Tierney. Mr. Pitt himself bore testimony to it, but said there was room for improvement. What then? The indolence of the country dates from the passing of the Union; and the fact is indisputable, that whilst the Union has grown old, the country has grown decrepid. How could it be otherwise?

In the history of all nations, you will find that, with the decline of freedom, the decay of virtue has been contemporaneous. Restrict the powers—restrict the functions of a nation—and you check the passions that prompt it to what is noble. The nation that does not possess the power to shape its own course, will have no heart, no courage, no ambition. Like the soul in which a sense of immortality has been suppressed, it will not look beyond to-day—it will do nothing for the morrow. All its acts will be little, and, for the future, it will have no generous aspiration, and, therefore, no heroic effort.

Argue as you please, the plain fact is this—a nation will be indolent, sluggish, slothful, unless it has a security for its outlay, and this security exists solely in the power to protect, by laws and arms, the riches which its industry may accumulate.

Do you dispute the fact? Have you no faith in freedom?

If so, let the *Northern Whig* supplant the gospel of Dungannon. Go into the churchyard—write "fool" upon every tombstone that commemorates a Volunteer—and thank your God that you live in an age of common sense, Whig philosophy, and starvation.

Ay, write the sarcasm upon the tombstone of the Volunteer. It may be sacrilege—but it is common sense. The citizen soldier of 1782 was a fool!

He did not sign petitions for out-door relief, but labelled his gun with "free trade." He did not drive to the Castle to beg "justice for Ireland," but drew his sword in College-green under the statue of King William, took the oath of independence, and compelled the Castle to do homage to the Senate. He insisted

upon a final settlement between the two countries—declared that Ireland should not be an integral portion of a monopolizing empire —declared that Ireland should be an independent sovereignty— and, until that settlement was concluded, he "put his trust in God, and kept his powder dry."

I am much mistaken if you do not ambition to imitate this "fool." I believe that you desire to have this country occupy an honorable position, and that, of its abilities to be great, you have formed no mean conception.

But as I have already said, you dread Repeal, which means the restoration of the Constitution of 1782, and you cling to the Union, which is an abdication of that Constitution—an abdication by the country of all control over her resources, her revenue, her existence.

The Union Act, you say, is the great charter of Irish Protestantism. But has that charter been held inviolate? Have those ancient privileges been preserved, which, a few years since, gave to Irish Protestantism an authority so supreme?

The corporations—once the citadels of the Williamites—have been surrendered to the Radicals; and though, as yet, the civic chain has never shone as a trophy upon the altar of the Catholic, how often, let me ask you, does it glitter in the Protestant pew, for which its brilliancy has been so fastidiously reserved?

The Castle, too, has slipped from your hands. The sleek Catholic slave is a greater favorite in that quarter now-a-days, than an alderman of Skinner's-alley. The Orange flag is designated by a Conservative minister the symbol of vagabondism— your processions are prohibited—and, when you declaim against the spread of Popery, and pray for the repeal of the Emancipation Act, they knock ten mitres of the Established Church into "kingdom come," and vote £20,000 a-year to Maynooth.

What say you now to the great charter of Protestant supremacy? What said Dr. Maunsell, in the Dublin Corporation, in 1844,

when his motion in favor of rotatory parliaments was under discussion? Speaking upon this very subject, he asked the following question:—

"What is now the position, and what may be the reasonable expectations of Irish Protestants? Two institutions—and two only—in which they have a special interest, have been suffered to remain—the University and the Church. Now I ask any reflecting man will he engage that the Protestant University will not, within a year, be thrown as a sop to the monster of agitation? On this matter, the handwriting of the Premier has but recently appeared upon the wall. The question is no longer a mooted one: the days of the University of Dublin, as an exclusively or special Protestant institution, are numbered; and I will again ask, when the University shall have been sacrificed, how long do Irish Protestants suppose their Church, as a national Establishment, will survive? Surely, if the history of the last fifteen years be remembered, no one, not the most sanguine truster in statesmen, can in his sober moments fail to see that this Establishment is already doomed—that the purses of the great English proprietors of Irish soil gape for the remnant of the patrimony of the Church, to the appropriation of which they have already made a first step, by converting it from an actual property in the land to a stipendiary rent-charge? No; let no one hope that a minister whose mind is trained in manœuvres for tiding over political shoals will hesitate to slip these the two only remaining anchors of Irish Protestantism, as a national Establishment, if doing so will enable him to escape official wreck, even if it were but for a session."

Such were the prospects of Protestantism in 1844; and, since then, have those prospects been improved?

Alderman Butt is an authority upon this subject, and wherever integrity is prized, his opinion must have weight. At the second meeting of the Irish Council he delivered a most powerful speech upon the condition of Ireland, and in alluding to that establishment, of which he has been for so many years the gifted champion, he made the following remarks:—

"Take any of those interests for which party has contended. Where will they be when the country is gone? Let us take the question of the church establishment—a question, perhaps, which has excited much of angry discussion. I am one of those who thought—I still think—that the Protestant establishment of Ireland ought to be maintained. I see gentlemen in this room who have differed with me honestly and sincerely, I am sure, upon this question. We have contended about this, and what is the result? The question will be settled without the decision of our disputes. The poor-rate has swallowed up the income of the clergy; and in many districts the Protestant Church has suffered that which you, its most determined opponents, never proposed. The present incumbents will be left, by the operation of the present pauperism of Ireland, without the means of actual support. Thus, while we have been contending about the church, the church is sharing the ruin of the country. Need I refer to other instances to prove that, struggle as we will for party interests, no party interest can survive our country? There are gentlemen here who have been advocates of the voluntary system—who have applauded that system, as carried out in Ireland, in the support of the clergy of the Church of Rome. I inquire not now into the reasonableness of your opinions; but are not these clergy now in many districts reduced to actual destitution with the misery of their flocks? What interest, I ask again, for which party was intended, can outlive the ruins of our native land?"

This is the declaration of one of the most eminent of the Irish Protestants. Is this declaration false, and do you still maintain that the Union Act is your great charter? Beggary, insult, the sneers of English prelates, tithe reductions of twenty per cent.—are these your ancient privileges?

If so, stand to the Union, and kiss the hand that has given you gall and wormwood to drink! If so, stand to the Union, and be the history of Irish Protestantism henceforth the history of debasement! If so, stand to the Union, and let the spires of your

churches mark the way by which slaves may crawl, like bruised and bleeding worms, to the grave!

In the summer of 1845 there was a purer blood rushing through your veins; and, from the hills of the South, there were eyes that strained and glistened—day after day, from the rising to the setting of the sun—as they looked towards that river, into which your forefathers knocked the crown of a craven king, for there a splendid spectacle had been predicted.

Do you forget the prediction? Do you forget the menace which the *Evening Mail* flung in the face of England, when her Prime Minister was warned that "a hundred thousand Orangemen, with their colors flying, might yet meet a hundred thousand Repealers on the banks of the Boyne, and, on a field presenting so many solemn reminiscences to all, sign the Magna Charta of Ireland's independence?" Why has that rapturous menace been withdrawn?

Repeal would deliver you into the hands of the priests—a penal code would exclude the Protestant from the privileges of the citizen—the Union has made him a beggar, but Repeal would make him a slave. You might as well predict, that there will be a Smithfield fire in College-green, and a Spanish Inquisition in the House of Lords, where your victories of Aughrim and the Boyne are worked in gorgeous tapestry upon the walls.

I say here, what I said in Cork—and I am the more anxious to repeat it, because it has been censured—I say, that there is a spirit growing up, amongst the young Catholics of Ireland, which will not bend to any clerical authority beyond the sanctuary—a spirit which will not permit the priesthood of any religion to hold a political power greater than that which any other class of citizens possess—a spirit which would raise the banner of revolt against the pulpit, if the pulpit preached intolerance to the people—a spirit which would level the altar to the dust, before the bigot had stained it with the sacrifices of the scaffold.

Catholic ascendancy! It is a ghost that frightens you, and, whilst you stand trembling before it, the Union, which is no ghost, is playing the thief behind your back. The Unionist tells you not to trust the Catholic, and, in your panic, you forget who robbed you of the ten mitres and the corporations.

Away with the evil counsellor! In Rome, the Jew and Christian have embraced. There is a creed which includes all other creeds—a creed common to the synagogue, the cathedral, and the mosque. The genius of the poor weaver of Belfast, whose lyrics are the brightest treasures you possess, has announced it to you—

> "And though ten thousand altars bear
> On each for Heaven a different prayer,
> By light of moon, or light of sun,
> At Freedom's we must all be one."

This is the creed we profess. The place-beggar calls it "infidelity." The place-beggar—that figure with two faces—like the Marquis of Rockingham, described by Grattan—one face turned towards the Treasury, and the other presented to the people, and, with a double tongue, speaking contradictory languages.

You disapprove of place-begging, I understand. And why not? This country can never be independent, whilst it is a recruiting depot for the English Whigs, or any other English faction, that frets and fights for salary behind the benches of St. Stephen's.

Orangemen of Ireland!—stand to your colors—keep up your anniversaries—but do not damn the Pope at the skirts of England. Burn Guy Fawkes, but in the flames let not the writings of Molyneaux be consumed.

Radicals of Ireland!—claim the ballot—claim household suffrage—claim annual or triennial parliaments—but claim them from a native parliament. Of the House of Russell scorn to be the suppliants. Imitate, in this respect, that nation from whose corn-law majorities, sugar bill majorities, coercion-bill majorities, we struggle

to emancipate ourselves. Be antagonists in religion—be antagonists in the science of legislation—but combine for the common right—combine for self-government.

Is this absurd? Is this impracticable?

Consult the oracles of Exeter Hall—consult the oracles of the Catholic Institute. High above them both flies the ensign of St. George, and though the war of sects—the battle of the Bible—is waged beneath, no hand is ever raised to tear it down, and fling it to a foreign foe. Interrogate the cotton lord of Manchester—interrogate the corn monopolist of Newport Pagnell—and see if they would not link their forces—artisans and farmers—if a camp, like that of 1803, threatening an invasion, were descried from the cliffs of Dover.

A union of parties, then, in the name of national independence, is not impracticable. But the acquisition of independence is impossible.

What—the public opinion of Ireland a feather in the scales of the British Constitution? Is that the conclusion you have come to? Have you tried your weight at all? You have not, and before you assert that you are not up to the mark, you are bound to make the experiment.

In God's name, then, let the experiment be made!

To raise this kingdom to the position of an independent state, should be the ambition of all its citizens. Gifted, as she has been, with fine capacities for power, it is a crime to tolerate the influence by which those capacities are restrained. In the profusion of its resources, the will of Heaven, that this land should be blessed with affluence, has been nobly signified. Nor have the intimations of that will been less distinctly traced in the character of its people. The generous passion, the vivid intellect, the rapturous faith, are visible through all their vicissitudes, their errors, and their vices. For a destination the most exalted, we behold, in every arrangement, facilities the most adequate.

Shall the dispensations of Providence be contravened, through the timorous inactivity of man? In a sluggish acquiescence to the sword of conquest and the law of rapine, are we to witness the profane rejection of that charter, which, through these dispensations, instructs us to be free, and empowers us to be great?

A right noble philosophy has taught us, that God has divided the world into those beautiful systems, called nations, each of which, fulfilling its separate mission, becomes an essential benefit to the rest. To this Divine arrangement will you alone refuse to conform, surrendering the position, renouncing the responsibility, which you have been assigned? Other nations, with abilities far less eminent than those which you possess, having great difficulties to encounter, have obeyed with heroism the commandment from which you have swerved, maintaining that noble order of existence, through which even the poorest state becomes an instructive chapter in the great history of the world.

Shame upon you! Switzerland—without a colony, without a gun upon the seas, without a helping hand from any court in Europe—has held, for centuries, her footing on the Alps—spite of the avalanche, has bid her little territory sustain, in peace and plenty, the children to whom she has given birth—has trained those children up in the arts that contribute most to the security, the joy, the dignity of life—has taught them to depend upon themselves, and for their fortune to be thankful to no officious stranger—and, though a blood-red cloud is breaking, even whilst I speak, over one of her brightest lakes, whatever plague it may portend, be assured of this—the cap of foreign despotism will never gleam again in the market-place of Altorff!

Shame upon you! Norway—with her scanty population, scarce a million strong—has kept her flag upon the Categat—has reared a race of gallant sailors to guard her frozen soil—year after year, has nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swede can lay no claim—has saved her ancient laws, and, to the spirit of her

frank and hardy sons, commits the freedom which she rescued from the allied swords, when they hacked her crown at Frederickstadt!

Shame upon you! Greece—"whom the Goth, nor Turk, nor Time, hath spared not"—has flung the crescent from the Acropolis—has crowned a king in Athens, whom she calls her own—has taught you that a nation should never die—that not for an idle pageant has the blood of heroes flowed—that not to vex a schoolboy's brain, nor smoulder in a heap of learned dust, has the fire of heaven issued from the tribune's tongue!

Shame upon you! Holland—with the ocean as her foe—from the swamp, in which you would have sunk your graves, has bid the palace, and the warehouse, costlier than the palace, rear their ponderous shapes above the waves that battle at their base—has outstripped the merchant of the Rialto—has threatened England in the Thames—has swept the channel with her broom—and though, for a day, she reeled before the bayonets of Dumouriez, she sprang to her feet again, and with the cry—"up, up with the House of Orange!"—struck the Tri-color from her dykes!

And you—you, who are eight millions strong—you, who boast at every meeting, that this island is the finest which the sun looks down upon—you, who have no threatening sea to stem, no avalanche to dread—you, who say that you could shield along your coast a thousand sail, and be the princes of a mighty commerce—you, who by the magic of an honest hand, beneath each summer sky, might cull a plenteous harvest from your soil, and with the sickle strike away the scythe of death—you, who have no vulgar history to read—you, who can trace, from field to field, the evidences of a civilization older than the conquest, the relics of a religion more ancient than the gospel—you, who have thus been blessed, thus been gifted, thus been prompted to what is wise, and generous, and great—you will make no effort—you will whine, and beg, and skulk, in sores and rags, upon this favored

land—you will congregate in drowsy councils, and, when the very earth is loosening beneath your feet, respectfully suggest new clauses and amendments to some blundering bill—you will strike the poor-rate—ay, fifteen shillings in the pound!—you will mortgage the last acre of your estates—you will bid a prosperous voyage to your last grain of corn—you will be beggared by the million—you will perish by the thousand—and the finest island which the sun looks down upon, amid the jeers and hootings of the world, will blacken into a plague-spot, a wilderness, a sepulchre!

God of Heaven! shall these things come to pass? What say you, yeomen of the North? Has the Red Hand withered? Shall the question be always asked at Innishowen—"has the time come?"—and shall no heroic voice reply—"it has, arise?"

Swear it, that the time has come! Swear it, that the rule of England is unjust, illegal, and a grievance! Swear it, that, henceforth, you shall have no lawgivers, save the Queen, the Lords, and Commons of the kingdom! Swear it, that, as you have been the garrison of England for years, from this out you will be the garrison of Ireland! Swear it, that the flag which floats next summer from the battlements of Derry shall bear the inscription of Dungannon! Swear it, that you shall have another anniversary to celebrate—that another obelisk shall cast its shadow on the Boyne—that, hereafter, your children, descending to that river, may say—"this is to the memory of our fathers; they were proud of the victory which their grandsires won upon these banks, but they ambitioned to achieve a victory of their own—their grandsires fought and conquered for a king—our fathers fought and conquered for a nation—be their memories pious, glorious, and immortal!"

OPENING OF THE GRATTAN CLUB, DUBLIN.

Club-room, Cumberland st., 3d November, 1847.

GENTLEMEN—You have been pleased to appoint me President of your Club, and, in that capacity, I have now, for the first time, the honor to address you.

I will not say that I am grateful for the distinction you have conferred upon me. The phrase is almost worn out, and, I believe, that with its true meaning it has long since lost its real value. A faithful performance of the duties which the distinction imposes will prove, much more effectually, the gratitude I feel.

Whatever be the issue, I shall, at least, endeavor to discharge these duties well. An anxiety to promote the cause, to which you have been so long devoted, will influence me no less strongly than a desire to repay the kindness that has placed me in this very honorable position.

That cause is useful, generous, and great. Prompted by those passions, from which the noblest acts have sprung, we aspire to be citizens of a free state, the prosperity of which shall be the result of its inherent strength, awakened by a sense of freedom. Forced from its natural position—driven back from the course in which it was inspired to move—compelled to work within the narrow sphere in which its energies have been cramped—crippled beneath the weight of a formidable power, whose will it must obey, and for whose service alone it seems privileged to exist—we ambition to restore this island to its original destination.

To succeed, we require the truth, the intelligence, the heroism of the island. These are the elements from which proceeds the moral

power of a people. Linked together by one great thought, they constitute a force so pure, so sacred, so divine, that despotism itself becomes its worshipper—shrinking from the decree that would compel it to assume another shape—and drive it, stung and frenzied, through the currents of a crimson sea.

That the freedom of our country is worth the highest price which we could give—that it is worth the blood we have been taught to grudge—I do not hesitate to say. But, whilst we have reason to believe that, without this sacrifice, the same object can be attained, it would not be just to spurn these newer weapons, in the power of which, by the wisest reformers of our day, we have been instructed to confide.

The work, in which we are now engaged, appears to me a serious experiment, the result of which will determine the precise character of the government under which we live. Such being the nature of the experiment, we are bound to conduct it with patience, industry, and zeal, that we may not have to blame ourselves, if in the perfect realization of our hopes it fails to terminate.

If you have faith in it, patience will not be wanting. Neither shall industry nor zeal be deficient. If you have no faith in it—drop the experiment at once! It will be an idle pastime, for which a score or two of dupes will pay their gold, and, in the end, behold a bubble.

Now, I do not know how this experiment can be fairly tried, if you do not carry out the system that has been laid down in the report on Organization, adopted by the Council. I allude, of course, to the system of the Clubs.

With what view do we propose the formation of these Clubs? Simply this, that we may originate, in Ireland, a public opinion in favor of national independence.

Create that opinion—let that opinion act—the English province dies—the Irish kingdom reappears! Foreign laws, foreign institutions, may, for a time, survive. They cannot last. The soul has

vanished. The opinion that sustained them here—of which they were the evidences—of which they were the agents—has expired. It has been succeeded by another, that demands native laws, native institutions, through which to act. They must come. In no country will laws prevail, will institutions flourish, that conflict with the opinion of the country.

The question then suggests itself—does such an opinion act in Ireland? Yes, my friends, it has begun to act.

A winter whose snow was purpled with a tide of fevered blood —a spring whose flowers and blossoms were tainted with the vapors of that tide—a summer whose sun beheld the putrid tide subside, and along its channels nursed a wondrous harvest into bloom—these three seasons have passed away since, in this city, a voice, that issued from the people, was heard to say—"not by slaves can the work of tyranny be undone—the arm that strikes for freedom must wear no chain!"

The day that witnessed the rejection of your remonstrance will be solemnized as a festival by the future. To the birth of a free mind it will be for ever sacred.

The creed of liberty is seldom preached from the high places of the land. The apostle, commissioned to announce it, descends not from the palace steps, in velvet vestments, fragrant with myrrh and frankincense, glittering with gold and precious stones. Issuing from the workshop, the hut, the field—he goes forth, arrayed in the rough garb of labor, speaking, not from books and parchment, but uttering the thoughts that stir his soul within—uttering them with the tongue which the hand of God has loosened.

The tame society he comes to waken into heroism, for a day will scout him as an idiot—in dismal synagogues will curse him as a fiend—from rude tribunals will call him "murderer." The sneer, the curse, the lie, are all in vain. The fire which the idiot, in his ravings, flung across the island, has lit a thousand fires—his madness has been contagious—and they who would check the desperate

insanity, must have the power which the crowned blasphemer confessed he had not, when he smote the waters of the Hellespont.

Such has been, in every land, the history of freedom, and in ours it will not be written otherwise.

Men will exclaim, what! has freedom been withheld from you so long? Do twelve moons only mark its progress here? What of him who died in Genoa? What say you of that stormy year in which the citizen of Paris foretold a July brighter than his own?

This we say, that until now the people moved not from conviction, but from credulity. Blind and dumb, they saw not, neither did they speak. Freedom was to them a mystery. They worshipped—but they did not understand. They were ready for everything—anything—nothing. Hurl the defiance—they bounded to the brink of destruction! Court the alliance of the Whigs—they shrunk back to Federalism!

Such a people have no true power, and whatever spell-word glitters on their banner—be it Justice—be it Freedom—they are slaves—their toil is drudgery—their destiny ignoble. Mind alone gives power. Mind alone ennobles toil. Mind alone can free a nation, and give it greatness.

> "Thought makes man to dust superior,
> And he, alone, is thoughtful souled,
> Who ponders, in his heart's interior,
> Whatever shape his hand may mould."

Faith should be reserved for God. Should a mortal seek it, say to him—"when you stay the torrent with a threat—when you drive the lightning back to its prison in the cloud—when you set another star in Heaven—you shall have our faith, but not till then—no man shall have the tribute which God alone can claim."

Had this been our language long since, we would not now reveal the weakness that compels us to starve and shiver in the face of Europe.

See the cause of it.

We believed one man omnipotent. The belief seduced us into indolence, ignorance, cowardice. We left that one strong man to think, to act, to dare. We folded our arms—indulged in gossip—waited for the issue. Thus the country lost its vitality, and became, what we now behold it, an unresisting prey to famine. A people whose trust is in the labors of a single life, will not survive that life. The same tomb chronicles the decease of both.

"Mr. Pitt, the only man to save the country"—this was the exclamation of Sheridan in the debate upon the French war—"Mr. Pitt, the only man to save the country! No one man can save the country. The nation that depends for its safety upon one man, cannot, and, I will add, ought not to be saved."

This is the doctrine to which we cling, and, knowing it to be the truth, we are opposed to the centralization of political power. No leadership, by inheritance or otherwise. No tribunitian dynasty. No despotism by committee. Equality in the Forum! That is our decree. It condemns the old system of Irish politics—a system of monopoly and dictatorship.

What say we?

This we say—D'Olier street shall have no absolute command—D'Olier street shall not rule Dublin. Every vote, act, project of the Council, must be canvassed by the people. Organized into sections, sitting in your respective Clubs, it will be easy for you to do so. Hence the Council will be held responsible to the people. Hence, while the Council advise, the people will ratify. Hence the Council will become, what the head department of every political association should be, the exponent of the public mind—the executor of the public will. When the Corn Exchange was the Tuilleries of Ireland, we had the old French system here which Lamartine describes—"nothing mounted from the people, every thing descended from the king." This system must be completely

upset. "The source of all legitimate power" must be something more than a toast at five-shilling banquets, for the future.

In speaking thus, of course, you do not imagine that I confine my view to Dublin. As D'Olier street must not rule Dublin, so Dublin must not rule Ireland. By this I mean, that the opinion of Cork, of Limerick, of Belfast—the opinion of every town where a Confederate Club has been established—must have the same weight with the Council as that of Dublin.

What will be the result? Each locality will then feel that it has an equal interest in the movement—proudly feel that it is not the mere tributary of a central power, but an independent ally, acting of its own free will, and acting with authority.

Accomplish this—see the force you bring to bear against the Union. In every division of the kingdom, municipal, parochial, or otherwise, you plant a garrison sworn to its destruction. Disciplined in those schools, the young mind of the kingdom will become an active enemy to foreign rule—be taught the rights of citizenship, its duties, its capacities—be taught those arts, those virtues, those ideas, from the cultivation of which an inferior people become great, and a great people become supreme.

Thus, at last, will the country recover its vitality. "Instead of a determination of political power to the head"—as the editor of the *Limerick Reporter* well and eloquently remarks—"the circulation will be distributed, and the vital action, thus equalized and balanced, will diffuse health and vigor through every limb." This city will cease to be the solitary index of the national spirit. Not one, but a thousand flags, will indicate its progress and its power.

The national cause will then, indeed, be safe. The Secession will have become a Victory. The independence of the country will be guaranteed by the independence of its mind.

The names of those who have done most to serve our country have been given to the Confederate Clubs. When every artifice

has been in play to reconcile us to debasement, it is well to recall, by these vivid outlines of our history, the memories that bid us, in spite of all its errors and disasters, be proud of Ireland.

Whilst these English uniforms glitter in our streets, our concert-rooms, our theatre—whilst the Irish green is banned, and every slave that sculls a boat for English pay may call it a seditious rag—whilst, in this city, a class of scented idlers exist, who have been taught at Castle-balls, in barrack mess-rooms, and elsewhere, to sneer at Irish liberty, and say good things about our beggary—it is wise and virtuous to revive, as we do by the title of this Club, the recollection of that period when a more accomplished, a wealthier, a prouder society than that which now sips its sweets and flaunts its fashions in the Irish Capital, disdained to play the sycophant to English power—the period when, in the highest, the very highest circles, to be an Irish gentleman was to be an Irish patriot.

Gentlemen of the Grattan Club, I congratulate you upon the name you bear. In our changeful sky—where so many glories, at sudden intervals, succeed the eclipse and the storm—where crimson clouds, for years and years, float over a wilderness of martyrs' graves, and from the red grass catch their fearful hue—where sunshine comes, by fits and starts, chasing those clouds away, and, for a season, warms the shivering soil below into fruitfulness and joy—in this, our changeful sky, we call that name "our brightest star."

In the morning of that day, when our cathedral bells, amid the roar of cannon, proclaimed the birth of Irish Freedom, that star was burning high above the Senate house. A nation in arms halted, looked up, and blessed the beautiful prediction of a glorious day.

It was a glorious day!—a day in which centuries of shame and ruin were blotted out—a day in which, with a rapid energy, a wretched colony sprung into the proportions of a nation—becoming,

in the language of its orator, the rival of the ancient common wealths.

A day of a few hours only!

A night—darker than that which fell upon the land of Egypt, when the Israelite stretched forth his hand to heaven, and no man knew his brother—came quickly down. Yet high above the Senate house, the star still shone—keeping there its appointed watch—looking down upon the island of whose deliverance it had been the herald—"faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

In that Hall—where, in the presence of the students of our ancient University—in the presence of the peers and peeresses of the Kingdom—the Irish Commoners, with swords upon their thighs, had pledged their fortunes and their lives that no English law should be obeyed in Ireland—the solemn oath, the splendid ceremony, the faith, the chivalry, the genius of the Revolution, were that night forsworn.

Noble and learned highwaymen, called ministers—right-honorable and learned slaves, barristers and red-coats by profession—perjurers by trade—these, with a retinue of "ayes,"—amongst whom, when the Senate House was sacked, a heap of coronets and borough prices would be parcelled out—these criminals entered there that night, to do the work of conquest, and they did it with impunity. An English regiment lined the colonnade—Napper Tandy was in exile—the guns of the Leinster Volunteers were spiked—Wolfe Tone had bled to death in shackles—in vain did Curran, leaning against one of the stately pillars of the portico, ask the "rebel" who stood beside him—"where are now your 300,000 men?"

The brilliant pen that traced the rise and fall of the Irish nation, has left us the following description of that night:—

"At length the expected moment arrived; the order of the day for the third reading of the bill for a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, was moved by Lord Castlereagh;

unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed broken as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

"At that moment, he had no country; no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

"The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence, and looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, 'as many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say Aye.' The affirmative was languid, but indisputable; another momentary pause ensued, again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice,—'*the* AYES *have it!*' The fatal sentence was now pronounced—for an instant he stood statue-like; then indignant, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sunk into the chair, with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province. Ireland as a nation was thus extinguished!"

Extinguished—not for ever!

To the Abbey of Westminster, on the 7th June, 1820, the senators and statesmen of England bore the remains of Henry Grattan, and there—amidst the princes, the poets, the warriors of the empire, of which, in the prime of manhood, he had been the conqueror—they solemnly repose.

Not so with the truths of which he had been the mighty oracle. Handed down from generation to generation—coming to us through a crowd of perils—the war of creeds, the intrigues of party, the pangs of famine—they have become the testament, the instruction, the inspiration of the Present.

Who have sworn to defend these truths, and build for them a

tabernacle, round which all creeds may worship? Citizens whose greatest crime is youth, who, scorning the vulgarities and vices of a political system that is based upon ignorance and submission, would have the nation resume the prerogative of free will, and advance to greatness by the power of intellect.

I stand here amongst the boldest of them, and I say—be bolder still! Keep the name of "infidels." Keep the name of "anarchists." Keep the name of "murderers." Exult in the infamy your love of truth has won. Scorn to explain away the guilt your fidelity to freedom has incurred. Disdain to crave security from the vengeance which your disloyalty to despotism has provoked. Go out amongst people, and say to them—"now our day has come—now will we live—live for ourselves—not as the pall-bearers of a funeral, but as the upholders of our age—now are we come, and we shall put our own interpretation upon acts, and, moreover, our own acts for interpretation."

POLICY OF THE CONFEDERATION.

Pillar Room, Rotunda, Dublin, 4th February, 1848.

[On the 7th January, 1848, Mr. John Mitchel addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Nation*.

"8 Ontario Terrace, Rathmines, 7th Jan. 1848.

"Dear Duffy,—If the public has any curiosity (of which I have seen no symptom) to know why I renounced connexion with the *Nation*—or if you desire, on your own account, that a statement of my reasons and motives should appear—I will make the statement shortly, and you can do as you please with it.

"Our differences of opinion, as you well know, are not a matter of yesterday. For some months past, I have found myself precluded from speaking to the public through the *Nation*, with that full freedom and boldness which I had formerly used, by objections and remonstrances from you, to the effect, that what I wrote was 'seditious' or 'impolitic.' This kind of restriction, slight and casual at first, became gradually more constant and annoying; and that, while the times demanded, in my opinion, more and more unmitigated plain speaking, as to the actual relation of Ireland towards the English government, and the real designs of that Government against the lives and properties of Irishmen.

"The failure of the 'Irish Council,' the hurried calling together of the English Parliament, the bill for disarming the Irish people, and the horrid delight with which that bill was hailed by the landlords of this country—these things rapidly brought our differences to an issue. The effect wrought upon *me* by all the events I saw passing, was a thorough conviction that Irish landlords had finally taken their side *against* the people, and *for* the foreign enemy—that all the symptoms of landlord 'nationality,' which had deluded us into the 'Irish Council,' and had kept us so long vainly wooing the aristocracy into the ranks of their countrymen, were a deliberate fraud—were, in fact, a demonstration intended to act upon the

English—and that the disarming bill was the first fruit of a new and more strict alliance between traitors at home and foes abroad.

"I desired to say all this to the people plainly. I desired to point out to them that this infamous bill, falsely entitled—'for the Prevention of Crime,' was merely an engine to crush TENANT RIGHT, and all other popular right, and to enable the landlords to eject, distrain, and exterminate in peace and security. I desired to preach to them, that every farmer in Ireland has a right to his land in perpetuity (let 'Law' say as it will)—that no landlord who denies that right ought to receive any rent—that Tenant-Right, however, though the universal right of all Irish farmers, never had been, and never would be recognised or secured by English law—that there was and will be no other way of establishing and securing that right, except, as in Ulster, by successful intimidation, that is to say, by the determined public opinion of *armed men*—that, *therefore*, the power calling itself a 'Government,' which called on the people of Ireland to deliver up their arms, under any pretext, must be the mortal enemy of that people, their rights, their liberties, and their lives. I desired to warn my countrymen accordingly, that if they should carry their guns to the police stations, when ordered by Lord Clarendon, they would be putting weapons into the hands of their deadly foes, and committing virtual suicide. I desired to preach to them that the country is actually in a state of war—a war of 'property' against poverty—a war of 'law' against life; and that their safety lay, not in trusting to any laws or legislation of the enemies' Parliament, but solely in their determination to stand upon their own individual rights, defend those to the last, and sell their lives and lands as dear as they could.

"I desired also to show that the new Poor Law, enacted under pretence of relieving the destitute, was really intended, and is calculated to increase and deepen the pauperism of the country—to break down the farmers, as well as the landlords, by degrees, and uproot them gradually from the soil, so as to make the lands of Ireland pass (unencumbered by excessive population) into the hands of English capitalists, and under the more absolute sway of English government. In short, I wished to make them recognise in the Poor Law, what it really is—an elaborate machinery for making final conquest of Ireland by 'law.' I therefore urged, from the first, that this law ought to be resisted and defeated—that Guardians ought not to act under it, but in defiance of it—that Rate payers ought to offer steady and deliberate passive resistance to it—and that every district ought to

organize some voluntary mode of relieving its own poor; and for this purpose, as well as to stop the traffic with England, that the people should determine to suffer no grain or cattle to leave the country.

"With reference to the future direction which should be given to the energies of the country, and of the Irish Confederation, I desired, in the first place, once for all, to turn men's minds away from the English Parliament, and from parliamentary and constitutional agitation of all kinds. I have made up my mind that, inasmuch as the mass of the people have no franchises, and are not likely to get any; and inasmuch as the constituencies, being very small, very poor, and growing smaller and poorer continually, are so easily gained over by corruption and bribery; and inasmuch as any combination of the 'gentry' with the people is now and henceforth impossible—that, for all these reasons, any organization for parliamentary or constitutional action, would be merely throwing away time and strength, and ensuring our own perpetual defeat. Therefore, I desired that the *Nation* and the Confederation should rather employ themselves in promulgating sound instruction upon military affairs—upon the natural lines of defence which make the island so strong, and the method of making those available—upon the construction and defence of field-works, and especially upon the use of proper arms—not with a view to any immediate insurrection, but in order that the stupid 'legal and constitutional' shouting, voting, and 'agitating' that have made our country an abomination to the whole earth, should be changed into a deliberate study of the theory and practice of guerilla warfare; and that the true and only method of regenerating Ireland, might, in course of time, recommend itself to a nation so long abused and deluded by 'legal' humbug.

"These are my doctrines—and these are what I wished to enforce in the *Nation*. I knew that it would be 'illegal' to do so. I knew that it would subject you, as proprietor of that paper, to prosecutions for 'sedition,' &c. I knew, besides, that your own views did not at all agree with mine; and I could not assuredly expect you to incur legal risks for the sake of promulgating another man's opinions. Therefore, when I found—which I did during the progress of the Coercion bill—that no one journal could possibly represent two sets of opinions so very incompatible as yours and mine; and when you informed me that the columns of the *Nation* should no longer be open even to such a modified and subdued exposition of my doctrines as they had heretofore been, I at once removed all difficulty,

by ending the connexion which had subsisted between us more than two years.

"I have not entered into any details of the difficulties and disagreements that preceded this final step; but I cannot avoid mentioning the circumstance that, during the last week of my connexion with the *Nation*, you felt it necessary to suppress a portion of a speech delivered by me in the Irish Confederation, which you considered seditious and impolitic. I do not impugn your motives for this; but, if there had been no other reason urging me to the course I have taken, this alone would have been enough to make me resolve on never writing another line in the *Nation*. I am bound to add, that I did not discover the fact of this suppression until the next morning after I had closed my connexion with the *Nation;* so that it did not actually influence me, though it fully justifies me in what I have done.

"In this letter, you will observe that I have not attempted to describe or characterize *your* opinions. I leave that to yourself. You have the *Nation* at your command, and have had *five* opportunities of expounding your own policy since I had one. It is enough to say, that the present policy of the *Nation* does not suit *me*. If you publish this, I hope there will be no possibility of any future misrepresentations and vague rumors about the causes of our differences, such as you say are current.

"I remain, faithfully yours,

"John Mitchel."

As will be seen from this letter, Mr. Mitchel had for some time been strongly impressed with the inutility of the endeavors of the Confederation, to effect a combination of classes; that is, a union of the landlords with the tenants, the aristocracy with the trading class; and had become convinced that, such being the case, it was worse than useless to seek for the establishment of a native Legislature by means understood to be purely legal. He was one of those who had generously and confidingly anticipated great things from the meeting held in January, 1847, by the nobility and landlords of Ireland. The Irish Council, which, after an interval of a few months, succeeded this meeting, and might be considered its permanent representative, received from Mr. Mitchel the heartiest support. The first meeting of the Irish Council was held on the 1st of June, 1847. The leading persons attending represented all shades

of politics. Sir Colman O'Loghlen brought up a report of the committee, which, after alluding to the meeting of "Peers, Commoners, and landed proprietors," in January, and the confident hope that the Irish representatives in Parliament would take advantage of that authoritative exposition of the sense of the nation, and by their zeal, ability, and unanimity, force upon the attention of the Legislature the calamity under which the country suffered, said—"That hope has been totally disappointed." The Irish Council was formed on a more extensive plan than the Reproductive Employment Committee, "to combine Irishmen of every grade and section of opinion—to watch over and assert the rights and interests of our common country—to mirror its wants and wishes—to create, foster and develope, a sound Irish public opinion." They recognised the "fullest freedom of discussion"—no member being compromised by the expressions of another. The condition and amelioration of the laboring classes, Native Industry, and the encouragement of Irish Manufacture, the Relief Measures, Tenant-right, and other topics of national interest were considered by the Irish Council—in the discussion of all of which, Mr. Mitchel entered warmly, and on the last named was especially prominent. He condemned, as useless, the system of "reporting" incessantly to the British parliament. "Let those who have great faith," said Mr. Mitchel, (Irish Council, June 15th) "go on making these demands, and urging these claims, session after session, realizing nothing by their urgency except insult and gross vituperation. To any one who has read the debates in parliament, and read any English newspapers for some months back, it must appear almost ridiculous to find an assembly of Irishmen now, in the summer of 1847, once more submitting to parliament its views about making the famine an imperial question—about voting more grants and loans of what is called in England British money. * * * Does any human being suppose that if you made the justice of Ireland's claim as clear as the sun, that parliament would acknowledge it? * * * If the maxim that the property of Ireland must support the poverty of Ireland is indeed to be acted on for the future, as assuredly it will be, as I think it ought to be, why then it is high time for us to see what property we have, to take account of our national resources, to consider well how they may be made available, economised, and distributed." In a discussion arising out of the Poor Law, 29th of June, Mr. Mitchel expressed himself as convinced, that in order to feed a people—all the people—and that well, they need not develope any new resources—they had only to use those

already developed, instead of suffering others to use them. "A member of the Council, Mr. Butt, in his lectures at Trinity College, said that Ireland sends every year to England a subsidy—that was the word—a subsidy of certain millions of money in the shape of food, * * * and surely before we discuss measures to develope our resources of wealth still further, it was reasonable to begin considering how we were to use the wealth we had already." On the Tenant-right question, Mr. Mitchel took a deep interest and prominent position. He expounded that measure clearly and ably in the Irish Council (Nov. 6th), but the resolution he introduced relative to the establishment of that system, was defeated by a majority of two. In all the proceedings of this body he took a most active and earnest part, but to no purpose. He found they would not go beyond a certain distance, and, in fact, hardly do anything except comment on the bills passing through Parliament. More than this, here they were, as a body, opposed to the only measure which would confer on the Irish people stability of happiness and prosperity—the Tenant-right. All this time, the effect of a two years famine—the callous demeanor of the government during its progress, and the threatening horror of affairs close at hand, forced upon Mr. Mitchel the strong conviction, that whatever was to be done to save the people should be speedily done. Any further attempts at "conciliation" he considered a criminal waste of time. To confirm these convictions, came the coercion bill. On the 29th November, Sir George Grey's motion in the House of Commons for leave to bring in this bill was carried by a vote of 224 ayes, against 18 noes. In making this motion, Sir George Grey said "it was not enough to eradicate the disease (Agrarian crime), they should apply themselves to the symptoms. The disorders of Ireland were deep-rooted, and required the application of measures to meet the exigency to which they gave rise. In applying the remedies called for, he never could consent to transfer, as some proposed, the rights of the landlord to the tenant." Lord Barnard would have preferred a stronger measure, believing that it would be better temporarily to outrage the constitution, should that be necessary, than to permit the present state of things in Ireland to continue. Mr. Wakley proposing an amendment to the effect—"That it was not just to the people of Ireland to enact any coercive law, without at the same time enacting measures for their permanent relief," Mr. M. J. O'Connell desired that Mr. Wakley should withdraw his amendment, and voted for Sir G. Grey's motion. In the Lords, the Duke of

Richmond "hoped that the government, if they found their powers not strong enough, would, without hesitation, ask for more." On the second reading, Mr. Grattan gave it his "strongest support." Mr. R. Dillon Browne "supported it because it did not go too far." On the 13th of December the bill passed. It was notoriously brought in on the strongest recommendation of, as it was notoriously supported by, the Irish landlords. Mr. Mitchel, in the Confederation (Dec. 1st), speaking on this bill, reminded the "sham-Repeal orators" of their faith in the Whigs, who promised on coming into power their "twelve beneficial measures—extended franchise—reformed corporations—generous landlord and tenant-right, &c., for Ireland, &c." "There has been nothing," said Mr. Mitchel, "to prevent or delay all that beneficial legislation we heard so much of. There has been no lack of patience and quietness—far too much patience and quietness—unmanly, unchristian, inhuman patience and quietness. * * * From one end of the island to the other they (the Whig Ministers), have dug the public highways into trenches and pit-falls. They have looked on at landlord exterminations, far more sweeping than which scandalised them while in opposition—they have helped the extermination themselves by their mode of administering relief in the famine—they have swept the small farmers by tens of thousands off their farms to the public works; and then, upon a signal from London, those said public works have disgorged in one day seventy thousand, in another day a hundred and twenty thousand famishing and homeless men, and cast them forth upon the wide world to beg, or rob, or perish, as they might. And now men are amazed that the land is stained with crime. But that was not all: for all this time landlords were enforcing what are called in parliament their legal rights—that is to say, making the land, notwithstanding the blight upon its produce, pay them their rents as usual, ay, though the tenant should go home that night to his family with no provision between him and death but a stamped receipt—and the liberal ministers, the enlightened, well-intentioned ministers, looked on at all this for eighteen weary months, pretending they were governing the country; until now, when one-eighth of our people have perished by the most hideous of deaths, and most of the survivors are in a life-and-death struggle for the residue of the food that English greediness has spared them—when the poor rates and the landlords together are engaged in clearing, as Ireland was never cleared before; and there are hundreds of thousands of wretched paupers who have not where to lay their heads; it seems there is crime, and outrage, and blood-

shed, some few of the able-bodied paupers have turned out able-bodied robbers—red-handed murderers, as might have been expected; and these amiable Whig statesmen, in this age of what they call enlightenment and human progress; these men, so profound in sanitary condition of towns, so far before the rest of the world in political economy, and general benevolism, have nothing to propose for the good government of Ireland but the old and well-known remedies of the bayonet, the jail, and the gibbet." On the 15th of December, a resolution denunciatory of the coercion bill was passed in the Irish Confederation. Mr. Mitchel's letter of January 7th, as well might be imagined, excited the strongest interest. In the views expressed in that letter, Mr. Devin Reilly, who had been one of the principal writers of the *Nation*, concurred, and in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, put his sentiments on record. Mr. Reilly, in two letters to the Irish Council, had expressed himself boldly on the effects of inaction during the crisis, and pointed out the necessity which these results entailed. In one of those letters (Sept. 29th), he says—"And while the landlords make their first attempts on life and property, see you not even now the tenantry and laboring classes gathering themselves up for defence? These disjointed and spasmodic movements in the North, South, and centre—in Cork, Derry, Monaghan, and Tipperary—have other things in them than senseless jabber, or 'legal' and 'constitutional' resolutions. That is not their meaning or their purpose. You know it is not, though they cannot rightly tell what is. It is anything but their meaning. Some thought is in them, swaying them, tossing them, which as yet they cannot utter. Indistinct notions of rights, duties, powers, are agitating the tenantry of Ireland. For a time they may be foiled, as at Holycross—they may again essay to speak what is in them, to give their thoughts shape, to give their purpose action, and may fail again. But if these seizures and evictions continue much longer, they, the persecuted, the evicted, the robbed, *will* find a mouthpiece. Some man will lift the curtain from their souls, and show them there what they really think and mean. And the thought and purpose will find an utterance there which will make you and the very island tremble." Pointing out the undetermined position, or want of position, rather, of the Irish Council, he said—"If the landlords of Ireland make their existence incompatible with the lives of the people, every one of us must choose either to fall with the landlords or live with the people. When it comes to that you can take no medium course—you cannot continue silent and inactive—you cannot stand between parties.

They will crush you in the collision—ay! crush you into dust, were you a bulwark of adamant." Recapitulating his belief, he came to this conclusion, that—"Unless you (the Irish Council), or some body or man in your stead, or this people itself, make some great self-exertion for its own protection, during the coming year, another famine is inevitable." Mr. Reilly, for the same reasons as Mr. Mitchel, also withdrew from the *Nation*. Upon the publication of their letters, Mr. Smith O'Brien deemed it advisable that it should be clearly ascertained and made known, whether the Confederation, as a body, adopted their sentiments or not; for one, he (Mr. O'Brien) had not abandoned the hope of seeing all classes united, and under these circumstances he submitted the following resolution which had already been sanctioned by a majority of the Council of Confederation:—"That inasmuch as letters published by two members of this Council have brought into question the principles of the Irish Confederation, and have given rise to an imputation that we are desirous to produce a general disorganization of society in this country and to overthrow social order, we deem it right again to place before the public the following fundamental rule as that which constitutes the basis of action proposed to our fellow-countrymen by the Irish Confederation:—Rule, That a society be now formed under the title of "The Irish Confederation," for the purpose of protecting our national interests, and obtaining the legislative independence of Ireland, by the force of opinion, by the combination of all classes of Irishmen, and the exercise of all the political, social, and moral influences within our reach." A debate ensued which lasted three nights, and terminated in the adoption of the resolution.]

Sir, I beg leave to say a few words upon the question before the chair.

They shall be very few, for I find myself engaged in this debate quite unexpectedly. I arrived from England at a late hour this morning, and it was not until my arrival here that I was made acquainted with the proceedings of the last two evenings. Such being the case, I now speak under very unfavorable circumstances, for I speak without that preparation which the importance of the question requires.

Previous to my going into the question at issue, however, I beg

to express—and I do so sincerely—the same sentiment as that to which Mr. Reilly, in the commencement of his speech, gave utterance. I trust that we who are about to conclude this discussion, may not, by any mishap, disturb the good feelings that have prevailed all through it; and I fervently pray, that, in this conflict of opinions, we shall preserve those feelings which have so long united us in a sincere and devoted companionship.

Now, as to the question before us, I think that Mr. Mitchel has brought it, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. The real question, he says, we have to decide is, whether we are to keep to the old system of agitation or not.

Precisely so. We have to decide nothing less, and nothing more than this—whether "constitutional agitation" is to be given up, or to be sustained. This is the one, simple point that we are to determine; for, upon all other points, connected with the policy and action of the Confederation, there appears to be, amongst us all, the most perfect concurrence of opinion.

At all events—whatever decision you may come to—with regard to the utility of our pursuing, any further, what is commonly understood to be a constitutional course of action—I believe that, by this time, we have become quite agreed, that all this vague talk about a "crisis is at hand"—"shouts of defiance"—"Louis Philippe is upwards of seventy"—"France remembers Waterloo"—"the first gun fired in Europe"—all this obscure babble—all this meaningless mysticism—must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe, would announce no glad tidings to you, if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganization and incertitude.

Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident.

Trust blindly to the future—wait for the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, may lead to fortune—envelope yourselves in mist—leave everything to chance—and be assured

of this, the most propitious opportunities will rise and pass away, leaving you still to chance—masters of no weapons—scholars of no science—incompetent to decide—irresolute to act—powerless to achieve.

This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties, there was no avenue opened to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth—they moved round and round—backward and forward—there was perpetual motion, but no advance.

In the like bewilderment are you content to wander, until a sign appears in heaven, and the mystery is disentangled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition, instead of a determined system—groping and fumbling after possibilities, in place of seizing the positive agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly—the virtue of self-reliance—would be extinguished in you.

To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess, to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design.

A deliberate plan of action is, then, essential—something positive—something definite.

Now, there are but two plans for our consideration—the one, within the law—the other, without the law.

Let us take the latter. I will, then, ask you—is an insurrection practicable? Prove to me that it is, and I, for one, will vote for it this very night.

You know well, my friends, that I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for out-door relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim, the noblest virtue,

that has served and sanctified humanity, appears in judgment From the blue waters of the bay of Salamis—from the valley, over which the sun stood still, and lit the Israelite to victory—from the cathedral, in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko—from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand, that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster, has crumbled into dust—from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long has scared the eagle of the Pyenees—from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the nobility of his race—from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowd that cheers this wretched maxim, crying out—"away with it, away with it!"

Would to God that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and with our blood purchase back the independence of our country!

It is not, then, a pedantic reverence for common law—it is not a senseless devotion to a diadem and sceptre—it is not a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species—that dictates the vote I give this night in favor of a strictly legal movement. I do so, not from choice, but from necessity.

I support this policy, not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favor of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions—kindles genius, generosity, heroism—is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics—for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions.

In the history of this kingdom, the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past—like the lamps in the old sepulchres of Rome—shed their glory round the principles, of which a

deep conviction of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent. And in being their opponent, I almost blush to think, that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other, and whose noble lyrics will bid our cause to live for ever—I almost blush to think, that this voice, which speaks to us in these glorious lines—

> "And the beckoning angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,
> Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown—"

should be disobeyed, and that, for a time at least, we must plod on in the old course, until we acquire strength, and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to enforce the will of a united nation.

Just look, for a moment, to our position. To an insurrectionary movement, the priesthood are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement, the middle classes are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement, the aristocracy are opposed. To give effect to this opposition, 50,000 men, equipped and paid by England, occupy the country at this moment.

Who, then, are for it?

The mechanic and the peasant classes, we are told. These classes, you tell us, have lost all faith in legal agencies, and, through such agencies, despair of the slightest exemption from their suffering. Stung to madness—day from day gazing upon the wreck and devastation that surround them, until the brain whirls like a ball of fire—they see but one red pathway, lined with gibbets and hedged with bayonets, leading to deliverance.

But will that pathway lead them to deliverance? Have these classes, upon whom alone you now rely, the power to sweep, like a torrent, through that pathway, dashing aside the tremendous obstacles which confront them?

You know they have not. Without discipline, without arms, without food—beggared by the law, starved by the law, diseased

by the law, demoralized by the law—opposed to the might of England, they would have the weakness of a vapor.

This you admit. For what do you maintain? You maintain that an immediate insurrection is not designed. Well, then, you confess your weakness; and, then, let me ask you, what becomes of the objection you urge against the policy we propose?

The country cannot afford to wait until legal means have been fully tested—that is your objection. And yet, you yourselves will not urge an immediate movement—you will not deal with the disease upon the spot—you will permit it to take its course—your remedy is remote. Thus, it appears, there is delay in both cases—so, upon this question of time, we are entitled to pair off.

But, at no time, you assert, will legal means prevail—public opinion is nonsense—constitutional agitation is a downright delusion.

Tell me, then, was it an understanding, when we founded the Irish Confederation this time twelvemonth, that if public opinion failed to Repeal the Act of Union in a year, at the end of the year "public opinion" should be scouted as a "humbug?" When you established this Confederation in January, 1847—when you set up for yourselves—did you agree with "public opinion" for a year only? Was that the agreement, and will you now serve it with a notice to quit?

If so, take my advice and break up your establishment at once. You have no other alternative, for the house will fall to pieces with a servant of more unruly propensities.

After all, look to your great argument against the continuance of a parliamentary or constitutional movement. The constituencies are corrupt—they will not return virtuous representatives—the tree shall be known by its fruits! The constituencies are knaves, perjurers, cowards, on the hustings—they will be chevaliers, *sans peur et sans reproche*, within the trenches. The Thersites of the polling-booth, will be the Achilles of the bivouac!

Your argument comes to this, that the constituencies of Ireland will be saved "so as by fire"—they will acquire morality in the shooting gallery—and in the art of fortification, they will learn the path to paradise.

These constituencies constitute the *elite* of the democracy; and is it you, who stand up for the democracy, that urge this argument? To be purified and saved, do you decree that the nation must writhe in the agonies of a desperate circumcision? Has it not felt the knife long since? And if its salvation depended upon the flow of blood, has it not poured out torrents, deep enough and swift enough, to earn the blessing long before our day? Spend no more until you are certain of the purchase.

Nor do I wish that this movement should be a mere democratic movement. I desire that it should continue to be, what it has been, a national movement—a movement not of any one class, but of all classes. Narrow it to one class—decide that it shall be a democratic movement, and nothing else—what then? You augment the power that is opposed to you—the revolution will provoke a counter-revolution—Paris will be attacked by the Emigrants, as well as by the Austrians.

You attach little importance to the instance cited by Mr. Ross—Poland is no warning to you. The Polish peasants cut the throats of the Polish nobles, and before the Vistula had washed away the blood, the free city of Cracow was proclaimed a dungeon. So much for the war of classes.

But, there is the French revolution—the revolution of Mirabeau, of La Fayette, of Vergniaud. There, you say, is democracy, triumphant against the aristocracy, winning the liberty of the nation.

How long did that triumph last?

Madame de Genlis took the present King of France, when he was only eighteen years of age, to see the ruins of the Bastile. Did the son of Philippe Egalité learn the law of liberty from those great fragments, upon which the fierce hand of the French

democracy had left its curse? He learnt a very different lesson—he learnt to rebuild the prison—he learnt to plant his throne within the circle of a hundred bastiles—and it is thus that the democracy of the revolution has triumphed.

No; I am not for a democratic, I am for a national movement—not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830—like that of Palermo in 1848.

Should you think differently, say so.

If you are weary of this "constitutional movement"—if you despair of this "combination of classes"—declare so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation.

Do not spare the Confederation, if you have lost all hope in constitutional exertion. If you despair of the middle classes and the aristocracy, vote its extinction—renounce the principles you have so long maintained—precipitate yourselves into an abyss, the depth of which you know not—and let the world witness the spectacle of your death—a death which shall be ignominious, for it shall have been self-designed and self-inflicted.

Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen, for a moment, to the voice which speaks to you from the vaults of Mount Saint Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you—one who has done something to assist you, and who, I believe, has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and, perhaps, of danger—if you distrust him, listen, at least, to the voice of one who has been carried to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt:—

"Be bold, but wise—be brave, but sober—patient, earnest, striving, and untiring. You have sworn to be temperate for your comfort here and your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now for the honor, the happiness, the immortality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully one to another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God."

WATERFORD ELECTION.

Court House, Waterford, 28th February, 1848.

[A vacancy occurred in the representation of Waterford—Mr. Daniel O'Connell, junior, one of the members returned at the last general election, having resigned his seat. Three candidates appeared. Mr. Patrick Costello, as the nominee of Conciliation Hall, was supported by the priests, the great majority of the Corporation, and their numerous dependents and admirers. Sir Henry Winston Barron, Bart., a Whig-Liberal, was supported by the Whigs, the Conservatives, and a miscellaneous collection of neutrals. Mr. Meagher published the following Address:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF WATERFORD.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I ask you to select me as the representative of your opinions, in the British Parliament.

"The grounds upon which I seek the trust are these: I shall not meddle with English affairs—I shall take no part in the strife of parties—all factions are alike to me. I shall go to the English House of Commons, to insist upon the right of this country to be held, governed, and defended by its own citizens, and by them alone.

"Whilst I live, I shall never rest satisfied until the kingdom of Ireland has won a Parliament, an Army, and a Navy of her own. These institutions are the surest sources of prosperity, as they are the sole guarantees of freedom. At all times, and at all risks, I shall be prepared to assert this right.

"I shall strive to command respect for my country, not more by my votes and services, than by my independence. I shall neither be the slave nor the partisan of any English government. If any one expect through me a personal favor from such a Government, let him not vote for me. I never shall have to blush for an obligation to the enemies of my country.

"As I maintain that the chief end of our struggle should be the perfect independence of our country, so I feel that Irish liberty must be for all the

Irish people, undistinguished from one another, each sect and class unfettered, and all equal. I shall make no pledge for equality hereafter. I insist upon it now. Let us be brothers in the struggle, as we hope to be brothers in the triumph. Let us practise toleration, instead of preaching it.

"Of other things, I shall not speak—petty ameliorations—instalments of justice—scraps of government patronage. If these things mingle in the burning hopes of the nation, the day for Ireland has not yet arrived, and I shall wait for other men and other times.

"But if your thirst be, what I hope it is, for the pure and living waters, and if you think that my youth and strength, my glory here and hope hereafter, would inspire my efforts to realize your wishes, every personal objection to me will disappear. You will pledge your trust to my truth, and that obligation will, by its own holiness, compel me to fulfil it.

"I remain your devoted servant and fellow-citizen,

"Thomas Francis Meagher."

Mr. Meagher was supported by a minority of the electors, but had the enthusiastic sympathy and co-operation of the great unfranchised body of his fellow citizens. The contest terminated in the return of Sir Henry Winston Barron.]

Mr. Sheriff and Gentlemen, electors of the city of Waterford—I stand before you convicted of a most serious crime. I have claimed the representation of my native city; and, my opponents tell me, I have claimed it with an effrontery which can never be forgiven.

I, who have stretched out my hand to the Orangemen of Ulster, and from that spot, where the banner of King James was rent by the sword of William, have passionately prayed for the extinction of those feuds which have been transmitted to us through the rancorous blood of five generations—I, who have presumed to say, that the God, by whose will I breathe, has given to me a mind that should not cringe and crawl along the earth, but should expand and soar, and, in the rapture of its free will, exultingly pursue its own career—I, who have dared to assert the sovereignty of this

mind, and, ambitious to preserve in it the inheritance I had from Heaven, disdained to be the slave of one, whom, were it not an impious perversion of the noblest gift of God, it might have been no ignominy to serve—I, who have been spurned from the hearse of the Catholic Emancipator, and am stained with the blood which his retinue, with such a decent resentment, have filched from his coffin, and dashed in my face—I, who have rushed through this career of infamy, and have thus been soiled and branded, dare to stand here this day, and claim, through your suffrages, an admission to the senate of Empire!

This act of mine is without a parallel in the records of the most intemperate presumption—has been so described by those eminent politicians of our city, who so long have swayed its destinies to their own account.

Should their censure fail to extinguish me, is there not, in other quarters, an envious ability at work with which I have not strength sufficient to compete? Has not the Loyal, National, Repeal Association declared against me? And is it possible—possible!—that you will be so seditious as to spurn this attempt to tamper with your votes?

What, then, inspires me to proceed?

Against this sea of troubles, what strength have I to beat my way towards that bold headland, upon which I have sworn to plant the flag I have rescued from the wreck?

Weak, reckless, bewildered youth!—with those clouds breaking above my head—with those cries of vengeance ringing in my ears—what sign of hope glitters along the waters?

There is a sign of hope—the people are standing on that headland, and they beckon me to advance!

Yes, the people are with me in this struggle, and it is this that gives nerve to my arm, and passion to my heart. Whilst they are with me, I will face the worst—I can defy the boldest—I may despise the proudest.

You who oppose me, look to the generous and impet ıous crowd, in the heart of which I was borne to the steps of this hall; and tell me—in that crowd, do you not find something more than an apology for the crime of which, in your impartial judgments, I stand convicted? Does not that honest thrift, that bold integrity, that precipitate enthusiasm, plead in my defence, and by the decree of the people has not my crime become a virtue? By this decree, has not the sentence against the anarchist, the infidel, the murderer, been reversed? By this decree, I say, have not these infamous designations been swept away; and here, asserting the independence of the island, shall I not recognise, in the justice of the people, their title to accept an eminent responsibility—their ability to attain an exalted destination?

You say "no" to all this—you gentlemen of the Corporation and the Repeal news-room. You are driving the old coach still. Your cry is still the hacknied cry—"you have differed with O'Connell—you have maligned O'Connell."

You meet me, gentlemen, with these two accusations, and to these accusations you require an answer. The answer shall be concise and blunt.

The first accusation, that I have differed with O'Connell, is honorably true. The second accusation, that I have maligned O'Connell, is malignantly false.

It is true that I differed with Mr. O'Connell, and I glory in the act by which I forfeited the confidence of slaves, and won the sanction of honest citizens. I differed with him, for I was conscious of a free soul, and felt that it would be an abdication of existence to consign it to captivity.

Was this a crime? Do you curse the man who will not barter the priceless jewel of his soul? To be your favorite—to win your honors—must I be a slave?

What! was it for this you were called forth from the dust upon which you trample? What! was it for this you were gifted

with that eternal strength, by which you can triumph over the obscurity of a plebeian birth—by which you can break through the conceits and laws of fashion—by which you can cope with the craft of the thief and the genius of the tyrant—by which you can defy the exactions of penury, and rear a golden prosperity amid the gloom of the garret, and the pestilence of the poorhouse—by which you can step from height to height, and shine far above the calamities with which you struggled, and from which you sprung—by which you can traverse the giddy seas, and be a light and glory to the tribes that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death—by which you can mount beyond the clouds, and sweep the silver fields, where the stars fulfil their mysterious missions—by which you can serenely gaze upon the scythe and shroud of death, and, seeing the grave opened at your feet, can look exultingly beyond it, and feel that it is but the narrow passage to a luminous immortality—what! was it to cramp, to sell, to play the trickster or the trifler with this eternal strength, you were called forth to walk this sphere—to be, for a time, the guest of its bounty, and the idolater of its glory?

Gentlemen, from this ground I shall not descend, to seek, in little details, the vindication of my difference with Mr. O'Connell. It was my right to differ with him, if I thought him wrong; and upon that right, in the name of truth and freedom, I take my stand. Let no man gainsay that right. It is stamped upon the throne of the everlasting hills, and the hand that strives to blot it out conspires against the dignity of man and the goodness of God.

And yet, were it my desire to play a petty part upon this day—my desire to vindicate the conduct, in which I glory, upon low and shifting grounds—I might tell you, gentlemen of the old school, that in the career of Mr. O'Connell himself it is easy for me to find a justification of the "insubordination" you impugn.

The Rev. Mr. O'Shea—who I am very happy to perceive in the "omnibus box" on my right—insisted at the meeting in the Town

Hall, on last Monday week, that I had just as much right to differ with Mr. O'Connell, as Mr. O'Connell had to differ with Mr. Grattan.

The difference between Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Grattan occurred in July, 1813.

What was Mr. O'Connell at that time? He was a young man —a man who had done little or no service for his country, and had certainly advanced a very short way towards that commanding position, in which we beheld him a few months since.

But what of Henry Grattan? Henry Grattan, at that time, was venerable for his years and services. His gray hairs were circled with a crown of glory, and, as he sat in the Senate Hall of England, men gazed upon him with a noble pity; for in his weak, and pale, and shrivelled form, they beheld the shadow of that power by which, in 1782, the dead came forth and the sepulchre was filled with light—by which the province became a kingdom, and, stirred by his rushing genius, rose from her bed in the ocean, and got nearer to the sun!

And did the young O'Connell blast his prospects by his difference with the great Irish citizen? On this account did vulgar tongues—did poisoned pens assail the daring Catholic? For this, was he scoffed at as an infidel—hooted as a traitor to his country —outlawed as the murderer of her deliverer?

I tell you, gentlemen—you, who are in that inconvenient corner there, and think you represent the city—I tell you this, that public men were more just and chivalrous in the days of Grattan than they are in yours; and if in the war of parties there might have been a keener enmity, there was assuredly less falsehood, and less cant.

I am now done with this accusation, and being done with it, I beg leave to tell you, that this is the last time I shall apologize for having refused to be a slave. Call it vanity—call it ingratitude—call it treachery—call it, as your prototype, Justice Dogberry, would have called it—call it house-breaking or flat perjury—call

it by any name you please—from henceforth I shall but smile at the intolerant dictation that will utter, and the mischievous credulity that will cheer, an accusation so fictitious.

Nor is it my intention to touch, in the slightest degree, upon the other counts in the indictment that has been preferred against me. The first count is the only one for which I entertain the least respect, so that I deeply sympathize with the reverend gentleman who has taken such profane and profitless trouble to provoke me. However, if he really desires that I should satisfy him upon those points to which, with such priestly decorum, he has so vehemently referred—I may, perhaps, console him by the assurance, that, in the statement of the grounds upon which I seek the representation of this city, that satisfaction may be gained.

This statement will be very brief.

I am an enemy of the Legislative Union—an enemy of that Union in every shape and form that it may assume—an enemy of that Union whatever blessing it may bring—an enemy of that Union whatever sacrifice its extinction may require.

Maintain the Union, gentlemen, and maintain your beggary. Maintain the Union, and maintain your bankruptcy. Maintain the Union, and maintain your famine. Tolerate the usurpation which the English parliament has achieved, and you tolerate the power in which your resources, your energies, your institutions are absorbed. Tolerate the rigor of the English Conservatives—their proclamations and state prosecutions—tolerate the English Whigs—their smiles and compliments—their liberal appointments and modified coercion bills—and you tolerate the two policies through which the statesmen of England have alternately managed, ruled, and robbed this country.

On the morning of the 18th of October, in the year 1172, upon the broad waters of our native Suir, the spears and banners of a royal pirate were glittering in the sun. Did the city of the Ostmen send forth a shout of defiance as the pageant moved up the

stream, and flung its radiance on our walls? No; from those walls no challenge was hurled at the foe; but, from the tower of Reginald, the gray eye of a stately soldier glistened as they came, and whilst he waved his hand, and showed them the keys of the city he had won, the name of Strongbow was heard amid the storm of shouts that rocked the galleys to and fro. He was the first adventurer that set his heel on Irish soil in the name of England; and he—the sleek, the cautious, and the gallant Strongbow—was the type and herald of that plague with which this island has been cursed for seven desolating centuries.

The historian Holinshed has said of him, that "what he could not compass by deeds, he won by good works and gentle speeches."

Do you not find in this short sentence an exact description of the power which has held this island from the days of Strongbow to the days of Clarendon?

By force or fraud—by steel or gold—by threat or smile—by liberal appointments or speedy executions—by general jail deliveries or special commissions—by dinners in the Park or projected massacres at Clontarf—by the craft of the thief or the genius of the tyrant—they have held this island ever since that morning in October, 1172—seducing those whom they could not terrify—slaying those whom they could neither allure nor intimidate.

Thus may the history of the English connexion be told—a black, a boisterous night, in which there shone but one brief interval of peace and lustre.

Friends and foes!—you who cheer, and you who curse me—sons of the one soil—inheritors of the one destiny—look back to that interval, and, for an instant, contemplate its glory.

An accomplished scholar has left us, in the passage I will read to you from the book which I hold in my hand, a vivid description of the one "great day"—the only one—which Ireland has had:—

"It was on Tuesday the 16th day of April, 1782, that the august spectacle of a nation throwing off her chains was presented to the assembled senate of Ireland, and thence to the world. Early on the morning of that day, the great spaces in front of the House of Parliament—its classic colonnades and pillared porticoes, and the open entrance of the University adjoining—were thronged by thousands, who had hurried from all parts of the country to witness the restoration of her rights, and the proclamation of her freedom. The streets of the metropolis were paraded by armed regiments of the Volunteers in uniform—scarlet, and blue, and green, with silver facings—marshalled by men, the noblest and bravest in the land, and bearing on their glittering banners of azure, white, and purple, mottoes and exhortations that might have breathed on the field of Marathon, or amid the mountain passes of Thermopylæ. No man stood there who had not pledged himself to risk life and fortune in the cause of Ireland, and who did not feel that upon the issue of that day depended her eternal destiny. She was about irrevocably to commit herself with England. The question agitated between the two countries was liberty or revolution—there was no alternative. Had the former been refused—had the demand for it been even coldly received, the sun would have gone down that evening for the last time on an enslaved people, and the morrow's dawn would have beheld them rising up with giant force, rushing out upon the plains and hills with fire and sword, and rending, as if they had been withes of straw, the ties that had so long connected them with England. The example of America encouraged and inspired all; they were irresistible; and England knew that they were determined.

"Nor was the sight exhibited in the interior of the House of Commons less imposing than that which was seen outside its walls. A rotunda of magnificent proportions and great architectural elegance, lighted from a lofty dome, on which sculpture had lavished many an ornament—a capacious gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounding the entire apartment, and filled with four hundred ladies, radiant with beauty and jewelled robes; the greatest body of the peerage in stars, and orders, and swords—all filled with anxiety about the approaching scene; here and there some

gay officers of the Volunteers conversing with the students of the University in their gowns of black silk and velvet; on the marble floors the representatives of the people, several of whom appeared in military dress, talking together in little groups, and venturing many a surmise on the course which government might take on this momentous question—such was the scene which a spectator of that day would have beheld as he entered the Irish House of Commons through one of the many tesselated corridors by which it is approached."

Now, you who quake and quiver when I insist upon the right of this country to be held, governed, and defended by its own citizens, and by them alone—you who are so exclusively industrial in your projects and so constitutional in your efforts—what do you say to your fathers, the actors in that scene?

Conservatives of Waterford!—who were the officers in the Irish army that occupied our island on the 16th of April, 1782? Call the muster-roll, and at the head of the regiments levied in Waterford, the Alcocks, the Carews, the Boltons, the Beresfords, will appear.

And will you, gentlemen—the grand jurors of the city and the county—forswear the right of which they were the champions? Will that which was loyalty in the fathers be sedition in the sons?

Time does not change virtue into vice. Do not scruple, then, to revive the sentiments of those whose names you bear, and to whose principles—if you have any pride of ancestry—you should ambitiously adhere. You have stood aloof too long from the people, of whose integrity in this contest you have had so startling an attestation; and deterred by vague fears and vaguer prejudices, you have leant most cringingly upon England, instead of trusting manfully to yourselves. Identify yourselves with the hopes, the ideas, the labors of your country; make the country your own, and make it worthy of your pride. Form for the future no mean

estimate of its powers; assign to it no narrow space for its career; open to it the widest field—conceive for it the highest destiny.

The enmity I bear the Legislative Union is not more bitter than the enmity I bear those practices and passions, from which that Union derives its ruinous vitality. Impatient for the independence of my country—intolerant of every evil that averts the blessing—I detest the bigot, and despise the place-beggar.

Who stands here to bless the bigot or to cheer the place-beggar?

They are the worst enemies of Ireland. The rancor of the one, and the venality of the other, constitute the strongest forces by which the island is held in subjection.

Down with the bigot! He would sacrifice the nation to the supremacy of his sect. Down with the bigot! He would persecute the courage which had truth for its inspiration, and humanity for its cause. Down with the bigot! He would banish the genius which, in the distribution of its fruits, was generous to all creeds; and in the circle of its light, would embrace every altar in the land.

Down with the place-beggar! He would traffic on a noble cause, and beg a bribe in the name of liberty. Down with the place-beggar! He would fawn in private on the men whom he scourged in public, and with his services sustain the usurpation his invectives had assailed. Down with the place-beggar! He would thrive by traitorism, and, in the enjoyment of his salary, would spurn the people upon whose shoulders he had mounted to that eminence, from whence he had beckoned to the minister, and said —"look here—a slave for hire—a slave of consequence—a valuable slave—the people have confided in me!"

You have now some notion of the principles upon which I stand. Do you reject those principles? Do you think them intolerant, profane, impure?

Declare your opinion, and decide my fate. If you declare against my principles, you declare against the claim I have this

day urged. I can borrow no great name to hide my own insignificance. I have been the servant of no government—the follower of no great house. Without any of those influences to assist me upon which public men usually depend, I flung myself into this struggle, trusting to the power of truth and the enthusiasm of the people.

It was a daring act, yet there is wisdom sometimes in audacity. There was a bold spirit slumbering amongst you—it required but one bold act to startle it into a resolute activity.

I am guilty of that act, and await the penalty.

Punish me, if you desire to retain your past character. Preserve the famous motto of your ancient municipality free from stain. As it was won by a slavish loyalty, so maintain it by a sordid patriotism.

Spurn me! I have been jealous of my freedom, and, in the pursuit of liberty, have scorned to work in shackles. Spurn me! I have fought my own way through the storm of politics, and have played, I think, no coward's part upon the way. Spurn me! I loathe the gold of England, and deem them slaves who would accept it. Spurn me! I will not beg a bribe for any of you—I will strike no pedlar's bargain between the minister and the people. Spurn me! I have raised my voice against the tricks and vices of Irish politics, and have preached the attainment of a noble end by noble means. Spurn me! I have claimed for my country the position and the powers which none amongst you, save the tame and venal, will refuse to claim, and, in doing this, I have acted as became a free, unpensioned citizen.

LETTER

TO THE COUNCIL OF THE IRISH CONFEDERATION.

WATERFORD, *March 7th*, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I deeply regret my inability to attend the meeting on the evening of the 9th instant.

Having learned from your Secretary, that an address to the citizens of Paris will be moved at the meeting, I feel much annoyed, that it will not be in my power to join in the congratulations you will offer to these brave men.

Your congratulations, I trust, will be worthy of the revolution which the citizens of Paris have won and dignified. Commemorate it in no lame and stinted language. The panegyric of such a triumph should be written in letters of fire, and the enthusiasm with which you celebrate it, should be as generous as the heroism that achieved it.

Nor should that revolution be a mere spectacle at which we should gaze with wonder, and clap our hands with joy. Let us derive some instruction from it. By the flames in which the throne is consumed at the foot of the column of July, let us read the lessons of freedom—the way to win the blessing, and the way to keep it.

The Tricolor is once more seen above the red horizon! In its blended glories, may we, the citizens of Ireland, behold the type and picture of that national unanimity, upon which the event of our independence absolutely depends.

If we have differences to settle, let us settle them when we have

settled the common foe. And if we, gentlemen, are to make the first advance—let us make it—and let it be generously and promptly made.

"You and I," said Aristides to Themistocles, before the battle of Salamis, "if we are wise, shall now bid adieu to our vain and childish disputes, and enter upon a nobler and more salutary contention, striving which of us shall contribute most to the preservation of Greece."

More than this—the present crisis, as it is called, dictates something beyond the adjustment of our differences. It dictates bold steps, and the boldest that can be taken. As to the old routine of petitions, reports, getting men into Parliament, and all that sort of work—I am heartily sick of it since my defeat.

The contest, in which I was recently engaged, has clearly proved to me that the will of the people has no effect, whilst we appeal to the weapons of the franchise. Besides, I think it would be a crime in me to waste, any further, in obscure election squabbles, that fine enthusiasm by which I was sustained, and which, surging and swaying round me to the last moment—strong and passionate even when the cloud had lowered upon it—convinced me it was an element destined to give life to a nobler struggle, upon a wider field.

The moment I can stir—that moment I shall be with you. In my absence, however, you may assign me any place, any duty, you think fit. I shall proudly obey the orders of the Irish Confederation.

Whatever be the consequences, I shall attend the meeting of the 17th instant. The Citizens of Dublin do well to dedicate the national holiday to the honor of France. I do not wish to urge any suggestion, but I think that a proclamation should be issued on that morning, calling upon the people to give over their slavish custom of dancing attendance in the Castle Yard to the

fifes and drums of some English regiment, and the nods and smiles of his Excellency in the balcony.

From this out, the deepest and blackest line should be drawn between the people of Ireland and the ministers of England—their soldiers and their lawyers—their bullies and their beggars. God grant it! that in a few months, at furthest, the Irish Sea may flow between them, and for ever!

I am, Gentlemen,

Your sincere friend,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—APPEAL TO ARMS.

Music Hall, Dublin, 15th March, 1848.

[In France, at the close of 1847, the Ministerialists, led by M. Guizot, and the Reform party, headed by M. Odillon Barrot, were drawn up in hostile attitudes. The banquets of the latter, held in various parts of France, were objects of anxiety, suspicion, and condemnation on the part of the former. At Paris, Châlons sur Sáone, Grenoble, Roanne, Vienne, Lille, Dïjon, Autun, Maçon, and other places, those banquets were generously subscribed for—in some places the reform and dynastic agitators uniting. They grew formidable. The King's address to the new Chamber—in consequence of some phrases insulting to the managers of those reform banquets—led to a long and angry debate, and the great majority of the Chamber demanded the presentation of a law on the right of meeting. Even the Conservatives, moved by the prolonged defiance of the Ministers to the Representatives, joined in the demand. M. Guizot, in opposition to MM. Barrot and Duvergier de Hauranne, maintained the right of government. M. Hébert, Keeper of the Seals, advocated the revival of the laws of 1791—the legal repression of those dangerous meetings—and by his arbitrary notions on the question, gave rise to much heated and violent feeling. "M. Ledru Rollin," says Lamartine, "replied with a fire and vigor which placed him in the front rank of the opposition orators." On the 2nd February, a number of students of the Paris colleges presented a petition for the liberty of speech in the University, and that the courses of MM. Quinet and Michelet should be resumed. The 12th arrondissement of Paris had arranged to hold a banquet on the 20th February, 1848, and the Reformers signified their intention of being present, to ratify their opinion of the right of assembly. They could muster no inconsiderable force —consisting, as they did, of more than two hundred deputies, two hundred and fifty officers of the National Guard, nearly all the municipal officers, and the great mass of the citizens. This circumstance, concurring with the exciting

intelligence of the movement in Italy, hurried Louis Philippe and his ministers to the adoption of "precautionary" measures. The Ministry did not intend to oppose the banquet by force, but subject the issue between them and the popular party to the decision of the courts of law, to which decision the Opposition were satisfied to submit. But on the 19th—the Reformers having invited the National Guard—the Ministry revoked their intention, and declared they would disperse the meeting by force. The banquet was countermanded. On Monday the 21st, proclamations were issued, forbidding the banquet—all assemblages of the people—and prohibiting the National Guard from appearing in uniform, unless ordered by their chiefs. In the meantime, an army of fifty thousand men was concentrated upon Paris. A numerous garrison were already on the road to St. Cloud, for the fort of Mont Valerien. Thirty-seven battalions of infantry, a battalion of *Chasseurs d'Orleans*, three companies of sappers and miners, four thousand men of the Municipal guard and veterans, and five batteries of artillery, garrisoned the capital. All the points of popular strength were covered by the military. The night of Monday was silent. On Tuesday, crowds moved—gathering force and passion as they moved—along the Boulevards, and from the upper Faubourgs of Paris. Anxiety sat on every face, and each seemed to ask his neighbor why he came, knowing well what brought himself. The students, with the fearless animation of youth, appeared upon the Place de la Madeleine, singing the Marseillaise. Still swelling, the column measured the Place de la Concorde, crossed the Port Royal, and, by noon, thirty thousand men knocked at the Chamber of Deputies. The railings and walls were surmounted, the gates forced—but thousands of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, rapidly converging upon the Chambers, dispersed the populace. The Boulevard Italien and the Rue Lepelletier swarmed with students, who brought to the office of the *National*—"the touchstone of the Revolution," as M. de Lamartine called that journal—a copy of their petition to the Chambers, praying for the impeachment of the ministry. An apparently harmless crowd followed them; but the *Mourir pour la Patrie* mingling with the *Marseillaise*, had the effect of closing up the shops on the Boulevard. Throughout the day, the collisions between the people and the soldiers were frequent. On the quays, and in the streets, single regiments dispersed whole multitudes. This, however, had no bad effect. Towards evening, barricades grew suddenly from the paved ways. The people—no doubt remembering the surrender of Switzerland and Italy, and the counter-revolutionary and anti-

national policy of the government—attacked, but in vain, the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was filled with troops. Nevertheless, the determination was evident, for, in every direction, voice answered voice—"Down with Guizot!"—"The head of Guizot!" The position of the Hotel des Affaires Estrangeres reminds old revolutionists of July, 1830, and this does not at all make them fear the soldiers. For instance, near the gate, a horse-soldier ordered a man to move on, or he would cut him down. Folding his arms, and looking sternly at the soldier, the man replied, "Would you, coward?" The trooper rode off. Around the Madeleine and the Port Royale, the dense crowds, to the order of "disperse!" give a reply more ominous than blows—"*Vive la Reforme! Vive la Ligne!*"—and burst into the Girondins' chant—"*Mourir pour la Patrie!*" In the afternoon, the aspect of the Chamber of Deputies was gloomy. M. Guizot, pale but confident, awaited the storm that was gathering. The appearance of M. O. Barrot, accompanied by De Hauranne, Marie, Thiers, Garnier Pages, and others, produced some sensation—the more visible, because of the thinly filled benches. M. Barrot laid on the table an act signed by fifty-three Deputies, impeaching the Ministry as guilty of having betrayed the honor of France abroad—attacked the rights of the people at home—falsified the Constitution—violated the guarantees of liberty—of systematic corruption and perversion of the representative government—traffic in public offices—waste of the state finances—of violent despoliation of the right of citizenship under a free Constitution—and of placing in question all the conquests of two revolutions, by a policy that was openly and absolutely counter-revolutionary. M. Genoude, in his own name impeached the "President of the Council and his colleagues." M. Guizot, "whose soul loved its grand dramas," took up M. Barrot's impeachment, perused it, and "laughed immoderately." A division took place in the Opposition, seventeen—including Count Dalton Shee, Duc D'Harcourt, and de Boissy, of the Chamber of Peers—being in favor of holding the banquet on that evening (22d), and the majority against it. The revolutionary organs violently attacked M. Barrot and his colleagues for retreating before the ministry. News of the movement spread rapidly through the provinces, and from Chartres and Amiens, addresses, signed by all classes of society, reached the deputies, encouraging resistance. Similar addresses were despatched from Blois, Tours, Rouen, Havre, Arras, Lille, and deputations were travelling to the banquet. The excitement increased on Wednesday. The people with

a noble perseverance continued to maintain their attitude of passive resistance, and addressed the soldiers with every phrase of fraternity, at the same time that they took every "precautionary" means of self-defence. Dispersed from one street, they gather in another, covering their retreat with broken bottles, and demolishing railings for weapons—overthrowing vehicles, tearing up the pavements, and erecting barricades. At the Filles du Cabraires, however, there was more serious opposition. Cannon was fired, and the slaughter becoming general, thirty or forty persons were killed. General Peyronnet Sebastiani fell here. As the day advanced, it became evident that the National Guards acted unwillingly against the "insurgents." At the Mairie of the third Arrondissement, the third legion, taking the initiative, declared for Reform. The Municipal Guard, with fixed bayonets, advanced on them. The National Guard received them firmly—their bayonets crossed—"Respect the people!" exclaimed M. Tetorix—and raising their arms in token of respect, the Municipals marched off. The effect was electric. Presently, the rest of the legion declared for the people, and by noon they numbered three thousand men. In the rue Lepelletier, the Nationals of the second legion followed the example. "Long live the National Guard!"—"Down with Guizot!"—frantically rose from the delighted people; and in their ebullition of joy, they attacked a guard-house, overpowered the soldiers, fired off their muskets, freed the prisoners, and capturing the colors, presented them, amid thundering *vivas*, as a trophy to the third legion of the Nationals. The officers of the third legion demanded the dismissal of ministers, and deputed their colonel to wait on the King. The city continued in a tremulous fever during the afternoon. At three o'clock, Louis Philippe was informed of the decision of the Municipal Council—the dismissal of ministers. The King hastily calls a council, and the ministers resign. So far the people triumphed, and here Louis Philippe, imagining he had appeased the people, concluded that the "riot" would have an end. The conflict recommenced with the night. In a fit of satiric exultation, the people resolved on making M. Guizot illuminate for his own downfall. On some slight pretence—or rather, from a very urgent necessity, as the better informed have confidently assured us—the soldiers on guard replied to the proposal by a volley, killing fifty-two persons. This discharge was the tocsin of war. Presently the hum of an approaching multitude—a hum, in which the rumbling noise of wheels broke through the solemn swell of the death

chant—fell heavily upon the ear. The crowd slowly advanced from the Boulevard des Capucines. In the light of the flaring torches, which the foremost carried, the dark mass moved like the sea before the coming storm. As the head of the column reached the Rue Lepelletier, the chant gave way to a burst of fury, and, at the office of the *National*, changed into a tumultuous shriek of "*Vengeance.*" Round the bier—for it was the funeral procession of those who fell at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs—the sensation was terrible, as the people showed the bloody bodies to the journalists, that they might be recorded. "They are assassins who have slain them—give us arms! we will avenge them! Arms—arms!" The torches, casting their light upon the sweltering corses and upon the frenzied faces of the multitude, disclosed an appalling scene. M. Garnier Pages addressed them in words of promise, and they moved on with the bodies. *Aux armes! a bas les assassins! a bas Louis Philippe! aux Barricades!*—and they wildly went to the barricades again. Everything was sacrificed to the barricade. All through the night, rich men and poor men, shopkeepers, clerks, and workmen, labored with an earnestness beyond description. In the Boulevard des Italiens, three regiments of the line, armed to the teeth, and a regiment of Cuirassiers, having three field-pieces and three caissons of ammunition with them, fraternized with the National guards and the people, amid the greatest enthusiasm. Paris bivouacked in the streets, and welcomed liberty by the watch-fires. There were no outrages. Women were politely conducted to their homes. Armed parties went their rounds. "Have you arms?" ask the people. "Yes." "Then give them;" and receiving them they mark the door, with a scrap of chalk, thus—"On a donné les armes." Late this night, Thiers, at the solicitation of the King, promised to submit a new ministry, on the proviso that M. Odillon Barrot should be included. Such was the disposition of the characters on the revolutionary stage on the night of Wednesday, the 23d of February. Early on the morning of Thursday, it was announced the ministry was formed. *Vive la reforme!* shout the people—"you shall have it," answered M. Thiers, who with several opposition members were traversing the streets. "Yes—yes," was the answer to every demand of the people, and shortly afterwards, this proclamation was posted on the walls:—

"Orders have been given to cease firing everywhere. We have just been charged by the King to form a ministry. The Chamber will be

dissolved, and an appeal made to the country. General Lamoriciere has been appointed Commandant of the National Guards.

"THIERS,
"ODILLON BARROT,
"DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE,
"LAMORICIERE."

Bitter disappointment and indignation followed. The placards were torn down. The National Guard refused to fire on the people. Before 11 o'clock —at which time Marshal Bugeaud threw down his baton and disappeared— two regiments of the line, and the five companies of the Pompeurs of Paris fraternized with, and gave up their arms and ammunition, to the people. The excitement grew violent, and the "insurgents" multiplied enormously. The troops, tired of street-fighting, had been drawn off to the Tuilleries. Tricolor flags became visible, with the word "Republique" displayed thereon. The Abbaye and Conseils de Guerre prisons were unbarred, and the inmates unchained. "*Aux Tuilleries—a potence Louis Philippe—Vengeance!*"—and springing over their barricades, the people sweep on to the Palais Royal. Opposite the latter was a guard-house, which being summoned to surrender, poured out volley after volley. Up flew a barricade on either side of it, as if by magic, and the citizens returned the fire, which was kept up for hours. General Lamoriciere attempted to restore order—it was useless. A couple of coaches were overturned and fired opposite the port. Amid the yell of "vengeance"—the guard-house yielded to the flames, and buried its defenders in its ruins. M. Etienne Arago led the insurgents in this desperate encounter. The Palais Royal was then attacked, and after much slaughter, taken by the people. The Tuilleries was next visited, the clamorous voices of outraged citizens, disturbing the privacy of Louis Philippe with a fore-knowledge of his doom. He immediately abdicated in favor of his grand-son, the Count de Paris. It was noon, and by one o'clock, the palace was the property of the citizens. It was gutted. The furniture of royalty was flung into an immense bon-fire. The throne was carried about the streets in triumph, amid the loud choruses of the *Marseillaise.* On capturing the palace, the people found a magnificent image of our Saviour in white marble. "My friends," cried a student of the Ecole Polytechnique, "this is the master of us all!" They took the figure and bore it solemnly to the church of St. Roch. "Citizens, off with your hats! Salute Christ!" said the people, and all bowed low in reverence. The King escaped in disguise, his flight from the city being materially precipitated by the cries

of *Vive la Republique*, which haunted his ears. At half-past one, there were three hundred Deputies in the Chamber. The Duchess of Orleans and her sons were announced. The Count de Paris, led by a Deputy and the Duchess and her other son, accompanied by the Dukes de Nemours and Montpensier, entered. The National Guards and the people forcibly intrnded, and took possession of the seats under the tribune. The uproar subsiding, M. Dupin announced, that the King, on abdicating in favor of the young Count of Paris, appointed the Duchess of Orleans regent. Cries of "it is too late," interrupted the speaker. M. Marie and Cremieux urged the necessity of establishing a provisional government. M. Barrot proposed, as most fitting for the occasion—"the regency of the Duchess, a ministry chosen from the most tried opinions, and an appeal to the country." Great agitation followed, and the speaker was cut short by the descent of a greater crowd. Dressed in the most heterogeneous manner—men in blouses, transformed into soldiers, with helmets and cross-belts—they presented a most exciting spectacle. All were armed with swords, lances, spears, muskets, and several carried tri-color flags. They threw themselves into the empty seats of the deputies, and some even took possession of the tribune. The president, as a mark of disapprobation at the disorder, put on his hat. In a moment several muskets were levelled at him, and loud cries of "off with your hat, president," angrily proceeded from the new-comers. The Duchess of Orleans and her sons became the objects of the deepest anxiety on the part of the deputies. She sat calm amid the storm. In the uproar, M. Ledru Rollin sprang to his feet, and, after strenuous exertions, produced a comparative silence. "In the name of the people I protest against the kind of government which has just been proposed. I protest against it in the name of the citizens whom I see before me—who for the last two days have been fighting, and who will, if necessary, combat again this evening." Deafening cries of "yes—yes," accompanied with the brandishing of weapons, interrupted him. He proposed a provisional government. M. Lamartine was also in favor of a provisional government. At the close of his remarks, a third crowd of citizens, fresh from the combat—bandaged, bleeding, and ferocious—rushed into the upper tribune, and forcing their way to the front seats, levelled their guns on the deputies below. Yielding to the energetic persuasions of some persons near her, the Duchess of Orleans and her party withdrew. At the same moment, M. Sauvet left the president's chair, and

nearly all the deputies quitted their places. The disorder and excitement had now risen to its greatest height. Ledru Rollin rose again and proposed the provisional government—MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, de Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pages, Marie, and Cremieux—all of which were received with acclamations. After which, cries of "To the Hotel de Ville—no civil list—no king—Vive la Republique!" arose. The provisional government was installed at four o'clock at the Hotel de Ville. This was Thursday, the 24th. The first act was to proclaim a Republic. Early on Friday morning, the following proclamation was issued:

"PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"A retrograde government has been overturned by the heroism of the people of Paris.

"This government has fled, leaving behind it traces of blood, which will for ever forbid its return.

"The blood of the people has flowed as in July; but, happily, it has not been shed in vain. It has secured a national and popular government, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous people.

"A provisional government, at the call of the people and some deputies, in the sitting of the 24th of February, is for the moment invested with the care of organizing and securing the National victory. It is composed of MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Cremieux, Arago, Ledru Rollin, and Garnier Pages. The secretaries to this government, are MM. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, and Ferdinand Flocon.

"These citizens have not hesitated for an instant, to accept the patriotic mission which has been imposed upon them by the urgency of the occasion.

"Frenchmen, give to the world the example Paris has given to France. Prepare yourselves, by order and confidence in yourselves, for the institutions which are about to be given you.

"The provisional government desires a REPUBLIC, pending the ratification of the French people, who are immediately to be consulted.

"Neither the people of Paris nor the provisional government desire to substitute their opinion for the opinions of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the National sovereignty shall proclaim.

"The unity of the Nation, formed henceforth of all classes of the people which compose it.

"The government of the Nation by itself.

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, for its principles.

"The people to devise, and to maintain order.

"Such is the Democratic government which France owes to herself, and which our efforts will ensure to her.

"Such are the first acts of the provisional government."

(Signed)

The departments "followed in the sublime movement at Paris." Rouen and Havre especially, which sent 3,000 men, with arms and provisions to the Parisians. The Castle of Vincennes surrendered after a slight resistance. All the other forts round Paris also surrendered to the Republic. Paris was tranquil, but the English were flying from the city. A proclamation which appeared on Saturday, declared the Chamber of Peers, "which only represented the interests of the aristocracy," suppressed; the Chamber of Deputies, "the mere representative of privileges, monopoly, and corruption," dissolved, and says:—

"The Nation, from the present moment, is constituted a Republic.

"All citizens should remain in arms, and defend the barricades, until they have acquired the enjoyment of all their rights, as citizens and as operatives.

"Every citizen who has attained his majority is a national guard.

"Every citizen is an elector.

"Absolute freedom of thought and liberty of the press, right of political and industrial association, is sacred to all.

"As the government of the future can only respect the wishes and the interests of all classes, all Frenchmen should assemble together in the respective communes, in deliberative assemblies, in order to elect new and real representatives of the country.

"Until the nation has formally declared its will on this head, every attempt to restore obsolete powers must be deemed an usurpation; and it is the duty of every citizen to resist any such attempt by force."

The French Admirals gave in their adhesion to the Republic. Political prisoners were set at liberty on Saturday. Paris presented the appearance of a festival. A proclamation was extensively placarded by the editors of the *Democratie Pacifique* which professed to give authoritatively the ideas of M. de Lamartine; it says:—

"Union and fraternal association between the heads of trading establishments and the operatives. Equality of rights, by education given to all; asylums, places of refuge, rural schools, and civic (or urban) schools. No more oppression or working of children. Absolute freedom of religion.

Absolute independence of conscience. The church to be independent of the state.

"Protection to all the weak, and to women and children. Peace and holy alliance amongst all nations. Abolition of war, in which the people serve as a gun carriage.

"INDEPENDENCE OF ALL NATIONALITIES.

"FRANCE THE PROTECTRESS OF THE RIGHTS OF WEAK NATIONS.

"Order founded on liberty. Universal fraternity."

To this there is added a postscript thus:—

"There is a man in France who accepts these principles, and who has already proclaimed them—namely M. de Lamartine."

On Sunday, Mr. Rush, the Minister of the United States, visited the Hotel de Ville, and recognised the Provisional government with warm congratulations. The Archbishop of Paris ordered a solemn service for the slain in all the churches of the city.——In Sicily, the rigorous measures of the government against the former insurrectionists—the wholesale incarcerations, and the numerous and indiscriminate executions, produced their usual consequences. Early in December, Sicily rose "as one man, and the soldiers refused to act against the exasperated population" The popular demonstrations continued. On the 14th of that month, a body of several hundred citizens paraded the town, shouting in favor of the Pope, the Italian League, and Reform. Near the Palace, a serious collision took place with the military and police. At Messina, Marshal Landi, obnoxious from his former acts, had to fly his residence, and shut himself up with the garrison in the fortress. On the 9th of January, Prince Fiorenza, the Chancellor Amari, Francis Ferrari, and twenty others were arrested, at Palermo, on suspicion of being popular, having restored order during the warm demonstrations of November, when the police could not. Patriotic manifestoes were privately dispatched throughout the island, and revolutionary parties organized in silence. On the morning of the 12th, as the artillery announced the anniversary of the king's birthday, the population spread in masses through the city. Detachments of the people were attended by armed men, who protected them whilst they piled the barricades. The police gave way before this imposing movement. A portion of the army left the town and took up a position at the foot of Mont Pellegrino. About noon, some of the

cavalry appearing in the streets to disperse the people, were hailed with cries of fraternity and friendship; but they fired on the citizens, killing one man and wounding many. Loud cries of vengeance rose from the crowd. The "insurgents," now numbering thirty thousand, became masters of the city, and occupied themselves in strengthening their position. The clergy mingled with the people, giving utterance to sentiments of the loftiest patriotism, exhorting them not to desist, and encouraging them at the barricades. The women hurled boiling water and furniture on the cavalry as they charged. The greatest unanimity prevailed, and the infantry again refused to act against the people. At Naples, placards were posted, calling on the citizens to imitate Palermo. At Trapani, a rising took place no less decisive than that of the Palermians. The royal troops were repelled and the castle captured by the people. The packet, Giglio delle Onde, was seized by the insurgents for their own use, and at Messina the people possessed themselves of the forts surrounding the town. Catania, Syracuse, and Melazza followed the example, and everywhere success crowned the "insurgents." At Palermo, the citizens formed a provisional government of the first men in Sicily. The town was bombarded by eight royal steamers sent by the king from Naples. The bombardment continued for two days. The foreign consuls protested against the bombardment. When near the palace, the deputation was fired on. At last, gaining the presence of the Duc de Majo, Lieutenant General of Sicily, a long discussion ensued, at the close of which the firing was ordered to be suspended for twenty-four hours. The deputation then proceeded through various barricades to the palace of the senate, in the centre of the town, where the council of the people sat, but failed to induce them to suspend hostilities. From this moment the "insurrection" took greater consistency and strength. The people made incessant attacks on the troops. On the 19th, the consuls met and protested against the renewal of the bombardment, and the same evening a despatch was sent to Naples with the demands of the people for the constitution of 1812, and the convocation of a Sicilian Parliament at Palermo. On the 20th, decrees of concession were brought to Palermo, but matters had gone so far that the Sicilians would not accept less than they demanded. A junta of two sections—one for administration, one for defence—was formed at Palermo. The strictest discipline was observed. Addresses were issued to the clergy, in which they say—"Let the Evangelical pulpit again proclaim the words of truth, to make known to our citizens that the love

of our native land is one of the great principles of our religion. Let the people be taught by the Holy Word to respect property, persons, and the movements which have for aim to promote civilization." In the beginning of February, the King granted a new Constitution—that of 1812—which was accepted on condition that the Prince Royal (twelve years old) should reside at Palermo, and that a separate parliament should be established at the same place. Several ladies of distinction had sympathised in thought and action with the people. The Princess Scordia and the Duchesses de Monteleone and Gualtieri tended the wounded. Special mention is due to Maria Testa di Lana, who, disguising her noble figure in man's attire, headed a detachment, and fought and won for her country.——In Ireland, the terrible condition of the country, together with the examples of the European revolutions, entirely changed the policy of the Confederation. To such a pitch of excitement were the Nationalists wrought by the revolutionary spirit, that an outbreak was confidently expected by the Government on the 17th of March. Acting on this expectation, they made formidable preparations for the massacre of the people. The Bank of Ireland, Custom House, Trinity College, the Royal Dublin Society, Royal Hibernian Academy, Linen Hall, Holmes's Hotel, the Rotunda, the Veterinary Stables, and, in fact, all the Institutions, literary, artistic, or commercial, in and about the city of Dublin, were strongly garrisoned. Gun boats were hastily built, to be thrown upon the Liffey. The barracks were provisioned, as for a siege. The horses of the cavalry were shod with plates of steel, to prevent their being injured and thrown into disorder by broken bottles, and any other missiles which might be flung from the parapets and windows. The horsemen were busily engaged sharpening their sabres on grinding stones in the barrack squares, whilst the infantry were occupied in familiarizing themselves with the art of fusilading footpaths and thoroughfares. The Confederation, convinced that the people were ill prepared to effect a rising at the time, and determined, so far as they could guide the popular passions, that there should not be a fruitless attempt, anticipated the provocations which the people might receive on the 17th, and issued the following proclamation:—

"TO THE CITIZENS OF DUBLIN.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—A slander has gone forth against you. It is rumored, by your enemies, that the blind and anarchical riots, which have disgraced the great towns of England and Scotland, are to be imitated amongst us.

"Wilfully confounding your passionate ardor for the deliverance of your country, with these sordid offences against property and order, they dare to affirm that your aggregate meeting puts in peril the safety of your fellow-citizens.

"And the English Government, which rules this island, ignorant of your character, or indifferent to it, have thronged the metropolis with troops, and sworn in their English soldiers as magistrates of the city, to overawe and dishonor the native citizens.

"Fellow-countrymen, we must disappoint the malice of our enemies. We must guard our sacred cause against surprise or stratagem.

"The Council of the Irish Confederation appeal to you, in the name of our coming liberty, to watch over social order. They admonish you to be alive to the designs of your enemies, and to permit no provocation to tempt you into the most trifling disorder.

"Riot and rashness are the vices of slaves; free men, or men worthy of freedom, are calm, orderly, and resolute. Let us be so. Let every good citizen regard himself as one of a future NATIONAL GUARD, bound to watch over the order and tranquillity of the metropolis.

"It is not to the vicious excesses of a mob, but to the heroic struggles which illumine the Continent, that your eyes are turned. It is there you look for examples of how liberty may be won, without outrage upon religion, property, or order.

"A majority of all the European States have exacted native independence, or free institutions, from their rulers, while we have been struggling in the agony of famine. Many of them conquered by the mere aspect of the angry people, before which tyranny trembled and gave way; some of them seized their rights with armed hands; but all have attained their demands. It is beside them, we ambition to take our place.

"For Ireland, too, has a great part to play—if she do not prove unworthy of it. Of all the nations, none has suffered so deeply—none has made out so clearly her charter to independence, by the multitude of her wrongs, and the hopelessness of all other remedies. Fellow-countrymen, it will be some criminal blunder of our own, if Ireland is not free as Sicily, and tranquil as France, before a single year has passed away.

"But we do not labor for the elevation of class or creed, but for all Irishmen; and our countrymen must be made to feel universally that no just interest is perilled by our success. This is all that remains to be done. Death has raged among us like an invading army—emigration has drained our land of wealth and strength; we are justified before God and man in refusing to endure our wrongs any longer. Our sole duty is to assure and unite all *our own people* who desire the independence of our country. That done, we can resume our ancient constitution, though all the foreign nations of the earth forbid it. AND WE SHALL.

"But we must prove we are worthy of liberty. By forbearance, by

self-control, by respect for property and order, we must combine with us all the good men of Ireland, who desire independence unsullied by crimes or excesses.

"Riot or tumult at this moment would disgrace our cause and deliver it into the hands of our enemies. Be peaceful, then, fellow-countrymen, and patient. Trust to the Confederation to point the time and the way to liberty. Day by day we shall advance toward it, and step by step. Give our enemies no advantage by rashness, and there shall be no backward step in the face of any peril, till our end is attained."]

Citizens of Dublin, I move the adoption of that address. In doing so, I will follow the advice of my friend, Mr. M'Gee. This is not the time for long speeches. Everything we say here, just now, should be short, sharp, and decisive.

I move the adoption of that address, for this reason—the instruction it gives you, if obeyed, will keep you in possession of the opportunity which the revolution of Paris has created. The game is in your hands, at last; and you have a partner in the play upon whom you may depend.

Look towards the southern wave, and do you not find it crimsoned with the flame in which the throne of the Tuileries has been consumed—and, borne upon that wave, do you not hail the rainbow flag, which, a few years since, glittered above the rocks of Bantry? Has not France proclaimed herself the protectress of weak nations, and is not the sword of the Republic pledged to the oppressed nationalities which, in Europe, and elsewhere, desire to reconstruct themselves?

The feet that have trampled upon the sceptre of July, have trampled upon the treaty of Vienna. Henceforth the convenience of kings will be slightly consulted by France, where the necessities of a people manifest themselves.

But do not wait for France. Do not beg the blood which, on the altar of the Madeline, she consecrates to the service of humanity. Do not purchase your independence at the expense of those poor workmen, whose heroism has been so impetuous, so

generous, so tolerant. It is sufficient for us, that the Republic—to use the language of Lamartine—shines from its place upon the horizon of nations, to instruct and guide them. Listen to these instructions—accept this guidance—and be confident of success.

Fraternize!—I will use the word, though the critics of the Castle reject it as the cant of the day—I will use it, for it is the spell-word of weak nations—fraternize!—as the citizens of Paris have done—and in the clasped hands which arch the colossal car in that great funeral procession of the 4th of March, behold the sign in which your victory shall be won!

Do you not redden at the thought of your contemptible factions—their follies—and their crimes? Do you not see, that every nation with a sensible head and an upright heart, laughs at the poor profligate passion which frets and fights for a straw in this parish—a feather in that barony—a bubble on that river? Have you not learned by this, that, whilst you have been fighting for these straws and bubbles, the country has been wrenched from beneath your feet, and made over to the brigands of the Castle?

And what enables these sleek and silken brigands to hold your country? Have you fought them? Have you struck blow for blow, and been worsted in the fight?

Think of it—you marched against them a few years back, and when you drew up before the Castle gates, you cursed and cuffed each other—and then withdrew.

Withdrew!

For what? To repair the evil? To reunite the forces? Ah, I will not sting you with these questions. I will not sting myself.

Let no Irishman look into the past. He will be scared at the evidences of his guilt—evidences which spring up, like weeds and briars, in that bleak waste of ruins. Between us and the past, let a wall arise, and, as if this day was the first of our existence, let us advance together towards that destiny, in the light of which this old island shall renew itself.

Citizens—I use another of the "cant phrases" of the day, for this, too, is a spell-word with weak nations—I speak thus, in spite of circumstances which, within the last few days—I allude to the addresses from the University and the Orange Lodges—have darkened the prospect of a national union. I speak thus, in spite of that squeamish morality which decries the inspiration of the time, and would check the lofty passion which desires to manifest itself in arms.

But, I will not despair of this union, whoever may play the factionist. The people will act for themselves, and in their hands, the liberty of the country will not be compromised.

At this startling moment—when your fortunes are swinging in the balance—let no man dictate to you. Trust to your own intelligence, sincerity, and power. Do not place your prerogatives in commission—the sovereign people should neither lend nor abdicate the sceptre.

As to the upper classes—respectable circles of society—genteel nobodies—nervous aristocrats—friends of order and starvation—of pestilence and peace—of speedy hangings and green-cropping—as to these conspirators against the life and dignity of the island, they must be no longer courted. They are cowards, and when they know your strength, they will cling to you for protection.

Do I tell you to refuse this protection? Were I base enough to do so, you would remind me that the revolution of Paris has been immortalized by the clemency of the people.

In my letter, last week, to the Council of the Confederation, I stated it was not my wish to urge any suggestion as to the course we should now pursue. Upon reflection, however, I think I am called upon to declare to you my opinion upon this question, for it would not be honorable, I conceive, for any prominent member of the Confederation to shield himself at this crisis. And I am the more anxious to declare my opinion upon this question of ways and means, since I had not the good fortune of being present at

your two previous meetings, and, perhaps, my absence may have occasioned some suspicion.

I think, then, that from a meeting—constituted, as the Repealers of Kilkenny have suggested, of delegates from the chief towns and parishes—a deputation should proceed to London, and, in the name of the Irish people, demand an interview with the Queen.

Should the demand be refused, let the Irish deputies pack up their court dresses—as Benjamin Franklin did, when repulsed from the court of George III.—and let them, then and there, make solemn oath, that when they next demand admission to the throne-room of St. James's, it shall be through the accredited ambassador of the Irish Republic.

Should the demand be conceded, let the deputies approach the throne, and, in firm and respectful terms, call upon the Queen to exercise the royal prerogative, and summon her Irish parliament to sit, and advise her, in the city of Dublin.

Should the call be obeyed—should the sceptre touch the bier, and she "who is not dead, but sleepeth" start, at its touch, into a fresh and luminous existence—then, indeed, may we bless the Constitution we have been taught to curse; and Irish loyalty, ceasing to be a mere ceremonious affectation, become with us, a sincere devotion to the just ruler of an independent State.

Should the claim be rejected—should the throne stand as a barrier between the Irish people and their supreme right—then loyalty will be a crime, and obedience to the executive will be treason to the country. I say it calmly, seriously, and deliberately—it will then be our duty to fight, and desperately fight.

The opinions of Whig statesmen have been quoted here to-night—I beg to remind you of Lord Palmerston's language in reference to the insurrection at Lisbon, last September—"I say that the people were justified in saying to the government, if you do not give us a parliament in which to state our wrongs and grievances,

we shall state them by arms and by force." I adopt those words, and call upon you to adopt them likewise.

Citizens of Dublin, I know well what I may incur by the expression of these sentiments—I know it well—therefore, let no man indulgently ascribe them to ignorance, or to idiotcy.

Were I more moderate—as some Whig sympathizer would say—more sensible, as he might add, without meaning anything personal, of course—more practical, as he would further beg leave to remark, without at all meaning to deny that I possessed some excellent points—in fact, and in truth, were I a temperate trifler, a polished knave, a scientific dodger—I might promise myself a pleasant life, many gay scenes, perhaps no few privileges.

Moderate, sensible, practical men, are sure to obtain privileges just now. Paid poor-law guardianships are plentiful, now-a-days, and the invitations to the Castle are indiscriminate and innumerable. But, I desire to be neither moderate nor sensible, neither sensible nor practical, in the sense attached to these words by the polite and slavish circle, of which his Excellency is the centre.

It is the renunciation of truth, of manhood, and of country—the renunciation of the noblest lessons with which the stately genius of antiquity has crowned the hills of Rome and sanctified the dust of Greece—the renunciation of all that is frank, and chivalrous, and inspiring—it is the renunciation of all this which makes you acceptable in the eyes of that meagre, spectral royalty, which keeps "open house" for reduced gentlemen upon the summit of Cork hill.

Better to swing from the gibbet, than live and fatten on such terms as these. Better to rot within the precincts of the common jail—when the law has curbed your haughty neck, young traitor!—than be the moderate, sensible, practical villain, which these Chesterfields of the Dublin promenades and saloons

would entreat you to be, for the sake of society, and the success of the Whigs.

But the hour is on the stroke, when these conceits and mockeries shall be trampled in the dust. The storm which dashed the crown of Orleans against the column of July, has rocked the foundations of the Castle. They have no longer a safe bedding in the Irish soil. To the first breeze which shakes the banners of the European rivals they must give way. Be upon the watch, and catch the breeze!

When the world is in arms—when the silence, which, for two and thirty years, has reigned upon the plain of Waterloo, at last is broken—then be prepared to grasp your freedom with an armed hand, and hold it with the same.

In the meantime, take warning from this address—"do not suffer your sacred cause to be ruined by stratagem or surprise." Beware of the ingenuity, the black art, of those who hold your country. By your sagacious conduct, keep them prisoners in their barracks on the 17th. There must be no bloody joke at your expense, amongst the jesters and buffoons in St. Patrick's Hall upon that night.

Citizens of Dublin, you have heard my opinions. These opinions may be very rash, but it would not be honest to conceal them.

The time has come for every Irishman to speak out. The address of the University declares, that it is the duty of every man in the kingdom to say, whether he be the friend, or the foe, of the government. I think so, too, and I declare myself the enemy of the government.

But if I am rash—it was Rome, it was Palermo, it was Paris, that made me rash. Vexed by the indiscretion—the fanaticism—of these cities, who can keep his temper—dole out placid law—and play the gentle demagogue?

When the sections of Paris were thickening round the Tuilleries, in 1793, Louis XVI. put on his court dress, and, in his ruffles and silk stockings, waited for the thunderbolt. Is it thus that you will wait for the storm now gathering over Europe? Shall the language of the nation be the language of the Four Courts? Will the revolution be made with rose-water?

Look up!—look up!—behold the incentives of the hour!

By the waves of the Mediterranean, the Sicilian noble stands, and presents to you the flag of freedom. From the steps of the Capitol, the keeper of the Sacred Keys unfurls the banner that was buried in the grave of the Bandieras, and invites you to accept it. From the tribune of the French Republic, where that gallant workman exclaims—"respect the public monuments—respect the rights of property—the people have shown that they will not be ill-governed—let them prove they know how to use properly the victory they have won"—from this tribune, where these noble words are uttered, the hand of labor—the strong hand of God's nobility—proffers you the flag of liberty.

Will you refuse to take it? Will you sneak away from the noble, the pontiff, and the workman? Will you shut your eyes to the splendors that surround you, and grope your way in darkness to the grave?

Ah, pardon me this language—it is not the language which the awakening spirit of the country justifies.

Taught by the examples of Italy, of France, of Sicily, the citizens of Ireland shall, at last, unite. To the enmities that have snapped the ties of citizenship, there shall be a wise and generous termination. Henceforth, the power of the island shall be lodged in one head, one heart, one arm. One thought shall animate, one passion shall inflame, one effort concentrate, the genius, the enthusiasm, the heroism of the people.

Thus united—to repeat what I have said before—let the

demand for the reconstruction of the nationality of Ireland be constitutionally made. Depute your worthiest citizens to approach the throne, and, before that throne, let the will of the Irish people be uttered with dignity and decision.

If nothing comes of this—if the constitution opens to us no path to freedom—if the Union must be maintained in spite of the will of the Irish people—if the government of Ireland insists upon being a government of dragoons and bombardiers, of detectives and light infantry—then, up with the barricades, and invoke the God of Battles!

Should we succeed—oh! think of the joy, the ecstacy, the glory of this old Irish nation, which, in that hour, will grow young and strong again.

Should we fail—the country will not be worse than it is now—the sword of famine is less sparing than the bayonet of the soldier.

And if we, who have spoken to you in this language, should fall with you—or if, reserved for a less glorious death, we be flung to the vultures of the law—then shall we recollect the words of France—recollect the promise she has given to weak nations—and standing upon the scaffold, within one heart's beat of eternity, our last cry upon this earth shall be—"France! France! avenge us!"

SYMPATHY OF FRANCE.

Hotel La Milarie, Paris, 3rd April, 1848.

[March 15th, the following Address to the citizens of the French Republic was adopted by the Confederation:—

"Illustrious Citizens—Permit us to offer to you such congratulations, as a people, still suffering under servitude, may without reproach testify to a nation which has nobly vindicated its own liberties.

"We congratulate you upon the downfall of a tyranny elaborately constructed with consummate art, but which has been prostrated in a moment by your chivalrous enthusiasm.

"We know not whether most to admire your fiery valor in the hour of trial, or your sublime forbearance in the moment of success.

"You have respected religion, and God has, therefore, blessed your work.

"Your heroism has taught enslaved nations that emancipation ever awaits those who dare to achieve it by their own intrepidity.

"By your firm maintenance of public order you have proved that true liberty claims no kindred with spoliation and anarchy.

"We hail you henceforth as arbiters of the destinies of mankind, as deliverers of the oppressed members of the great human family.

"We, whose nationality was extinguished by the basest arts—we, who daily experience the countless evils which result from that unspeakable loss—we, the inhabitants of Ireland, now claim your sympathy.

"We have firmly resolved that this ancient kingdom shall once again be free and independent.

"In imitation of your example we propose to exhaust all the resources of constitutional action before we resort to other efforts for redress.

"Time will unfold our projects, but we hesitate not to tell you, in anticipation of the future, that your friendship may increase their efficacy, and accelerate their success.

"Our claims to fraternity with you rest upon the proudest traditions of your history.

"In other times, in the hour of Ireland's extremest need, your forefathers tendered shelter and hospitality to our exiled warriors; and Fontenoy can

testify how well that hospitality was requited by the cheerful effusion of Irish blood in maintenance of the glory of France.

"On our own account as well as upon yours, we shall watch with intense interest the development of your republican constitution.

"We augur the happiest results to yourselves and to mankind from your determination to found your institutions upon the broadest basis—to place them no longer upon privileged classes, but upon the whole French nation.

"Consolidate the great work which you have begun. Guarantee the rights of property, by securing the rights of industry. Indulge not the lust of conquest, but be ever ready to succour the oppressed. Render France the centre of European progress, as well in the march of freedom as in the advance of civilisation and of the arts. Continue to present to mankind a magnanimous example of manly virtue, and be assured that among those who will greet you with applause and admiration, you will find no more affectionate ally than the people of Ireland."

Messrs. O'Brien, O'Gorman, Meagher, and Hollywood, were deputed to present this address to the Provisional Government, on the 3rd of April. It was formally read and handed, at the Hotel de Ville, to M. de Lamartine, as principal member of the government. His reply was looked for with the greatest anxiety in England and Ireland. For several days it had been the subject of considerable gossip and conjecture in the English Papers. The correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Paris, stated that "The Irish deputation seem to have placed the Provisional Government in a very awkward predicament. The Address of Lamartine seemed to invite the nations of the earth to come to France for assistance against real or supposed oppressors. Under these circumstances the deputation of Irish rebels came to Paris, and were to have been received on Saturday, but the question caused a division in the Provisional government. Ledru Rollin was for risking all consequences, and giving arms and aid to the Irish; but Lamartine desired to give the same answer as was given to the Poles. To give time for the discussion of what should be the answer, the deputation was put off to Monday, and the French government are to sit in council to decide what is, in fact, a question of peace or war with England. There cannot be a doubt about the answer. M. de Lamartine will either resign, or give a reply which will cool the courage of the Irish Confederation. As the majority of the Provisional government have hitherto always been with Lamartine against Rollin, I conceive the alternative is certain to be the continuance of Lamartine in office. Lamartine, while very glad to see the mass of Irish, Belgian,

German, and Italian workmen leaving Paris, and thus removing a heavy difficulty off the hands of the executive, is determined neither to assist nor countenance any scheme of armed propagandism. Most of the Irish in Paris are leaving for Ireland in the hope of an insurrection." The *Times* writer was not wrongly advised, as the reply to the deputation proved. M. de Lamartine's reply was not an answer to the Irish Confederation, but an explanation to the English press. It was not meant for the Irish people, but for the English Ambassador, the Marquis of Normanby, under whose influence it was dictated. He fabricated a case for the occasion, the more fully to depart from the one presented, and the more easily to hide the true spirit under which he acted. The Irish deputation went to Paris, solely to convey the congratulations of the Irish Confederation to the citizens of Paris, on the achievement of their liberty and the establishment of the Republic. The press of England accused them of going to solicit military aid, and on this accusation, and not on the address presented, did M. de Lamartine base his reply. Sir George Grey, echoing the falsehoods of the London Press, and adapting his speeching to M. de Lamartine's views, on the 7th April, in the English Commons, charged the deputation with soliciting French aid for the Irish struggle. On the 10th, Mr. O'Brien explained, clearly and boldly, the exact nature of his visit to France.——"It has been stated," said he, "that I went to France for the purpose of enlisting French aid—that is to say, armed aid and succor for my countrymen in the struggle in which they are engaged. That is a misapprehension. If I had gone to France asking for aid of an armed kind, believe me I should have come back accompanied by a tolerably large legion of troops. You may believe what I say, I only wish you had been in France during the last fortnight. The language I have held in Ireland and in France to my countrymen has been this—that Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage and by Irish firmness. I have no desire to impose upon my country one description of servitude in the place of another—for I believe that if the liberty of Ireland, and its redemption from its present position were won by foreign bayonets, its permanent position could be retained only by foreign bayonets; and, therefore, it is not my desire or my intention to place my country under foreign dominion. What I did, however, I will boldly avow in this house. I went on behalf of a large portion of my countrymen as one of a deputation to congratulate the French nation, upon the overthrow of a dynasty which had forfeited all claim to continue in possession of the throne of

France; upon having shown to the nations of the world (and their example has to a certain extent already had that effect) how other nations were to win their liberties; and to thank them for having given an impulse to the cause of freedom, which we hope will react beneficially upon our own country; but I have no hesitation whatever in affirming, and with pleasure I avow, that I did find on the part of the French people a great amount of intense sympathy with Ireland." The conduct of M. de Lamartine did not, however, appear so very discreditable until the appearance of his "*History of the French Revolution of* 1848." In book XII. of that strange and theatrical publication, the author writes as follows—'England did not wait with less solicitude for the reception Lamartine would give the Irish insurgents, who had set out from Dublin to come and demand encouragement and arms of the French Republic. The old national hatred between France and England favored their cause; the party of the demagogues, the military and the Catholic party, united in France in considering the Irish insurrection the cause of liberty, the church, and France. Lamartine was not blind to the clamors these three parties would raise against him, if he dared refuse the aid of the republic to a civil war in England. He dared to do so nevertheless, resting on the loyalty of the republic. He did not consider all weapons fair to fight with against a rival but friendly power, with which he wished to strengthen the ties of liberated France." In the announcement thus made of the "Irish insurgents" demanding "encouragement and arms," M. de Lamartine contradicted himself, and his written statement. And his "strengthening the ties of liberated France" with England, is an explanation of the treachery of which he was guilty. On arriving at Paris, the deputation, after the usual courtesy, left a copy of their address at his bureau, and desired an audience. A distant day was appointed, when, on the morning of that very day, his answer—refusing what was not solicited—was placarded by the police through Ireland! It is sufficiently obvious that Lord Normanby virtually received the Irish deputies and answered the Irish Confederation. Again as to the "aid." During the trial of Mr. O'Brien in Clonmel for high treason, Mr. John Leonard, of the National Guards, wrote to M. de Lamartine, respecting the visit of the Irish deputation to Paris, stating that his testimony might be useful on the trial. M. de Lamartine replied, emphatically stating that, neither directly nor indirectly, did the Irish Deputies demand aid for the Irish insurrection; and further stating, that he was ready to swear before the "tribunal of justice" to the truth of the statement he then made before

God—"according to his conscience and his memory." This letter was sent to Clonmel, and afterwards printed in the English and Irish Papers. Yet, as if still owing a greater debt to the "rival but friendly power," he wrote the following words in his Pamphlet on *England in* 1850—"When Ireland, then in a state of eruption, came after February to demand arms of France against England."—And in his *History of the Revolution*, speaking of his answer to the deputation, he says "Cries of 'Long live the Republic!' and 'Long live Lamartine!' from the immense multitude that surrounded the Irish, welcomed these words. These shouts showed them, that the refusal of the minister on these grounds was even more popular than their cause." This is a fine piece of imagination, brought in chiefly to strengthen his position by falsifying the French people, in regard to their sympathy with his English "ties." The case is simply this---the deputies were not attended by a crowd at the delivery of the reply, which was made in one of the innermost chambers of the Hotel de Ville—the number of rooms and corridors passed in reaching it, placing the streets, and all noise therefrom, completely beyond hearing. It was perfectly still, and none were present but the Deputies, four of the Council of the Confederation then sojourning in Paris, and two or three correspondents of the London Press. The subsequent knowledge of these facts accounts for the discrepancy between the tenor of this note and *certain* passages in the speech which follows.]

I feel most happy, Mr. President and citizens, in meeting you this evening. We meet in the chief city of France—the centre of European freedom—the source from which the oppressed nationalities of the age derive their hope, their passion, their vitality.

The pride of Ireland is not insulted here by the flag of England. In the Hotel des Invalides I have beheld it in captivity—and, as men desiring freedom, we recognize no flag but that which proclaims the liberty of nations.

Beneath the shadow with which it beautifies and brightens every spot upon which it waves, we may for a time forget the mean position of our country—forget our patience, our humility, our debasement—forget that we are behind all other nations—the most complaining and the least heroic. In the splendor that

encircles the Tricolor of the Republic, we lose sight of the dark images that crowd the shores from which we have arrived, and in the extasy it inspires, we forget the wrongs of which we are the inheritors—and the enemies.

Citizens, you have met to do honor to the people of whom we are the representatives in this city. We have fulfilled our mission. We have presented our congratulations to the citizens of Paris upon the triumph they have won—we return to excite another people to the achievement of a triumph equally virtuous and essential.

The scenes we have visited encourage us to the task. We leave France never to return to it, but as the citizens of a free state—a state of which we shall not be ashamed—and which France shall have authority officially to recognize.

You heard the sentiments of Mons. de Lamartine this morning. They were the sentiments of a great intellect. In his presence, we felt that it was an ignominy to be alive, and without a country which we could call our own.

And yet, it was not what he expressed, but what he conveyed—not what he uttered, but what he signified—that gave us hope. He told us "his lips were sealed." His lips were sealed, because his heart was full.

The lips of France, however, are not sealed. France will speak in spite of diplomatists—in spite of courts. She will defend the flag of freedom against every sword and sceptre. This I know, there are around me this evening many gallant men, who will not permit the flag they have placed in the Hotel de Ville to remain there as an idle ornament, emblematic of no power.

Gentlemen, you who wear the uniform of the National Guard, you have fought upon the barricades for the liberty of France. The throne of July was reared upon the barricades—you have upset those barricades, and made them the foundations not of a court, but of a people.

We, too, have caught the fever with which the brain and arm of every nation burns at this hour. There must be a "crisis" in our disease, and that "crisis" shall result in a glorious resuscitation or a glorious death.

What! of all the nations that form the map of Europe, shall we alone respect the law that imposes servitude—stifling the dictates of nature—of God—to pay our homage to the whims and maxims of privy councillors, law agents—the mean, the timid, and the vicious?

Every nation, save our own, has rent its shroud, and upon the fragments of its sepulchre, through which it has burst like a flame from the centre of the earth, the Angel sits, and says to those who seek the dead—"He is not here—he hath arisen!"

That island, too, from the dust of which we have sprung, has been touched with a miraculous hand—there, too, the dead moves within the sepulchre—and the arm, that was worn and wasted, shall strike against the stones until the sepulchre gives way—to free or crush us!

PRESENTATION OF THE IRISH TRICOLOR.

Music Hall, Dublin, 14th April, 1848.

[The return of the Deputation from France was celebrated by a banquet, at which two thousand of the Nationalists of Dublin attended. Several members of the '82 Club were also present in their uniform. One of the regimental colors of the old Dublin Volunteers was presented to Mr. Smith O'Brien. Mr. Meagher presented a Tricolor, through the President of the banquet, to the citizens of Dublin.]

I went to France animated with a love of freedom, and glorying in its service. I have returned from France with this love deepened in my soul—worshipping no other object on this earth save that one radiant and stately image, to which, in Paris, in Vienna, in Palermo, the breath of the people has imparted life, vigor, and immortal beauty.

For any fate to which this love and worship may impel me, I am not only willing but ambitious.

Mingling in the crowds that gathered round the trees of liberty, which the brave hands that built the barricades have planted, to commemorate the virtue, the invincibility of the people—contemplating those simple ceremonies, in which the enthusiasm of the most gifted and gallant nation in the world displays itself so gently and so grandly—turning from these scenes, and looking upon the wounded of the 24th of February—sufferers over whose features the consciousness of having played a glorious part had diffused a glow of health and rapture, and from whose lips there escaped no selfish penitence for the blood which their hearts had offered up—finding those sick-beds resorted to by the fairest and

highest of the land, and the sufferers honored more loyally than ever kings were honored—following, then, the coffin of some poor fellow who had died of his sacred wounds, and round whose pall the waving palm-leaf mingled with, and mellowed, the glittering of the bayonet and the golden cross—beholding there the holy homage which a free state is sure to render those whose blood has made her free—a witness of all these scenes, I have become reckless of that life which cautious legal men—grand jurors of the city—Attorney Generals of the English Crown—solemn judges in red cloth and ermine—men of withered hearts and cunning brain—would exhort you to preserve, for the sake of peace and place, the gold dust of the Crown, and all the other perquisites of enlightened slavery.

From Paris, the city of the tricolor and the barricade, this flag has been proudly borne. I present it to my native land, and I trust that the old country will not refuse this symbol of a new life from one of her youngest children.

I need not explain its meaning. The quick and passionate intellect of the generation now springing into arms will catch it at a glance.

The white in the centre signifies a lasting truce between the "orange" and the "green"—and I trust that beneath its folds, the hands of the Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic may be clasped in generous and heroic brotherhood.

Should this flag be destined to fan the flames of war, let England behold once more, upon that white centre, the Red Hand that struck her down from the hills of Ulster—and I pray that Heaven may bless the vengeance it is sure to kindle!

VINDICATION OF SEDITION.

Limerick, 29*th April*, 1848.

[On the evening of March 21st, Messrs. O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher, were arrested on a charge of sedition. The next day, bail was accepted for their appearance before the Court of Queen's Bench, on the first day of the approaching term. The nationalists of nearly every town in Ireland availed themselves of the opportunity to express their approval of the conduct of the arrested parties. In Limerick, the members of the Confederate Clubs invited them to a banquet. In consequence of an article in the *United Irishman* reflecting on Mr. O'Connell, "certain parties" made it the pretext of creating a disturbance and assailing the meeting. A very violent attack was directed against the house, and a scene of the most disgraceful and tumultuous uproar ensued. It was not until some shots were fired from the interior of the building that the mob desisted. The mayor, arriving with the police and military, the mob was finally dispersed.]

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen—The occurrences of this evening do not dishearten me. I am encouraged by your sympathy, and can, therefore, forgive the rudeness of the rabble.

Nor do I conceive that our cause is injured by these manifestations of ignorance and immorality. The mists from the marshes obscure the sun—they do not taint—they do not extinguish it.

Enough of this. The wrongs and perils of the country must exclude from our minds every other subject of consideration.

From the summer of 1846, to the winter of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our soil and sky. The fruits of the earth died as the shadow passed, and they who had nursed them into life, read in the withered leaves that they, too, should die; and, dying, swell the red catalogue of carnage in which the sins and

splendors of that empire—of which we are the prosecuted foes—have been immortalized. And, whilst death thus counted in his spoils by the score, we, who should have stood up between the destroyer and the doomed—we, who should have prayed together, marched together, fought together, to save the people—we were in arms—drilled and disciplined into factions—striking each other across the graves that each day opened at our feet, instead of joining hands above them, and snatching victory from death.

The cry of famine was lost in the cry of faction, and many a brave heart, flying from the scene, bled as it looked back upon the riotous profanation in which the worst passions of the country were engaged.

You know the rest—you know the occurrences of the last few weeks. At the very hour when the feud was hottest, a voice from the banks of the Seine summoned us to desist. That voice has been obeyed—we have trampled upon the whims and prejudices that divided us—and it is this event that explains the sedition in which we glory. The sudden reconstruction of the regenerative power which, in 1843, menaced the integrity of the empire, and promised liberty to this island, dictated the language which has entitled us to the vengeance of the minister, and the confidence of the people.

Nor this alone. It is not in the language of the lawyer, or the police magistrate, that the wrongs and aspirations of an oppressed nation should be stated. For the pang with which it writhes—for the passion with which it heaves—for the chafed heart—the burning brain—the quickening pulse—the soaring soul—there is a language quite at variance with the grammar and the syntax of a government. It is generous, bold, and passionate. It often glows with the fire of genius—it sometimes thunders with the spirit of the prophet. It is tainted with no falsehood—it is polished with no flattery. In the desert—on the mountain—within the city—everywhere—it has been spoken, throughout all ages. It requires

no teaching—it is the inherent and imperishable language of humanity. Kings, soldiers, judges, hangmen, have proclaimed it. In pools of blood they have sought to cool and quench this fiery tongue. They have built the prison—they have launched the convict-ship—they have planted the gallows tree—to warn it to be still. The sword, the sceptre, the black mask, the guillotine—all have failed. Sedition wears the crown in Europe on this day, and the scaffold, on which the poor scribes of royalty had scrawled her death-sentence, is the throne upon which she receives the homage of humanity, and guarantees its glory.

Therefore it is, I do not blush for the crime with which I have been charged. Therefore it is, you have invited a traitorous triumvirate to your ancient and gallant city, and have honored them this evening.

In doing so, you have taken your stand against the government of England, and I know of no spot in Ireland where a braver stand should be made than here, by the waters of the Shannon, where the sword of Sarsfield flashed. Whilst that old Treaty stone, without the Thomond gate, attests the courage and the honor of your fathers, the nerve and faith of Limerick shall never be mistrusted.

No, there could be no coward born within those walls, which, in their old age, instruct so thrillingly the young hearts that gaze upon them with reverence—whispering to them, as they do, memories that drive the blood, in boiling currents, through the veins—telling those young hearts, not to doubt, not to falter, not to fear—that in a sunnier hour the Wild Geese shall yet return from France!

These sentiments are, no doubt, seditious, and the expression of them may bring me within the provisions of this new felony bill—the bill, mind you, that is to strike the nation dumb.

Yes, from this day out, you must lie down, and eat your words! Yes, you—you starved wretch, lying naked in that ditch, with

clenched teeth and starting eye, gazing on the clouds that redden with the flames in which your hovel is consumed—what matters it that the claw of hunger is fastening in your heart—what matters it that the hot poison of the fever is shooting through your brain—what matters it that the tooth of the lean dog is cutting through the bone of that dead child, of which you were once the guardian—what matters it that the lips of that spectre there, once the pride and beauty of the village, when you wooed and won her as your bride, are blackened with the blood of the youngest to whom she has given birth—what matters it that the golden grain, which sprung from the sweat you squandered on the soil, has been torn from your grasp, and Heaven's first decree to fallen man be contravened by human law—what matters it that you are thus pained and stung—thus lashed and maddened—hush!—beat back the passion that rushes from your heart—check the curse that gurgles in your throat—die!—die without a groan!—die without a struggle!—die without a cry!—for the government which starves you, desires to live in peace!

Shall this be so?

Shall the conquest of Ireland be this year completed? Shall the spirit which has survived the pains and penalties of centuries—which has never ceased to stir the heart of Ireland with the hope of a better day—which has defied the sword of famine and the sword of law—which has lived through the desolation of the last year, and kept the old flag flying, spite of the storm which rent its folds—what! shall this spirit sink down at last—tamed and crippled by the blow with which it has been struck—muttering no sentiment that is not loyal, legal, slavish, and corrupt?

Why should I put this question?

Have I not been already answered by that flash of arms, which purifies the air where the pestilence has been? Have I not already caught the quick beating of that heart, which many men had said was cold and dull, and, in its strong pulsation, have we not heard

the rushing of that current, which, for a time, may overflow the land—overflow it, to fertilize, restore, and beautify?

The mind of Ireland no longer wavers. It has acquired the faith, the constancy, the heroism of a predestined martyr. It foresees the worst—prepares for the worst. The cross—as in Milan—glitters in the haze of battle, and points to eternity!

We shall no longer seek for liberty in the bye-ways. On the broad field, in front of the foreign swords, the soul of this nation, grown young and chivalrous again, shall clothe herself, like the Angel of the Resurrection, in the white robe, and point to the sepulchre that is void; or shall mount the scaffold—that eminence on which many a radiant transfiguration has taken place—and bequeath to the crowd below, a lesson for their instruction, and an idol for their worship!

TRANSPORTATION OF MITCHEL.

Music Hall, Dublin, 6th of June, 1848.

[On Friday, April 10th, Sir George Grey introduced the "Treason-Felony bill" into the House of Commons, for the "security of the crown and government of the United Kingdom." On the 25th, it passed the Lords. The nature of the bill was to visit sedition with the responsibility of treason, and to make treasonable acts, mere felony. "At present," said Sir G. Grey, "it is held by persons in Ireland, that addressing inflammatory speeches from platforms in Dublin, or in any portion of the country, in a strain to lead those who are addressed into acts of violence, is not treason, but sedition. I think the House will agree with me in thinking that we are right in not allowing such persons a loop-hole to escape an ignominious punishment." Lord J. Russell said—"My honorable friend is right in saying that we propose to mitigate the punishment in some cases, and rendering that which is now felony, an offence subject only to the punishment of felony. Some of the act is new, but as regards compassing the death of, or levying war, or encouraging foreign nations to levy war against her Majesty, if done openly and advisedly, it does amount to felony." Mr. W. J. Fox considered the bill an infringement upon the liberty of the subject. "Once let it be the law of the land," said he, "that spoken words may subject the speaker to transportation for seven years, or life, and no man would be safe in addressing a meeting in times of political excitement. In such times it was morally impossible to weigh and measure every word and syllable so as to stand secure against the misrepresentation of an ignorant reporter, or the perversion of a malignant spy. 'Spoken language tended to overawe the deliberations of either House of Parliament.' What indignant attack on a corrupt or profligate minister—what honest opposition to an unconstitutional legislature could escape such language as this? He had heard, in the times of the reform agitation over and over again, language from gentlemen who had become honorable members of the House on account of the boldness of their

expressing their opinions, which might well have been set down as tending to overawe the Houses of Parliament." The bill enacted, that whoever should levy war against the Queen, compass, imagine, devise, or endeavor to deprive her of her style, title, and dignity, or who should, by open and advised speaking, printing or publishing, incite others to do so, was guilty of felony, and was liable to transportation beyond sea for the term of his or her natural life, or for a period not less than seven years. This enactment also embodied an act of the 25th Edward III., by which every principal in the second degree and every accessary before the fact came under the liabilities of the principal, and every accessary after the fact was made punishable by imprisonment—with or without hard labor for two years. On the evening of Saturday, May 13th, Mr. Mitchel was arrested and committed to Newgate on two charges of "felony" under the provisions of the new act. He was brought to trial on the 26th, and at seven o'clock in the evening a verdict of "guilty" was returned. On the next morning sentence was pronounced—fourteen years transportation. Immediately, he was hurried off in irons to a steamer in waiting, and before the echo of the sentence had died in the court-house, he was on the waters bound for his destination. At a meeting of the Confederation, June 6th, the following statement in reference to the jury-packing system, by which Mr. Mitchel was convicted, was brought up by Mr. John B. Dillon.

"TRIAL BY JURY IN IRELAND.

"Let those who would learn the true value of British institutions in Ireland read and digest the following facts:—

"John Mitchel, an open and powerful enemy of British government in Ireland, being put upon his trial for inciting his fellow-countrymen to resist and eradicate that government, has been convicted of that offence, and transported for fourteen years.

"His holy hatred of British tyranny being manifestly shared in by an overwhelming majority of the citizens of Dublin, it became necessary for the servants of the government to exercise extreme care that none but AN ENEMY OF HIS PRINCIPLES should be found upon his jury.

"With that view there was a panel or list of HOSTILE JURORS carefully selected from the jurors' book by the sheriff, who is an officer appointed by the government.

"That the sheriff selected chiefly the names of persons hostile to the prisoner, from the jurors' book, is evidenced by the following facts:—

"1st. Before Mr. Mitchel's arrest, and therefore before the sheriff knew that he would be tried at the late commission, several jurors had been summoned to serve at that commission. *Several of those who had been thus summoned, previous to the arrest, did not afterwards appear on the panel.* Mr. Mitchel was arrested on the thirteenth. Two persons swore at the trial that they had been summoned as jurors, one on the 11th, the other on the 13th, and produced the summonses signed by the sheriff's officer. On reference to the panel it was found that their names had been omitted. THEY WERE BOTH ROMAN CATHOLICS. From this fact, it is plain that the sheriff *changed the panel subsequently to the arrest.*

"The purpose for which he made that change is evident from the panel itself, as compared with the general list of jurors from which it was selected.

"The list (which is called the Jurors' Book), contains in all, 4,570 names, of which number, 2,935 are Catholics, and 1,635 are Protestants.

"Out of this list the sheriff selected 150 persons to serve as jurors at the commission, and amongst those 150, there were only 28 Catholics.

"On the Jurors' Book there are nearly TWO Catholics to ONE Protestant.

"On the panel selected from that book there is not ONE Catholic to every FOUR Protestants.

"If further evidence were wanting of the sheriff's GUILT, the position which the Catholics held upon the panel would supply that evidence.

"Amongst the first twenty-eight names, there appears but one Catholic—viz., Mr. Nicholas Walsh, of 42 Lower Sackville street; and it is notorious of him that he always declined to attend when summoned as a juror.

"Amongst the first *eighty* names, there are, in all, only eight Catholics.

"All the remaining Catholics, amounting to *twenty*, were distributed amongst the last *seventy* names.

"The sheriff, no doubt, calculated that the jury would *probably* be formed out of the first twenty-eight names, amongst which there was only ONE Catholic who *never served;* or, if not, that it would *certainly* be formed out of the first *eighty*, so that at the worst there would be *ten* chances to *one* that NO Catholic would turn up on the jury.

"One fact is worthy of remark. There are two gentlemen of the name of Moore on the panel. They are both silk mercers, both residing in the same street, and almost next door neighbors, one living 24, the other at

26 Dame street. One is a Protestant, the other a Catholic. The Protestant stands number 12 upon the panel, the Catholic number 126.

"There is not the slightest pretence for alleging that the Protestant was placed higher on the panel on account of his superior 'respectability.'

"The sheriff and his agent, Mr. Hamilton, were examined at the trial. The former swore that he himself framed the panel from the jurors' book, with the assistance of Mr. Hamilton, having regard, in the selection of names, to the respectability of the parties alone. Mr. Hamilton, on his cross-examination, admitted that 100 names out of the 150 upon the panel, were furnished by a person of the name of Wheeler, a clerk in the sheriff's office, and a notorious partisan.

"The agent for the prisoner desired to have this Wheeler examined on the trial, with respect to the construction of the jury—as also a Mr. Stephen Monahan, who is a clerk in the Attorney General's office. Immediately after a day had been fixed for the trial, subpœnas were issued for both these parties; but, on inquiry, it was found that both had simultaneously disappeared. An application for a postponement of the trial was made, grounded on the absence of the last mentioned person, who, by the affidavit of the prisoner's agent, was stated to be an indispensable witness in the case. This application was refused by the Court.

"It was not enough that a *panel* should be packed by a partisan sheriff and his subordinates—the jury was further packed from the panel. The Crown Solicitor, in open court, and with the sanction of the Attorney General, excluded from the jury every man about whose hostility towards the principles of the prisoner there was the slightest doubt. The number of those so excluded amounted to 39, being more than half of the jurors who answered. And of the thirty-nine so excluded, nineteen were Catholics—there being only *nine* remaining Catholics on the whole panel.

"It is hardly necessary to add, that amongst the jurors sworn there was not a single Catholic.

"Such are the expedients on which British power has ever relied, and does still rely for its maintenance in Ireland. Such the expedients by which John Mitchel, a brave and true patriot, has been torn, a chained captive, from his country and his home. And by the same expedients, any Irishman may be cut off, whenever it pleases an Attorney General and a Sheriff to conspire for his destruction."

The illegality and infamy of the Government proceedings against Mr. Mitchel, may be inferred not only from the foregoing document, but the following opinions of the English press.

"It is utterly intolerable, that we should go on, from year to year, alternately feeding and coercing Ireland, and having nothing for our pains but a load of debt, a discontented people, and a government upheld by sheer force—the whole finished off by an occasional snatched conviction, degrading to law, and offensive to justice."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"But when from an ill-balanced list of 150, the jury to try Mr. Mitchel came to be struck, it would have been but decent and seemly that every care should be taken—we do not say to make amends for the inequality which on all sides was felt to bear hard against the prisoner—but at all events, to repel the insinuation that such inequality was the result of any suggestion or design. After three or four Protestants had been successively sworn as jurors, the name of one of the Catholics on the panel was called —'here'—and the copy of the New Testament was placed in his hand. At this moment, the Crown Solicitor pronounced the ominous veto, and the sacred volume was transferred to the next orthodox hand that appeared; and this revolting process was repeated again, and again, and again, until —we record it with pain—until every Catholic juror on the panel was set aside."—*London Daily News.*

"By what marvellous chance was it that Catholics being to Protestants on the Dublin jury list as 3 to 1, the former were to the latter on the panel as 1 to 5, and upon the jury, 0 to 12? * * * But substantial justice has been done, albeit by the help of *jugglery*, it will be said; but is there not much discredit in such a recourse? and should we be more reconciled to it in the case of Mr. Mitchel, than we were in that of Mr. O'Connell? We think not. The sentence, which the judge prefaced with some remarks preparing us for mildness on the ground of the first offence under a new law, is of a severity which we deem adverse to the true policy of justice." —*London Examiner.*

"An Irish jury, in such a case, is not for judgment, but for condemnation, and the formal legal process is altogether the surplusage, that might as well be reduced to the fiat of a despot. The jury law never contemplated Protestantism against Catholicism, or Anti-Repeal against Repeal. This may be Toryism, or Whiggism, or both, but it is not trial by jury in its integrity."—*Bath Journal.*]

Citizens of Dublin, since we last assembled in this Hall, an event has occurred which decides our fate.

We are no longer masters of our lives. They belong to our country—to liberty—to vengeance. Upon the walls of Newgate a fettered hand has inscribed this destiny. We shall be the martyrs or the rulers of a revolution.

"One, two, three—ay, hundreds shall follow me!" exclaimed the noble citizen who was sentenced to exile and immortality upon the morning of the 29th of May.

Such was his prophecy, and his children will live to say it has been fulfilled.

Let no man mistrust these words. Whilst I speak them, I am fully sensible of the obligation they impose. It is an obligation from which there is no exemption but through infamy.

Claiming your trust, however, I well know the feelings that prevail amongst you—doubt—depression—shame. Doubt, as to the truth of those whose advice restrained your daring. Depression, inspired by the loss of the ablest and the boldest man amongst us. Shame, excited by the ease, the insolence, the impunity with which he was hurried in chains from the island to whose service he had sacrificed all that he had on earth—all that made life dear, and honorable, and glorious to him—his home, his genius, and his liberty.

In those feelings of depression and shame I deeply share; and from the mistrust with which some of you, at least, may regard the members of the late Council, I shall not hold myself exempt. If they are to blame, so am I. Between the hearts of the people and the bayonets of the government, I took my stand, with the members of the Council, and warned back the precipitate devotion which scoffed at prudence as a crime. I am here to answer for that act. If you believe it to have been the act of a dastard, treat me with no delicacy—treat me with no respect. Vindicate your courage in the impeachment of the coward. The necessities and

perils of the cause forbid the interchange of courtesies. Civilities are out of place in the whirl and tumult of the tempest.

Do not fear that the forfeiture of your confidence will induce in me the renunciation of the cause. In the ranks—by the side of the poorest mechanic—I shall proudly act, under any executive you may decree. Summon the intellect and heroism of the democracy, from the work-shop, the field, the garret—bind the brow of labor with the crown of sovereignty—place the sceptre in the rough and blistered hand—and, to the death, I shall be the subject and the soldier of the plebeian king!

The address of the Council to the people of Ireland—the address signed by William Smith O'Brien—bears witness to your determination. It states that thousands of Confederates had pledged themselves that John Mitchel should not leave these shores but through their blood. We were bound to make this statement—bound in justice to you—bound in honor to the country. Whatever odium may flow from that scene of victorious defiance, in which the government played its part without a stammer or a check, none falls on you. You would have fought, had we not seized your hands, and bound them.

Let no foul tongue, then, spit its sarcasms upon the people. They were ready for the sacrifice; and had the word been given, the stars would burn this night above a thousand crimsoned graves. The guilt is ours—let the sarcasms fall upon our heads.

We told you in the Clubs, four days previous to the trial, the reasons that compelled us to oppose the project of a rescue. The concentration of 10,000 troops upon the city—the incomplete organization of the people—the insufficiency of food, in case of a sustained resistance—the uncertainty as to how far the the country districts were prepared to support us—these were the chief reasons that forced us into an antagonism with your generosity, your devotion, your intrepidity. Night after night we visited the Clubs, to know your sentiments, your determination—and to the course

we instructed you to adopt, you gave, at length, a reluctant sanction.

Now, I do not think it would be candid in me to conceal the fact, that the day subsequent to the arrest of John Mitchel, I gave expression to sentiments having a tendency quite opposite to the advice I have mentioned. At a meeting of the Grattan Club, I said that the Confederation ought to come to the resolution to resist by force the transportation of John Mitchel, and if the worst befel us, the ship that carried him away should sail upon a sea of blood.

I said this, and I shall not now conceal it. I said this, and I shall not shrink from the reproach of having acted otherwise.

Upon consideration, I became convinced they were sentiments which, if acted upon, would associate my name with the ruin of the cause. I felt it my duty, therefore, to retract them—not to disown, but to condemn them—not to shrink from the responsibility which the avowal of them might entail, but to avert the disaster which the enforcement of them would insure.

You have now heard all I have to say on that point, and with a conscience happy in the thought that it has concealed nothing, I shall exultingly look forward to an event—the shadow of which already encompasses us—for the vindication of my conduct, and the attestation of my truth.

Call me coward—call me renegade. I will accept these titles as the penalties which a fidelity to my convictions has imposed. It will be so for a short time only. To the end I see the path I have been ordained to walk, and upon the grave which closes in that path, I can read no coward's epitaph.

Bitterly, indeed, might the wife and children of our illustrious friend lament the loss they have sustained, if his example failed to excite amongst us that defiant spirit which, in spite of pains and penalties, will boldly soar to freedom, and from the dust, where it has fretted for a time, return in rapturous flight to the source from

whence it came. Not till then—not till the cowardice of the country has been made manifest—let there be tears and mourning round that hearth, of which the pride and chivalry have passed away.

I said, that in the depression which his loss inspired, I deeply shared. I should not have said so. I feel no depression. His example—his fortitude—his courage—forbid the feeling. All that was perishable in him—his flesh and blood—are in the keeping of the privileged felons who won his liberty with their loaded dice. But his genius, his truth, his heroism—to what penal settlement have these immortal influences been condemned?

Oh! to have checked the evil promptly—to have secured their crown and government against him and his teachings—to have done their treacherous business well—they should have read his mission and his power, in the star which presided at his birth, and have stabbed him in his cradle. They seized him thirty years too late—they seized him when his steady hand had lit the sacred fire, and the flame had passed from soul to soul.

Who speaks of depression, then?

Banish it! Let not the banners droop—let not the battalions reel—when the young chief is down!

You have to avenge that fall. Until that fall shall have been avenged, a sin blackens the soul of the nation, and repels from our cause the sympathies of every gallant people.

For one, I am pledged to follow him. Once again they shall have to pack their jury box—once again, exhibit to the world the frauds and mockeries—the tricks and perjuries—upon which their power is based. In this island, the English never—never, shall have rest. The work, begun by the Norman, never shall be completed.

Generation transmits to generation the holy passion which pants for liberty—which frets against oppression. From the blood

which drenched the scaffolds of 1798, the "felons" of this year have sprung.

Should their blood flow—peace, and loyalty, and debasement may here, for a time, resume their reign—the snows of a winter, the flowers of a summer, may clothe the proscribed graves—but from those graves there shall hereafter be an armed resurrection.

Peace, loyalty, and debasement, forsooth! A stagnant society—breeding in its bosom, slimy, sluggish things, which to the surface make their way by stealth, and there, for a season, creep, cringe, and glitter in the glare of a provincial royalty! Peace, loyalty, and debasement! A mass of pauperism—shovelled off the land, stocked in fever sheds and poorhouses, shipped to Canadian swamps—rags, and pestilence, and vermin! Behold the rule of England—and in that rule, behold humanity dethroned, and Providence blasphemed!

To keep up this abomination, they enact their laws of felony. To sweep away the abomination, we must break through their laws.

Should the laws fail, they will hedge in the abomination with their bayonets and their gibbets. These, too, shall give way before the torrent of fire which gathers in the soul of the people. The question so long debated—debated, years ago, on fields of blood—debated latterly in a venal senate, amid the jeers and yells of faction—the question, as to who shall be the owners of this island, must be this year determined. The end is at hand, and so, unite and arm!

A truce to cheers—to speeches—to banquets—to "important resolutions" that resolve nothing, and "magnificent displays," that are little else than preposterous deceptions. Ascertain your resources in each locality—consolidate, arrange them—substitute defined action for driftless passion—and, in the intelligent distribution and disciplined exercise of your powers, let the mind of the

country manifest its purpose, and give permanent effect to its ambition.

In carrying out this plan, the country shall have the services of the leading members of the Council, and from this great task—the organization of the country—we shall not desist, until it has been thoroughly accomplished. When it is accomplished, the country shall resume its freedom and its sovereignty. To the work, then, with high hope and impassioned vigor!

There is a black ship upon the southern sea this night. Far from his own, old land—far from the sea, and soil, and sky, which, standing here, he used to claim for you with all the pride of a true Irish prince—far from that circle of fresh, young hearts, in whose light, and joyousness, and warmth, his own drank in each evening new life and vigor—far from that young wife, in whose heart the kind hand of Heaven has kindled a gentle heroism—sustained by which she looks with serenity and pride upon her widowed house, and in the children that girdle her with beauty, beholds but the inheritors of a name which, to their last breath, will secure to them the love, the honor, the blessing of their country—far from these scenes and joys, clothed and fettered as a felon, he is borne to an island, whereon the rich, and brilliant, and rapacious power of which he was the foe, has doomed him to a dark existence. That sentence must be reversed—reversed by the decree of a nation, arrayed in arms and in glory!

Till then, in the love of the country, let the wife and children of the illustrious exile be shielded from adversity.

True—when he stood before the judge, and with the voice and bearing of a Roman, told him, that three hundred were prepared to follow him—true it is, that, at that moment, he spoke not of his home and children—he thought only of his country—and, to the honor of her sons, bequeathed the cause for which he was condemned to suffer. But in that one thought, all other thoughts were embraced. Girt by the arms and banners of a free people,

he saw his home secure—his wife joyous—his children prosperous and ennobled.

This was the thought which forbade his heart to blench when he left these shores—this the thought which calls up to-night, as he sleeps within that prison-ship, dreams full of light and rapturous joy—this the thought which will lighten the drudgery, and reconcile his proud heart to the odious conditions of his exile.

Think !—oh, think ! of that exile—the hopes, the longings, which will grow each day more anxious and impatient !

Think !—oh, think ! of how, with throbbing heart and kindling eye, he will look out across the waters that imprison him, searching in the eastern sky for the flag that will announce to him his liberty, and the triumph of sedition !

Think !—oh, think ! of that day, when thousands and tens of thousands will rush down to the water's edge, as a distant gun proclaims his return—mark the ship as it dashes through the waves and nears the shore—behold him standing there upon the deck—the same calm, intrepid, noble heart—his clear, quick eye runs along the shore, and fills with the light which flashes from the bayonets of the people—a moment's pause ! and then—amid the roar of cannon, the fluttering of a thousand flags, the pealing of the cathedral bells—the triumphant felon sets his foot once more upon his native soil—hailed, and blessed, and worshipped as the first citizen of our free and sovereign state !

LETTERS ON THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

LESSONS FROM FOREIGN HISTORY—THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

[These papers were published in the Dublin *Nation*, at different dates, between December '46 and March '47. The following letter explains the object with which they were written:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING PACKET.

Reform Club, 20th Jan., 1848.

Sir—In the last number of your paper, I find it stated that I have endeavored, in my letters on the Belgian Revolution, "to perpetuate and embitter the dissensions which have so long been the bane of this country;" and further on, that I have sought to enlist the "warmest sympathies throughout in behalf of the Romanists—the strongest indignation against the Protestants."

I read this statement with sincere regret.

In writing the letters to which you have alluded, nothing was more distant from my intentions, than to excite sectarian passions. I hate the strife of religionists, and have felt it to be the severest curse with which this country has been visited. Had that strife ceased some years since, the fate of Ireland would be bright to-day. She would now possess the strength that would raise her equally above the scourge of famine and the charity of England.

Holding these opinions, it would, indeed, be strange in me to seek the perpetuation of our religious feuds. If, for an instant, I thought that my letters on the Belgian Revolution had such a vicious tendency, I should cease to write them.

I wrote those letters, not to preach up an odious ascendancy. I had a

worthier object in view—to preach down the supremacy of England over Ireland.

The Belgian Revolution was not a Catholic movement. De Potter, the guiding spirit of the revolution, was a Protestant; and no one feature in that splendid movement is more striking—no one feature pleased me more—than the junction, in 1818, of the ultra-Protestants with the ultra-Catholics.

This union of sects planted a power, that could not be shaken, in the arms of the revolutionists. Thus Belgium ceased to be an "integral portion" of Holland, and became a distinct European State. Let there be a similar union in Ireland, and, I think, the English Channel would soon divide two free nations.

To bring about this union I have written, and will continue to write, the letters on the Belgian Revolution. You may call me a "rebel," if you please. Many bright memories have given a nobility to that title. But to be styled a "bigot," is a deep disgrace; and, in this country, to act as one, is to perpetuate misrule, and be the steadiest supporter of the Union.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. MEAGHER.]

PART I.

The History of Revolutions is a fit study for a nation in the progress of revolution.

There are virtues, essential to success, common to the revolutions of opinion and the revolutions of arms. Truth, perseverance, industry, liberality, endurance, courage—these are the agents of a revolution—directed by genius, they become the weapons of liberty.

From the military revolutions of Europe, we, in this our unarmed struggle, may learn many of those fine virtues which give strength to public men, and freedom to communities.

A second reason—in the struggles of other nations, we find the justification of our own, and learning that even the vengeance of the sword has been called forth by grievances less severe than

those which we endure, we are encouraged to proceed boldly in a contest that demands neither the destruction of institutions nor the sacrifice of life.

With these views before me, I undertake to write something concerning the Belgian Revolution of 1830.

At the conference of the Allied Powers, held at Chaumont, March 1st, 1814, the union of Belgium with Holland was first arranged.

Francis II., Emperor of Austria, at once surrendered his claims to the country. Their efforts to tranquillize it into a sensible Austrian province, had cost his predecessors too much blood and gold, and he had no desire to incur a like expense by a fresh attempt at the imperial scheme. To unite it with Prussia, would surely give the cabinet of Berlin too serious a preponderance in European councils. To cut it up between the neighboring powers —giving one portion to Holland, a second to Prussia, and a third to France—is incompatible with the interests of England: for, by such an arrangement, the bayonets of France might bristle too near the citadel of Antwerp—and England requires certain securities against the encroachments of France.

To incorporate it with Holland seems, therefore, the best thing to be done; and it is arranged, that "an intimate fusion" of the two countries shall take place forthwith.

Intimate fusion of the two countries! Belgium must become an "integral portion" of the Dutch swamps—Utrecht and Brabant shall have equal laws and franchises, for the conference of Chaumont, and the congress of Vienna, and the treaty of London have so arranged it, and national prejudices, traditions, instincts, will surely conform to the arrangement.

A rebel against Spain, a rebel against Austria, a rebel against France, Belgium will, no doubt, become a most loyal subject of Holland. Forgetful that the merchant of Antwerp was once the rival of the Venetian, when the Venetian was the king-merchant

of Europe—or, looking upon the history of its ancient commerce merely as a dazzling legend—the new province will consider it an advantage to be subject to the Custom-house of The Hague. Forgetful of its ancient chivalry, the service it rendered to Spain, the power it contributed to the Italian States, the conscripts it devoted to the "Grand Army"—of necessity it will rest satisfied, that it has been gifted with no military resources, and must seek protection for its interests in the extinction of its name.

We will soon perceive in what manner the Dutch ministers applied themselves to the task of incorporation, and how wisely they sought to accomplish this "intimate fusion." Spain, as M. Nothumb writes, in his *Essai Historique et Politique sur la Revolution Belgè*, having failed to convert the Belgians into Spaniards, Austria having failed to convert them into Austrians, France having failed to convert them into Frenchmen, it will be instructive to all Unionists to learn by what means Holland attempts to convert them into Dutch.

The two people must speak the same language. An edict—"a simple cabinet order"—is issued on the 15th September, 1815, to this effect. The Dutch language has the royal preference. The Antwerp merchant lays aside his ledger, and takes to the Dutch grammar; the hotel-keepers of Brussels set forth their bills-of-fare in Dutch; the Belgian lawyers, too, must plead in Dutch; and in the barracks of Ghent, and Liege, and all other towns, guards mount at the Dutch word of command.

The question is now very seriously asked,—why should four millions of Belgians change their old tongue for the sake of an "intimate fusion?" For centuries their good fathers had transacted business extremely well in that old tongue, and whatever might, in centuries to come, eventuate from the adoption of a new one, they now saw that, by this change, they were virtually excluded from the courts of law, the public offices, and, in every way, from the government of the Union.

Their old tongue! It is the last treasure that a people consents to part with.

Their commerce they may yield. The deep river and the mighty sea will roll on until the earth is summoned to destruction. The oak will grow, and the iron will be forged, and as nerve, and spirit, and power dwells ever in the heart of man, that commerce may be won back in coming days, and in better times be bravely guarded.

And so with other treasures. Cities can be built up, and ancient laws restored, and national arms resumed.

But the language of a people, once effaced, will never be revived. On the broken monument it may be found, or dimly traced on treasured scrolls. In the traditional song, it may awake for an hour, to die away again; but once surrendered by the people, it ceases for ever to be the language of the people, the language of their shops, their fields, their schools and courts.

Right nobly, then, did the Belgian patriot protest against the forfeiture of his native tongue. It was God's precious gift to him, and God alone should take it from him.

The next step taken to make this Union a real Union, and not a parchment Union, was to patronise the Dutch and disqualify the Belgians.

And therefore it was, that, of the seven cabinet ministers, five were Dutch, and two were Belgian; of the forty-five privy councillors, twenty-seven were Dutch, eighteen were Belgian; of thirty-nine diplomatists, nine were Belgian. In the home department, one hundred and six were Dutch, eleven were Belgian. In the finance department, fifty-four were Dutch, four were Belgian. In the war department, ninety-nine were Dutch, three were Belgian. In the army, the Dutch commissioned officers were six to one over the Belgian officers.

And thus it was that Dutch ministers gave Belgium to the Belgians and Holland to the Dutch.

Belgium, thus sharing in the patronage of the Crown, mus likewise participate in the responsibilities of the State; and the Dutch Minister of the Interior, Van Gobleschroy, determines upon a consolidated fund. Belgium forthwith contributes to the payment of Dutch debts incurred before the Union. And not without a precedent, truly—for Ireland was equally generous to England, in 1816.

The consolidated fund, however, appears not to consolidate the Union. Something else must be done.

The government impose the most oppressive taxes upon distilleries and other sources of Belgian industry—they refuse to place high duties on coffee, tea, and tobacco, lest these duties might interfere with Dutch commerce.

Then came the *moutre* and the *abbatage* taxes A bread tax, producing 5,500,000 florins per annum—a meat tax, producing 2,500,000 per annum. The first was a most distressing tax upon the Belgians, inasmuch as the food of the great mass of the Belgians consisted chiefly of bread, whilst the Dutch lived principally on potatoes and other cheap vegetables.

Two further steps are still necessary to secure this "intimate fusion" of the two countries—an event so much desired by the Friendly Powers, and "the paternal government"—as the Dutch King cordially designates his ministers.

The Supreme Court of Justice is established at The Hague, and in all cases of appeal, Belgian litigants must leave Belgium to get justice done them in the Dutch capital.

It is found, after a little experience, not very convenient to get justice done at such a distance, and Belgian litigants begin to think that it might be as cheaply done at home. The market is somewhat dearer at The Hague than Brussels; and Belgian lawyers, juniors and seniors, find that these trials of appeal draw largely on their fees.

Of two fates they have their choice—they must either remove

to Holland, or stay at home altogether. They stop at home, and the Dutch lawyers monopolise the practice of the Supreme Court.

Catholic seminaries are now suppressed—the ministerial journals calumniate the Catholic laity, and satirise the Catholic clergy—the enlightened Abbé de Foere is sentenced to imprisonment, for an alleged libel, by a "special extraordinary court"—the Prince De Broglie and his vicars-general are "*absolved*" from their spiritual jurisdiction—religious festivals and processions are prohibited—the Philosophic College is established at Louvain—in a word, religious persecution is declared essential to the prosperity of Protestantism, and the maintenance of the Union.

These were the principal measures taken by the Government of Holland to realize the project of the Chaumont conference, and these the chief grievances that woke the spirit of resistance in the beautiful cities of Old Flanders, and bade the trammelled Province arm, and be a Nation.

LESSONS FROM FOREIGN HISTORY—THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

PART II.

Fifteen years of pains and penalties, of loyalty and debasement, had gone by. The Union had been fairly tried. The Government had experienced the toleration of the people—the people must now experience the liberality of the Government. If not, the Government shall learn, at much expense, the power of the people.

There must be petitions against this Supreme Court at the Hague—petitions against these gross taxes that make the common food so costly—petitions against these bigot laws that fetter the Priesthood and insult religion—petitions against these swarms of Dutch stipendiaries that eat the Belgians out of house and home—petitions, above all, against this suppression of the native tongue.

The 161st section of the *Fundamental Law* guarantees the right of Petition, and the Belgians will stand by the *Fundamental Law* until they lose all faith in the utility of public petitions. When this has come to pass, it will be necessary for them to write their demands upon an insurgent flag, and address themselves no longer to Dutch deputies, but to Dutch battalions.

The Leaders of the people, MM. Bartels, De Potter, Rodenback, the Abbé de Haerné, the Barons Secus and Stassart, draw up these petitions. They are left for signature at the offices of the *Spectateur* and the *Courrier de la Muse*—at the offices of the *Catholique* and *Politique*—likewise in the Clubs and Cafès.

In a few weeks, a mass of petitions, containing several hundred thousand signatures, covers the table of the States-General. Like most petitions, they are little else than dead-letters, and might as well have never been signed, sealed, and delivered.

If petitions avail not, something else will.

The National Press speaks out—speaks the true dialect of freedom—arraigns the Government—defies the Law.

This splendid press is edited, for the most part, by young lawyers. They are mere newspaper scribblers, these young men. In a short time it appears, however, that the compositors' room is somewhat stronger than the States-General—nay, somewhat stronger than the Antwerp Citadel—with its six bastions and ditches by Paciotti—with all its great modern improvements by Carnot.

Pamphlets, letters, reports, addresses in every shape, fly in swift succession through the towns and villages—teaching the people the crimes of Government, the necessity of reform—teaching them the venality of submission, the virtue of resistance.

This is the true way to revolutionise.

The English Democracy won Free Trade by this laborious tract system. The passionate appeals of the political speaker may influence the actions of the hour—the deliberate lessons of the political writer will influence the movements of the age. Facts will operate upon the public mind long after its fiery impulses have sunk to rest, and in good time will work out, deeply and thoroughly, the wisest changes in the ideas, the resolves, the destinies of a people.

Nor did the Catholic Clergy forget the duties of citizenship—from the carved pulpits of the glorious old churches of Bruges, and Liege, and Brussels, they called upon the people to sign the demand for national redress. Within those stately Gothic aisles the Gospel of Liberty was preached by holy tongues. The grand

mission has been fulfilled—the free Flag of Belgium flies this day from the towers of St. Gudule !

Meanwhile, it is no easy task to rouse the Belgian masses—the workmen, the merchants of the nation. The "million of industry" is a strong preservative of "order" within the factories and warehouses, and thought to be a fair price for the loyalty of commercial men. Thus it is that neither Ghent nor Antwerp mingle much in the politics of the day. They have "business" to attend to. Likewise, the Nobility.

The patricians shrink from public meetings, preferring to discuss Belgian grievances in the fine mansions of the *Rue de la Roi* and the *Rue Royale.*

Yet, the Nobility is not altogether ignoble. The Prince Auguste d'Aremberg, the Prince de Ligné, the Duke d'Ursel, the Counts Robiano, De Mérode, and D'Aerschot, assert the dignity of their order by an association with the friends of Liberty.

Despite all difficulties, the end is at hand. The cloud thickens over the palace of the Hague. M. Van Gobelschroy becomes alarmed, and justly so. He has been told, very distinctly indeed, that "an era of liberty and justice in Belgium is assured, or to speak the language of office, is *inevitable.*" The prophet of Revolution and Liberty is M. de Potter, and thus he prophesied on the 15th of November, 1829.

Dutch Ministers will surely be swamped if they make not some strong effort. They establish a press to defend their characters—they institute state prosecutions to enforce their authority, and maintain the Union.

An Italian slave, christened Libry Bagnano, is hired to conduct the leading Ministerial paper, and this paper is called *Le National;* for the same reason, we must conclude, that the Government was styled "the paternal." The Italian resides in Brussels, at the Polymathick Library, and makes money by his fetters. The

gifted villain grows rich in the service of despotism. In successive instalments he receives 100,000 florins, and this sum is thieved by the Government from the "million of industry.*"

The edict of April, 1815, is now in full play. The liberty of the press is violently assailed, and De Potter, Tielmans, Ducpetiaux, and the Abbé de Föere, experience fully the rigor of Dutch justice. The Italian scribe recommends the Government "to muzzle the *malcontents*, and scourge them like dogs." Government seems disposed to act upon the recommendation of the *National*. But, Liberty, though it may be scourged, cannot be muzzled. Liberty is no dog. Of this fact MM. Van Gobelschroy and Van Mäanen, in a little time, had conclusive proof.

The prosecutions, as Government measures, were sad failures. They swelled the torrent they were designed to check. The trials were published—the libels, of course, reprinted—the accused were worshipped as Martyrs—the State prison became the temple of Liberty, and won the homage of the people.

A Royal Message issues from the Hague on the 11th December, 1829. In this Message the *malcontents*, as M. Libry Bagnano calls them, are described as "a few misguided men," whose crime, the Message states, has been "to forget the benefits they enjoyed," and who, reckless of all future perils, as they have been insensible to all past favors, had "risen up in an alarming and scandalous manner against a paternal Government."

Strange it is, the patriots of every struggling country have been "a few misguided men." Strange it is, that every distressed country has been blessed with "a paternal Government"—even to this day.

Further on, the Message denounces the Petitioners as "fanatics" —the national press as the organ of "religious hatred and factious revolt."

* The "million of industry" was annually voted by the States-General for the purpose of assisting distressed manufacturers, encouraging commercial speculations, &c., &c.

On that 11th day of December, 1829, the Independence of Belgium was secured. The Royal Message contained the death-sentence of the Union. The scheme of the Chaumont Conference is doomed. Be assured of it, there shall be no "intimate fusion" —save that of Dutch and Belgian blood in the streets of Brussels and the ditches of Antwerp.

A ministerial circular accompanies the Message, announcing that all Government officers, servants, sutlers, &c., who had been in any way connected with the "Petitioners," shall be dismissed. The result is, many functionaries are dismissed, being quite satisfied that the redress of Belgian grievances is no "*open question.*"

So far for royal coercion. Now for royal nonsense.

The Dutch King is advised to make a tour through his Belgian province. His gracious presence will rally the popular sympathies in favor of the Union; and "the few misguided men" will have to capitulate on bended knees.

Festivities at Brussels will banish the grim idea of grievances. Fireworks in the Park, balls in the Hotel de Ville, will enchant society and tranquillize the province. MM. Bartels, De Potter, Ducpetiaux, and Tielmans, will sink very low in public opinion—weighed down by the prancing Aides-de-camp, the laced and feathered *Chasseurs*, the amiable private secretaries, and the rest of the Palace furniture, with all its scent, and gold, and purple. The sceptre of the Hague, like the golden branch of Avernus, will conduct the king—so the Sibyls of the Cabinet predict—through many troubles, into the most tranquil Elysium.

The King arrives at Liege. The utmost respect is paid him by the authorities—M. le Maire is very busy, pompous, and loyal. Were it not for one circumstance, the visit to Liege would be truly delightful.

Amid the sunshine of royal pageantries there appears a cloud of petitions. The Guards of Honor do their duty—the excellent Mayor improves his activity, and becomes indefatigably loyal.

To no purpose.

The petitions still sweep on. Egyptian locusts could not possibly give the Dutch King more annoyance than these petitions do. He seizes one—reads it rapidly—throws it from him—exclaiming rashly, "it is infamous!"

The "Petitioners" treasure up this royal sentiment, and forthwith resolve themselves into "The Order of Infamy."

Glorious thought! When tyrants fling a nickname on the oppressed, the oppressed should ever sanctify it as their battle

LESSONS FROM FOREIGN HISTORY—THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

PART III.

The Silversmiths are busy at Liege. Medals are being struck to decorate the "Order of Infamy." The motto on these medals is a noble one—"*Fidèles jusqu'à l'infamie.*"

The patriot of our day should adopt that motto. He should act as that motto bids him act. To his country he should be faithful—even unto infamy.

Let the hired journalist ply his stinging pen—the vassal orator his venomed tongue—let the vipers of society hiss their falsehoods round the social board—let the populace shout their curses in the public forum—still, faithful even unto infamy, let the patriot persevere—"*Fidèle jusqu'à l'infamie.*"

A little while, and this infamy will be his glory. The scaffold is a sordid piece of mechanism—it is infamous—until a Russell or an Emmet dies upon it. It is then the honored altar on which a costly sacrifice is offered up, and from which a Spirit ascends and becomes a star in Heaven.

In a few weeks the Order spread widely through the country, and did efficient service in the day of struggle.

Public dinners take place. In Bruges, the Count Villain XIV. and M. de Menlenaere are sumptuously entertained by the patriot citizens—the Government party having thrown them out of the representation in 1829.

At this dinner, plans are laid down, for an effective movement against the Ministry. The result is, a strong opposition in the

States-General during the session of '29 and '30. Moreover, a great popular demonstration in Brussels is announced.

The announcement is followed by a change of ministerial policy. Parties are not now what they used to be—there's a *tertium quid* in power—a crisis has arrived—"something will be done." In fact, the Ministers have already found that "concession has not reached its limits," and that it is well to rescind the edicts relating to public education and the imposition of the Dutch tongue.

These concessions come too late—fortunately for the independence of Belgium. The Belgians have ceased to be petitioners—they no longer whine about "justice to Belgium"—they insist upon one simple right—they have sworn that the Dutch province shall be a European state.

The prosecution of the press, still continuing, confirms the oath of Liberty.

It is the month of August. The last days of July had witnessed a crimson pageant in the streets of Paris—the Tricolor had been planted on the parapet of the Tuilleries—across the frontier came the shout, "France has crowned a Citizen King"—they heard that shout in Brussels, and bold hearts panted to exclaim, "Belgium, too, has given her sceptre to a Citizen."

And with that shout came many of the young heroes of July—the beardless boys of the *Ecole de Droit* and the *Ecole Polytechnique*—proud of having usurped the privileges of age, and led the people to victory. On the *Promenade du Boulevard*, in these bright evenings of August, is heard the Marseillaise; and, in the theatres and cafés, tongues are eloquent on the triumph of Democracy.

There is a Swiss Guard in this beautiful old city of Brussels which must be speedily swept out—there is a Flag on that square tower of St. Gudule which must share the fate of the *Fleur-de-lis*—this is the prevailing sentiment.

The cloud we spoke of, a short time since, is thicker and darker to-day. It is, therefore, necessary to illuminate. Besides, it is the King's birthday, and people should manifest their loyalty. And so there are festivities on the 24th instant—towards evening, much singing in the streets, the songs being somewhat more patriotic than loyal—and later, enthusiastic cries of "*Vive la Liberté*"—"*Vive la Belgique.*" A few windows are broken, and the fact is notified by a vehement cry of—"down with the Dutch!"

Next evening there is a political manifestation in the Theatre. The *Muette de Portici* suggests many liberal sentiments, and, by midnight, the Polymathic Library, the residence of M. Libry Bagnano, is a complete wreck.

Now for the Minister of Justice.

The mansion of this gentleman shares the fate of the Polymathic Library, and, subsequently, the house of Mr. Knyff, the superintendent of police, is added to the list of casualties. A gunsmith's shop is ransacked, and supplies the insurrectionists with arms. The authorities appear nowhere. Not till the morning breaks, is there an arm raised to assert the supremacy of Holland.

Even then, the people yield rather to the counsels of their friends than to the bayonets of their foes. A Burgher Guard is organized—a proclamation is issued, announcing the dismissal of M. Van Maanen, the abolition of the *moutre* tax, the withdrawal of the troops from the city.

Public order is somewhat restored by this public lie.

The leaders of the people have not as yet made up their minds for the worst. They still adhere to their peace policy—they will make another experiment at The Hague. With this view, a deputation of five citizens is appointed to wait upon the King with a respectful statement of grievances.

People in Louvain, and Bruges, and Mons, murmur about

this—being strongly of opinion that a deputation of five citizens, however respectable, is an awkward instrument for the achievement of Liberty.

Be that as it may, the deputation arrives at The Hague.

The Prince of Orange takes offence at that tricolored ribbon of Brabant, which the Count D'Hoogvorst exhibits in his coat. He calls it the emblem of Revolt. The Count D'Hoogvorst replies that it is the emblem of his country.

Tyrants hate these emblems—they dread them—they send their sea-captains to tear them from the ships of the province—they proclaim them seditious, for they incite to Liberty.

This interview perfectly satisfies the deputation that justice will not be done to Belgium—otherwise than by herself.

Another Royal visit!

The Prince of Orange will visit Brussels at once. They are sensible men in that city—men who prefer the smiles of a prince to the blessings of freedom. A few viceregal compliments will change the policy of the popular leaders, and ratify the Union. Assurances of a fair distribution of patronage, will conciliate the scribblers of the *Courrier de la Meuse;* and these young gentlemen, satisfied of the benevolent intentions of government, will "throw away the sword." We shall see.

Arriving at the Laaken gate, his Royal Highness, William, Prince of Orange, is saluted by a patriot corps of 5,000 citizens—well equipped with scythes, long knives, pikes, and rusty muskets. He is anxious to proceed to the Royal Palace. The Life Guards, with which he is honored, direct him in a peremptory tone of voice—"To the Palace of the People—to the Hotel de Ville."

"Cursed be this Liberty," exclaims the Prince, "that will not permit a man to go to his own house."

In a few weeks, his Royal Highness will have to curse the Liberty that drives him out of Belgium—back to his legitimate residence in the Swamps.

On the third day of September, the leaders of the people have an interview with the Prince—he has requested them to state their opinions frankly. M. Moyard, very frankly, tells him that there is but one thing that will satisfy all parties—a separation. The Prince desires M. Moyard to explain.

"Separation" is an offensive word to Royal ears, and requires an explanation.

It is thus M. Moyard explains—"I mean, sir, such a separation as exists between Norway and Sweden." M. Moyard seems to have read an instructive lesson from Foreign History.

Having received this explanation, the Prince informs the Leaders of the people that he is not his own master—cannot satisfy their demands—will communicate them to the King—is sure the King will do all in his power for his excellent people of Belgium. Next day, he bids farewell to Brussels.

Liege, Mons, Ath, Namurs, Louvain, now loudly call for "separation," and will be content with nothing less. Ghent and Antwerp are still attending to their "business." The nobles are still idling in their *châteaux*.

It matters not. Coronets contribute something to the embellishment of a State—they contribute little to its power.

Let not a people, in battle for their freedom, despair of triumph because no gentle blood mingles with their own upon the field.

True it is, the noble lends a grace and lustre to the struggle in which he serves as the confederate of the people. Should he be the inheritor of an ancient name—a name that is written in the annals, marked on the battle-sites, treasured in the traditions of the people—his title is a spell that wins the gay, the gifted, and the gallant to the banner of Revolution—communicating to the people the chivalry by which that title was won in former days.

But genius, thrift, truth, heroism, belong not to a class. These gifts are distributed through society at large—for the most part

are found amongst those whom the court has not favored, the rich caressed, or the schools informed—and these are the agencies through which a nation wins its freedom, and mounts to power.

Yet, let no nation, winning its freedom by the rough but mighty arm of Democracy, revenge the sloth or recreancy of the Nobility by the destruction of the order. In every state where they exist, the titled are the patrons of the arts, the sciences, the amusements, of the people. Their tastes, accomplishments, and resources render them the fit guardians of the sculptor, the poet, and the painter. To-day we recognise them as the graceful missionaries of education in the Athenæums of the manufacturers—we find them the kindly companions of the laborer in the old games and pastimes of the field.

A manly people will hail, with just respect, the noble to their ranks—a craven people will despair of liberty when the noble stands aloof. A wise and virtuous people will preserve the aristocracy of the country—a vulgar and a vicious people will destroy it.

In Belgium, the People won the independence of the nation—preserving the Nobility from the ruin, which they themselves were too fastidious or too servile to avert.

LESSONS FROM FOREIGN HISTORY—THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

PART IV.

The holiest cause round which the truth, the genius, the heroism of a nation may be called upon to minister, is sure to be soiled, in its progress amongst men, by the contact of the coarse, the false, and vicious. More than once, indeed, have unclean hands profaned the Ark that held the laws and liberties of a pilgrim tribe, as that tribe marched on to found a nation; but once only have these hands been withered by the Power, whose wings protect the tents and tabernacles of the People.

From this evil the Belgian revolution was not exempt.

Robbers, poachers, outcasts of every class swept through the country on their crusade of plunder and incendiarism—laying siege to the châteaux of the nobility—hewing down the most valuable timber on the estates of the gentry—shooting the most approved game—and doing all this in the name of Liberty, and for the greater glory of Belgium. Houses are plunged in flames—trees come crashing down—pheasants are bagged, and family plate packed up—amid the most amazing shouts of "*Vive la Liberté.*"

Yet, who would say that these sins had blotted out from history the generous virtues of the Revolution—smearing the ancient tricolor of Brabant with a vulgar guilt which nothing could efface?

Vices, like those I have mentioned, should be scouted down by every true Patriot, and it is the sacred duty of the Revolutionist to punish with a bold hand the excesses of the people whose energies he demands for freedom. But, doubtless, it is a grievous

error to denounce a Revolution for the accidents of a Revolution, and to protest against a great effort for good government, because that effort may disturb the gross passions of the community—driving them, for a while, to froth and whirl upon the surface.

No Revolution can be wholly pure—as all the world knows—and yet, shall I not assert that Freedom, as she treads down the laws, and weapons, and citadels of Despotism, and makes her stately march through the arms, and banners, and laurels of her chosen people—to open a new Senate and consecrate a new Throne—is not the less brilliant, the less beautiful, the less noble for those stains which, here and there, some ruffian hand has flung upon her battle-robe?

Freedom must suffer from within and from without her camp—as well from those who cry out, "plant her flag, and guard it, citizens!"—as from those who cry out, "down with her flag, and trample on it, soldiers!" The good citizen will stand by that Flag through all trials—stand by it spite of the vices that creep and sting beneath its shadow—stand by it in spite of the penalties and perils that thicken round it. In no conceit of piety will he abandon the public cause, to reprove the public crimes.

There was none of this conceit—this hypocrisy in Belgium. No citizen of Brussels threw down his scythe or musket in the *Grande Place*—disgusted, as they say, with public life—because there were a score or two of villains in the direction of Hainault, feasting sumptuously, and making money, by the movement. Beside, there was no time to be fastidious—the enemy was up!

The *Arnheim Journal* insists upon the "rebels" being "put down," and begs leave to inform the government—lest it might have any scruples upon the subject—that "blood of rebels is not brothers' blood." The *Nederlanche Gedachten* writes in the same excellent and forcible strain—insisting upon "war to the rebels—war to the knife."

The people, however, are in very good spirits; and since it is

evident to them that a change is at hand, they consider it advisable to appoint a "Committee of Public Surety." A very admirable move in truth, for in Brussels, at this precise moment, affairs wore a frowning aspect—bank notes were checked in circulation—volunteer drums gave much annoyance in the streets—pikes and rusty muskets were on the increase.

Nor did the reception of the Belgian Deputies at the Hague, on the 13th of September, tend, in the least degree, to diminish the responsibility of this Committee of Public Surety. What was still more fortunate for Belgium, it did not, in the remotest way, conduce to the peaceful adjustment of the differences between the two countries; on the contrary, very forcibly tended towards the utter destruction of that Chaumont scheme—"the intimate fusion."

The most patient, drowsy, constitutional Deputy from the "sister country," finds it a moral impossibility to dream any longer of "justice" from the States-General, amid those vehement cries that ring from the galleries and all parts of the House—cries of "down with the Rebels!—down with the incendiaries!"

Then the King's speech to his "Noble and Puissant Sirs" has nothing new in it—nothing at all suited to the times. It is the old formula used upon all such occasions—the common property and commonplace of all thrones, insular and continental.

The Dutch Deputies, it must be confessed, speak out much more frankly than their King—insisting that "justice to Belgium" shall consist in a profuse supply of shot and steel.

Indeed, this visit to the Hague—positively the last!—is anything but agreeable to the Deputies of the disaffected province. The police have frequently to protect them in the streets, and some of them have found it exceedingly difficult to procure lodgings. It is impossible, therefore, as we said before, for the most

patient, the most drowsy, the most constitutional amongst them, to dream any longer of "justice to Belgium."

Everything taken into consideration, it was full time for one of these outcast Deputies to write a letter to Brussels, calling upon the Belgians to prepare themselves for "combat or slavery."

A letter to this effect was written and published in the national papers. The advice was zealously obeyed. The King's speech was torn to pieces in Brussels. In other places it met with a like fate, or was burned to ashes.

Daring and desperate men now started up from every quarter—from the collieries of Hainault—from the foundries of Liege. The pick, the loom, the plough, were flung away. Belgium needed now some sharper tools, and she received, for her protection and her glory, the scythe, the pike, the musket. Emanuel d'Hoogoorst—a man of sound sense and bold honesty—devoid of genius and ambition—is elected chief of the Insurrectionists.

I think it well to pass by the scenes of blood, through which the old Flag of Flanders was borne to the tower of St. Gudule. There is little to be learned from the mere fighting-chapters of a Revolution. Blows are struck by nations for their freedom, much in the same style all over the world.

In a military nation, certainly, these blows are struck less awkwardly than elsewhere. Yet, I do believe, that where a people have not acquired a military attitude and spirit from the laws and duties of the State, God himself will direct their untutored blow for Freedom; and a passionate heroism—kindled by his hand—will supply the place, and work the wonders of deliberate skill.

For us, it will be more useful to turn to the less dazzling and exciting chapters—to contemplate the morality of the Revolution—to follow these armed citizens in their resolute resistance to all compromise—in their bold fight against all the sympathies, bribes, and factions of the foreign government.

This is the more heroic fight. When the struggling nation is poor, and hungry, and in rags, it is the noblest fight of all.

Before the 22d of October, the Orange flag had been burned in the citadels of Namour, Liege, Ghent, Ypres, and Menin. From Antwerp citadel it was flying still. Everywhere—everywhere—these Dutch Unionists were struck and levelled—though the law, the sceptre, and the Vienna treaty were on their side—struck and levelled, spite of their seventy-seven battalions of infantry, their seventy-two squadrons of cavalry, their sixty troops of artillery, their pontoon brigade, their sappers, and miners, and gensdarmes, with the dukes and princes at their head.

And now, it being quite evident that the "malcontents could not be whipped and muzzled like dogs"—quite evident that considerably more than "a few misguided men had risen up in an alarming manner against a paternal government"—quite evident that the rebels could not be "put down"—quite evident that Royal visits were utterly useless—quite evident that the Belgians had a firm grasp of Belgium, and were likely to retain it—all this being quite evident, the Government decided that "concession had not reached its limits."

So, there is a Royal decree issued forthwith, in which William, King of the United Kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, informs his loyal subjects of the "Southern provinces" that his "well-beloved son, the Prince of Orange, will fix his residence at Antwerp"—furthermore, "that he will second and support, as far as possible, by conciliatory means, the efforts of the well-disposed inhabitants to re-establish order, wherever it may be troubled."

Cabinets are most "conciliatory," when the people convince them they are in earnest about their freedom.

This decree is immediately followed by a proclamation, dated from Antwerp, signed by "our well-beloved son," William Frederick, Prince of Orange.

This proclamation is worth reading.

In the first place, the "inhabitants of the southern provinces of the Netherlands Kingdom" are assured that his Royal Highness has arrived in Antwerp, with a view to "conciliate"—which means, to enslave—and to "ameliorate"—which means, to debase. In the next place, they are told that the royal heart "bleeds at the ills they have endured." This is a very affectionate assurance.

But, it appears, the people think proper to inquire, how it came to pass that the royal heart was so long without bleeding—why, in fact, it did not bleed before the Brabant Flag was planted on that square, black tower of St. Gudule—why it did not bleed before the Dutch sceptre was splintered in those stout citadels of Namour, and Liege, and Ghent.

Let us proceed.

There will be a "distinct administration accorded to the southern provinces—to be composed entirely of Belgians." Furthermore, "affairs will be discussed in the language of the country—all places in the gift of the government will be given to those Belgians who have been most distinguished for their patriotism—and then the utmost liberty will be left to the instruction of youth."

The "infamous petitions" of Liege are about to be complied with. The "Order of Infamy" is now in high repute.

Besides these conciliatory means—thus distinctly specified—for restoring order and happiness to the country, there will be "other ameliorations that will accord with the views of the nation and the exigencies of the times." The Proclamation concludes—"Belgians! it is by these means that we hope to concur with you in saving this beautiful country that is so dear to us."

Assuredly they must have had rare merriment in Brussels, in Namour, in Liege—in every place that had been purified from Dutch asthma—reading this proclamation. And how wisely and how manfully these "inhabitants of the southern provinces" look-

ing up to their fine old flag—flying proudly and brilliantly from barrack-wall and cathedral-spire—how wisely and manfully must they not have said, one to another—"this beautiful country is most dear to us, and since we have won it back without their conciliatory means—without their Royal decrees and Proclamations—without their places "in the gift of government"—without their kindly heart-bleeding—without their well-beloved son, and all other ameliorations—so, without them, and spite of them—let us keep it—now and for ever, Amen!"

Concession might not have reached its limits, but endurance had, and the day of reckoning was come.

Nothing could tempt the nation back to a new experiment for "justice." Royal decrees and proclamations—all these soft and seductive romances of a despairing government—were spurned by the people—spurned passionately, proudly—and, on the 25th of October, the Prince of Orange embarked for Rotterdam—his precious heart bleeding, no doubt, at the thought that he was "unable to attain the noble object towards which all his efforts tended—the pacification of the beautiful province."

Wise and glorious lesson! Instructive and inspiring lesson! No cancerous credulity—eating away the firm purpose of the heart—here bade a nation halt, and give her beaten foe another trial. No scullion craving for the dregs and droppings of a foreign court here lulled the voice that had once defied, or tamed the spirit that had stormed.

Still the same loud voice! Still the same proud spirit!—neither to be bought nor sabred into peace—mounting step by step, to a New Destiny—breaking through the mighty mechanism of war—breaking through the more costly and crafty mechanism of a capitulating court—heeding neither compliments nor curses—sworn to be grateful for her freedom, from henceforth, to no King save Him, whose kingdom lies above the cedars and the stars!

"THE RED ABOVE THE GREEN."

[This paper was published in the *Nation*, as an editorial, in April, 1847.]

On last Good Friday, the English flag was flying from the balustrade of Nelson's Pillar. It was the anniversary of the battle of Copenhagen.

An agreeable sight, no doubt, to the English garrison—to the English Archbishop—to the English Chief Secretary—to the English Poor Law Commissioner—to all Englishmen who make out their living here, and hold the Irish capital for the great Northern Austria, called England.

And, no doubt, it was a pleasing sight to some of our Irish citizens likewise.

All those accomplished and sensitive people who think the Irish tongue a vulgar jargon—who consider Ireland a most wretched place to live in, and imagine it the "height of respectability" to have a pair of English epaulettes glittering in their ball-rooms —who so loyally stand up in the theatre when "God save the Queen" is being played, and so fashionably sit down when "Patrick's Day" begins—who are enchanted, beyond measure, with Cumberland Lakes, and Welsh Mountains, and Leamington Spas, and know nothing, and care less, about Killarney Punch-bowls, and Blackwater Castles, and Holycross Ruins—all who, on levee-days or audience-days, take a view of Ireland from the windows of the Castle, or learn the state of the country from the cashier of the Treasury—all these well-affected people were, no doubt, highly pleased with the commemoration aforesaid.

Not so with others. Thousands passed beneath the ensign of St. George, and cursed it as they passed.

The ragged and breadless mechanic from the Coombe passed by, and, looking up, cursed it as he passed.

The outcast peasant, from the rich fields of Roscommon and of Meath, hurrying to the emigrant ship at Eden quay, passed by, and, looking up, cursed it as he passed.

The broken shop-keeper, whose bankruptcy was that day placarded on his window-shutter, passed by, and looking up, cursed it as he passed.

And then came the old citizen, who had seen the Irish cannon—labelled with "Free Trade or speedy Revolution,"—mounted in College-green, and had stood beside them with sword and musket, commissioned by the country—he, too, passed by, and, looking up, cursed the Union-flag, and went his way.

What was that flag to them, or the victories of which it was the crimson title-page? What cared they for the sailor-chief, from whose stately monument it was flying?

True, he had swept the Italian waters with that flag—had fixed it on the walls of Bastia—had drubbed the Spaniard at Cape St. Vincent—had drubbed the Frenchman at the Nile—had clipped the raven wing of Denmark under the guns of Cronenburgh—yet, what was all this to Ireland?

East India Companies voted him their thanks in bags of gold—Turkish Companies their jewelled swords and massive plate—and London Common Councils the freedom of their ancient city. They did well. Horatio Nelson was a generous, gallant English sailor, and did brave service for Old England.

But what was this, and more than this, to Ireland? Was not Sarsfield nearer to her heart? Was not Hugh O'Neill her own heroic son? Was not the epitaph of Emmet still unwritten? And where, in her public places, were the sculptured recollections of the old Brigade?

Yesterday, the 16th of April, was the anniversary of an Irish victory—the Declaration of Irish Rights.

And yesterday there was no flag flying above the city. You walked through the streets yesterday, and there was not a sound, not a sign, to tell you, that precisely that day, sixty-five years ago, there was an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin, renouncing the supremacy of England—with an Irish soldiery outside, officered by the nobles and the gentry of the land, prepared to back the declarations of the Senate.

Where was his Irish Excellency yesterday? Where were his Aides-de-camp, his brilliant retinue, his secretaries—all the ladies and gentlemen—who so lately figured in the new version of the Beggars' Opera, on the banks of the Liffey?

There was a time when there were other sights and festivals for the citizens of Dublin.

There was a time when the ladies of our city went forth to grace a nobler spectacle than the poverty of their country—when, from the balconies of Dame street, they looked with flushed and exulting beauty upon the battalions of Charlemont, and waved their kerchiefs as the artillery of Napper Tandy echoed through the city the sublime defiances of Grattan.

There was a time when, from the galleries of the Irish Commons, they looked down upon the Senators of the island, and, beholding there, its genius, its chivalry, and its heroism, proudly felt that it was a noble privilege to be the daughters of such a land.

And shall they look upon those scenes no more? Shall the memory of those scenes be effaced for ever? Shall the anniversaries of the island come, and pass away, without a festival? Shall the solemn feasts and sabbaths be forgotten in Zion?

What say you, citizens!—shall we have no national holidays? No national monuments? Shall these drowsy effigies of the royal fools of Brunswick be sacred here—and, in the public squares, shall we have no enduring testimonials of our statesmen, our

soldiers, and our martyrs? What brings that English sailor up there, when the Irish Charlemagne has no monument on his native soil? Shall Copenhagen be remembered here, and Clontarf be forgotten?

Aye, whilst our municipal government is without its civic guard —whilst their Woolwich batteries and field-pieces encumber Irish soil—whilst Irishmen are disunited—the victories and the lessons of our fathers will be forgotten—and the Red will fly above the Green!

APPENDIX.

REPLY TO THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Astor House, 10*th June*, 1852.

[On the 7th of June—the first night of the monthly session—the Common Council of the City of New York passed the following resolutions:—

"Whereas,—Thomas Francis Meagher, the intrepid, eloquent, and faithful champion of freedom, having happily escaped to the United States from the imprisonment inflicted upon him and other illustrious patriots, for their devoted exertions to effect the independence of their native land—therefore,

"*Resolved*—That, sympathizing with the people of Ireland in the wrongs inflicted by the British government, and highly estimating the eloquence and devotion of its patriotic son, we cordially tender to him a Public reception, the hospitalities of the City, and offer for his use the Governor's room.

"*Resolved*—That a committee of five be appointed to carry these resolutions into effect, and that they be directed to present him with a copy of the preamble and resolutions, duly authenticated."

The above resolutions passed unanimously both Boards of the Common Council. In the Board of Assistant Aldermen, the following additional resolutions were offered by Assistant Aldermen Breadan, Bouton, and Wheelan:—

"WHEREAS, information having been received in this city, that the distinguished patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, has, after nearly four years of banishment, fortunately escaped from a forced abode, in a den of murderers and thieves, in her Britannic Majesty's penal colony of Van Diemen's Land, and that he comes to us with the view to make his future home in this country; and whereas, this illustrious man has perilled his life, property, home, freedom, and all that is dear and sacred, for the purpose of giving liberty to his country, and elevating the Irish people in the scale of nations—to rid them from the abominable tyranny under which they have labored, and by which they have been, for seven centuries, borne down, and avowedly to establish in Ireland a free and independent government, similar to our own—and whereas, it is eminently proper that the City of New York, the chief city of the Republic, should extend to Thomas Francis Meagher a kind and hospitable welcome to this city, in order to show to the world our admiration of the man, and of the ennobling principles for which he struggled;—therefore,

"*Resolved*—That his Honor the Mayor, Ambrose C. Kingsland, be, and he is hereby requested to tender to Thomas Francis Meagher, the hospitalities of the City; and that he be received by the Common Council in a manner worthy of the man, and of the cause he espoused; and that the day of his public reception should, if possible, be fixed for Thursday, the 10th of June, instant. Also—

"*Resolved*—That, if the Board of Aldermen concur, a committee of five be appointed to carry out that part of the preamble and resolutions relating to the public reception of Thomas Francis Meagher, as far as it refers to the Common Council.

"WHEREAS, the sympathy of the American people is deeply enlisted in the cause of all who have sought, on our shores, a safe refuge from persecution; and Whereas, the illustrious exile, Thomas Francis Meagher, having escaped from the prison in which he was confined for his devotion to the cause of liberty in Ireland, has come among us to participate in the blessings of our free institutions; therefore—

"*Resolved*—If the Board of Aldermen concur, that a committee of three be appointed by the President of each Board, to wait upon Thomas Francis Meagher, to congratulate him upon his arrival, and to extend to him the hospitalities of the city.

"WHEREAS, one of Ireland's noblest sons, and Freedom's boldest champions, is now in our midst, it becomes us to manifest the will and

express the sentiments of our patriotic people, by making suitable arrangements to give, at an early day, a public welcome to Thomas Francis Meagher; therefore—

"*Resolved*—That, if the Board of Aldermen concur, a committee of five be appointed by this Board to make suitable arrangements for tendering a public reception to the exiled patriot and apostle of liberty, Thomas Francis Meagher; and that said committee of arrangements be instructed to invite a concert of action among the various Military and Civic organizations of this city."

Next evening, the committees of the Civic and Military bodies met the committees of the Common Council and of the Irish Directory, to make the necessary arrangements for a public procession and banquet.

On Thursday afternoon, June 10th, Aldermen Oakley, Cornell, Rogers, Ring, Barr, Mabbett, Sturtevant, and O'Brien, waited upon Mr. Meagher, at the Astor House, and presented him with the joint resolutions adopted by the Boards of Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen, on the 7th of June. Alderman Oakley, Chairman of the joint Committee of the two Boards, was formally introduced to Mr. Meagher, and handed him a copy of the Resolutions, with the Seal of the City attached thereto. He accompanied the presentation with the following remarks:—

"Sir—The pleasing duty has been assigned to me, as Chairman of the Committee of the Common Council of the City of New York, to congratulate you cordially upon your arrival in this country, and liberation from the tyranny and thraldom to which you were doomed.

"We recognise in you, sir, the young, fearless, and eloquent expounder of the principles of civil and religious liberty. Sympathizing, as we do, with the people of Ireland, in the struggles which they have made to achieve their independence, we are proud, under all circumstances and upon all occasions, to testify our respect and admiration for her sons, who have been ready to sacrifice their liberties and their lives, to remove the oppressive yoke of despotism which has for centuries held them in subjection.

"Therefore, in behalf of the Corporation of the City of New York, I tender to you a certified copy of their Resolutions, with the Seal of our City attached, and solicit you most respectfully to accept a public reception, and the hospitalities of our City."]

Mr. Meagher replied :—

GENTLEMEN :—Had the effort in which I lost my freedom been successful, the honors now tendered would not surprise me.

But it was otherwise. Far from realizing, it obscured the hopes which accompanied and inspired it—ending suddenly in discouragement and defeat.

This the wide world knows. This you yourselves must inwardly admit, though the goodness of your nature will seal your lips to the admission, being fearful of the disparagement it would imply.

The gratitude of a people is most bounteous. It is quick to appreciate, to encourage, to reward. Never slow or stinted in the measure it pours out, its fault is to be too precipitate and profuse. Estimating merit not by the severe standard of success, it takes motives into consideration, regardless of the fortune which attends them ; and for whatever sacrifices they have entailed, awards a great equivalent.

In this, the gratitude of a people differs from the gratitude of kings.

With the latter, success is an essential condition of excellence. Pensions, knightly decorations, orders of nobility, these are given by kings in exchange only for the trophies which decorate their halls, or the acquisitions which widen the surface of their dominion.

Not so with the people, as I have said. They do not barter and economize their gifts.

Whatever the result, be the motive upright, be the deed honorable, and their favors are forthcoming. Moreover it sometimes happens that where disaster has most grievously befallen, there their sympathies are most evoked, and their treasures most plenteously bestowed.

This it is which explains the proceedings, in my regard, of the noble city you represent.

I have sought to serve my country, and been anxious to contribute to her freedom. This, I shall not assume the modesty to deny. Long before I mingled in the strife of politics, it was my ambition to be identified with the destiny of my country—to share her glory, if glory were decreed to her—to share her suffering and humiliation, if such should be her portion.

For the little I have done and suffered, I have had my reward in the penalty assigned me.

To be the last and humblest name in the litany which contains the names of TONE, EMMET, and FITZGERALD—names which waken notes of heroism in the coldest heart, and stir to lofty purposes the most sluggish mind—is an honor which compensates me fully for the privations I have endured. Any recompense of a more joyous nature, it would ill become me to receive.

Whilst my country remains in sorrow and subjection, it would be indelicate of me to participate in the festivities you propose. When she lifts her head, and nerves her arm for a bolder struggle—when she goes forth, like Miriam, with song and timbrel to celebrate her victory—I, too, shall lift up my head, and join in the hymn of freedom. Till then, the retirement I seek, will best accord with the love I bear her, and the sadness which her present fate inspires.

Nor do I forget the companions of my exile. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. My heart is with them at this hour, and shares the solitude in which they dwell. Whilst they are in prison, a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that otherwise might be free, throb heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent.

For these reasons, you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept.

Did I esteem them less, I should not consider myself so unworthy, nor decline so conclusively, to enjoy them. The privileges of so eminent a city should be sacred to those who personify a great and living cause—a past full of fame, and a future full of hope—and whose names are prominent and imperishable.

It pains me deeply to make this reply, being sensible of the enthusiasm which glows around me, and the eagerness with which a public opportunity of meeting me has been awaited. I know it will disappoint a generous anxiety, but the propriety of the determination I have come to, is proved by the inefficiency even of this consideration to overcome me.

I know, too, that as it grieves me, it will grieve others, and that,

perhaps, the motives that have led to it may be misunderstood, misconstrued, and censured. But I am confident that, after a little while, the public judgment will sanction the act, which a due regard to what I owe my country, my companions, and myself, seriously dictates.

Yet, so far as your invitation recognises the fidelity with which I adhered, and still adhere, to a good and glorious cause, be assured that it has not been exaggerated or misplaced. The feelings and convictions which influenced my career in Ireland, have undergone no change. Still, as ever, I perceive within my country the faculties that fit her for a useful and honorable position, and believing that they require only to be set in motion to prove successful, I still would prompt her to put them forth.

Besides, there is within me a pride that cannot be subdued—there is within me an ambition that cannot be appeased.

I desire to have a country which shall work out a fortune of her own, and depend no longer for subsistence on the charity of other nations. I desire to have a country which I can point to with exultation—whose prosperity shall be my life—whose glory shall be my guerdon. I desire to have a country which shall occupy a beneficent position in the world, and by her industry, intellect, integrity, and courage, shall contribute, in community with all free nations, to the common happiness and grandeur of humanity. Hopes may have darkened, but the destiny, to which I would see my country lifted, is before me still—a height, like that of Tabor, crowned with an eternal sun!

It is a bold ambition, but in this fine country I could have none other.

The moment we set our foot upon her shore, we behold the offspring of Freedom—the energy, the thrift, the opulence to which she has given birth—and, at a glance, we comprehend her fruitfulness, utility, and splendor. We behold the wonders she has wrought—the deformed transformed—the crippled colony springing into the robust proportions of an empire, which Alexander might well have sighed to conquer—the adventurous spirit of her sons compensating by its rapidity, in little more than half a century, for the thousands of years in which the land lay still in the shadow of the ancient forests—we behold all this, and the worship of our youth becomes more impassioned and profound.

To this end I have come as an outcast, to seek an honorable home —as an outlaw, to claim the protection of a flag that is inviolable.

By one of the wisest and mildest of the ancient legislators, it was decreed, that all those who were driven for ever from their own country, should be admitted into the citizenship of Athens. On the same ground, in virtue of the sentence of perpetual banishment which excludes me from my native land, I seek a quiet sanctuary in the home of Washington. To no other land could the heart, which has felt the rude hand of tyranny, so confidently turn for a serene repose.

Long may she prosper—continuing faithful to the inheritance left her by the fathers of the Republic! Long may she prosper—gathering into the bosom of her great family the children of all nations—adding to her territory, not by the sword of the soldier, or the subtlety of the statesman, but by the diffusion of her principles, and the consonance of her simple laws and institutions with the good sense and purer aspirations of mankind! Long may she prosper—each year adding to her stock of strength, and dignity, and wisdom—and high above her countless fleets and cities, even to the last generation, may the monument of her liberty be descried! In the darkest storm which shakes the thrones and dynasties of the old world, may it stand unscathed! In the darkest night which falls upon the arms of a struggling people, may it shine forth like the cross in the wilderness, and be to them an emblem of hope and a signal of salvation!

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